MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

JANUARY 2008
$4 US/CANADA
#296

ACRUST
CONTR

**HELLSHOCK MARIO PANCIERA ANATHEMA THE SYSTEM
EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING THE VOIDS CINECYDE
KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO PUNCH IN THE FACE BSA**

Subscriptions to *MRR*, back issues, bulk orders, ads, books, and shirts can all be purchased on our website: www. maximumrocknroll.com

SUBSCRIPTIONS & single issues (postpaid prices):

- **US Rate: $4 each for current issue.** ($3 for back issues.) **6 issue sub for $24. 12 issue sub for $38.** In California, send $4.34 for single copies, $26.60 for 6 months, or $42.60 for 12 months (tax).
- Canada & Mexico: $5 each (air) or $4 (surface, to Canada only). 6 issue sub for $30 (air). 12 issue sub for $57 (air).
- Everywhere else: $10 each (air). 12 issue sub for $112 (airmail only). 6 issue sub for $59 (airmail only).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: #148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 160-163, 166, 172, 175, 179-197, 199-181, 184-210, 214-215, 218-227, 229-295 **See page 4 for pricing and other info.**

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★

1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $30
1/3 page long: (2.5" x 10") $85
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $100
1/2 page: (7.5" x 5") $150
Full page (7.5" x 10") $400
Back Cover: get in touch for rates

AD DEADLINE (with payment) is the 15th of the month. Issue comes out by the 2nd week of following month, and the cover date is the month after that.

AD FORMAT: Please send a JPEG or TIFF (300 dpi), EPS (w/ type outlined), or PDF (w/ fonts embedded)—or send on paper at the correct size.

AD CRITERIA: We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands.

We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time!

CLASSIFIEDS: $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send in via email, or typed if possible.

COVER: Hellshock. Photos by Martin Sorrondeguy, design by Mark Reategui. Back cover photo by Larry Wolfley

SELL MRR AT GIGS: In the US, get 5 or more of one issue for $2 each ppd., cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders.

NEWSSTAND DISTRIBUTION through Disticor Magazine Distribution. For more information call (905)619-6565.

Also available from: AK Press, No Idea, Ebullition, Sound Idea, Revolver, Get Hip, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Hardcore Holocaust, Ubiquity, Choke, and Marginal. **See pg. 5 for foreign distro info.**

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617

www.maximumrocknroll.com
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

JUSTIN BRIGGS

BULLETS IN-Trashed & Burned-EP
HOLY SHIT!-LP
HEY GIRL!-Spill Your Guts-LP
IDIOTS RULE-Ticking Timebombs-EP
ANTIBODIES-Concrete Rockers Go Uptown-EP
CRIME IN STEREO-Is Dead-LP
HEART ATTACK-God Is Dead-EP
EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-You Let Me Be-45
V/A-Vancouver Complication-LP
OUT WITH A BANG-Love My Life-EP

TIM BROOKS

THIS SHIP WILL BURN-Servants of Servants-EP
IDIOTS RULE-Ticking Timebombs-EP
SELF DESTRUCT-EP
REGULATIONS-DIFFERENT NEEDS-EP
AUTISTIC YOUTH-Empty Eyes-45
BULLETS IN-Trashed & Burned-EP
TOTAL ABUSE-Demo '06-EP
BORN/DEAD-Final Collapse-LP
APACHE-Boys Life-EP
THE MEASURE/OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-split EP

MITCH CARDWELL

UNABLE TO PERFORM REVIEWER DUTIES DUE TO AN INVOLVEMENT IN A NASA SPACE MISSION

PAUL CURRAN

HEY GIRL!-Spill Your Guts-LP
LOVE SONGS-Hot Buns-EP
THE MEASURE/OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-split EP
HEART ATTACK-God Is Dead-EP
OBSERVERS-Walk Alone-EP
SHOREBIRDS-EP
THOMAS FUNCTION-My Empire/Earthworms-45
AUTISTIC YOUTH-Empty Eyes-EP
EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-You Let Me Be-45
BROWSE THE WEB FASTER-live in Bangkok

JONATHAN FLOYD

DUKES OF HILLSBOROUGH/MERCURY LEAGUE-split EP
OUT WITH A BANG-Love My Life-EP
CHINESE TELEPHONES-CD
HEADACHE CITY-Tonite-EP
COCOCOMA/THE HIPSHAKES-split EP
FEST-VI
THE MEASURE/OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-split EP
REGULATIONS-Different Needs-EP
YOUNG LIVERS-The New Drop Era-CD
KING KHAN AND BBQ-live

LAYLA GIBBON

OUT WITH A BANG-Love My Life-EP
HEY GIRL!-Spill Your Guts-LP
MOB 47-Karnvapen Attack-EP
HEART ATTACK-God Is Dead-EP
IDIOTS RULE-Ticking Timebombs-EP
WRISTS-EPs / FRUSTRATIONS-EP
REGULATIONS-Different Needs-EP
AUTISTIC YOUTH-Empty Eyes-45
TOTAL ABUSE-Demo '06-EP
V/A-Vancouver Complication-LP

CHRIS HUBBARD

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-You Let Me Be-45
HEY GIRL!-Spill Your Guts-LP
HOLY SHIT!-LP
B.U.S.H.-Sao Paolo-LP
AUTISTIC YOUTH-Empty Eyes-45
WEAK MINDS-Logjammin'-EP
OBSERVERS-Walk Alone-EP
OUT WITH A BANG-Love My Life-EP
Herpes #2
OVENS-live

KENNY KAOS

GAGFACTORS-We Rock, You Suck-EP
JEANIE AND THE TITS-Slut Fame-EP
THE SPEARS-EP / X-OFFENDER-EP
ROMANCE NOVELS-Peggy Sue-45
THE TIME FLYS-The In Crowd/Lowlife-45
HEAR THE SIRENS-Anywhere But Home-EP
THE SNAZZY BOYS-Play Your Bollocks-EP
THE HIPSHAKES-You Make Me Malfunction-45
SINKS-Get Outta My House-EP
FEAR OF LIPSTICK-Indie Band-EP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

CAROLYN KEDDY

- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-You Let Me Be-45
- COCOCOMA/THE HIPSHAKES-split EP
- THE HIPSHAKES-You Make Me Malfunction-45
- HEADACHE CITY-Tonite-EP / WRISTS-MK Ultra-EP
- REGULATIONS-Different Needs-EP
- STATIC STATIC-Black Fingers-45
- ROMANCE NOVELS-Peggy Sue-45
- HEY GIRL!-Spill Your Guts-LP
- HEART ATTACK-God Is Dead-EP
- CONTROL-film / EAT SKULL-live

RAY LUJAN

- WHITE YORK-Changing the Wheel-45
- CRIME IN STEREO-Is Dead-CD
- APERS-Reanimate-CD / GAGFACTORS-CD and EP
- CHINESE TELEPHONES-CD
- ERASE-HERS-OUT OF MY MIND-CD
- DIGITAL LEATHER-Hard At WorkCD
- LOVE AND A 45-Too Blonde-CD
- OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-All Things-CD
- FEAR OF LIPSTICK-EP/DARLINGTON-Live in Dallas-CD
- THE SCISSORS-Viva-CD / DAMNSELS-Legend-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- REGULATIONS-Different Needs-EP
- THOMAS FUNCTION-My Empire-EP
- FEAR OF LIPSTICK-Indie Band-EP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-You Let Me Be-45
- TOWN BIKE-When Good Kids Go Bad-EP
- DIGITAL LEATHER-Hard At Work-LP
- HEY GIRL!-Spill Your Guts-LP
- WEIRDOS-Destroy All Music-CD
- BLOTTO-Remember Buy the Vinyl First-LP
- MOB 47-EP / BULLETS IN-Trashed & Burned-EP

NICK MANGEL

- DISGUST-World Of Tomorrow-CD
- CRUX-Statistics-EP
- WARVICTIMS/TORTYR-EP
- B.U.S.H.-Sao Paulo-LP
- HEART ATTACK-God Is Dead-EP
- MOB 47-Karvapen Attack-EP
- IDIOTS RULE-Ticking Timebombs-EP
- MARDRÖM-Nar Mardrömmen Blir Till Verklighet-EP
- VASELINE CHILDREN-EP
- OBSERVERS-Walk Alone-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- IDIOTS RULE-Ticking Timebombs-EP
- SHORT FUSE-Blight-EP
- AGNOSTIC FRONT-For My Family-EP
- SELF DESTRUCT-EP
- TOTAL ABUSE-Demo '06-EP
- BARSE-If You Can't Fuck 'em...Cut 'em Up-CD
- DEPRESSIVE STATE-Total Annihilation-EP
- MARDRÖM-Nar Mardrömmen Blir Till Verklighet-EP
- THINK FAST-Punch Out For Good-EP
- THE DESPISED-One Punch-EP

CISSIE SCURLOCK

- HEY GIRL!-Spill Your Guts-LP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-You Let Me Be-45
- HEART ATTACK-God Is Dead-EP
- V/A-Vancouver Complication-LP
- JUMALAN RUOSKA-Flamenco Days-CD
- PASSION ARMÉE-demo CD
- HEADACHE CITY-Tonite-EP
- MOB 47-Karnvapen Attack-EP
- ANTIBODIES-EP / IDIOTS RULE-EP
- NEEDLES/OUTRAGED/JUMP OFF A BUILDING-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- HOLY SHIT!-LP
- HEY GIRL!-Spill Your Guts-LP
- REGULATIONS-Different Needs-EP
- HEART ATTACK-God Is Dead-EP
- CIVIC PROGRESS-Petroleum Man-EP
- DIGITAL LEATHER-Hard At Work-LP
- TOTAL ABUSE-Demo '06-EP
- AUTISTIC YOUTH-Empty Eyes-EP
- IDIOTS RULE-Ticking Timebombs-EP
- B.U.S.H.-Sao Paulo-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Dropout #3*
- *Firestorm #15*
- *Herpes #2*
- *High Heels Slut #10*
- *Hub City: Out of the Basement #4*
- *Izu Giroa #10*
- *Radiation Sickness #3*
- *Seven Inches to Freedom #5*
- *Slingshot #95*
- *Slug & Lettuce #90*

MRR SHITWORKERS

Aragorn!
Peter Avery
Michelle Barnhardt
Tim Brooks
Eric Butterworth
Rob Coons
Carl Cordova
Paul Curran
Mark Dober
Robert Eggplant
Travis Fristoe
Jane Ghotlos
Vernon Hadley
Spencer Horne
Mike Howes
Jill Hubley
Meredith Jones
Ramsey Kanaan
Will Kinser
Vinnie La Russa
Andy Larsen
Paul Lucich
Jesse Luscious
Jeff Mason
Ryan Murphy
Paco Mus
Jessica Perlman
Mason Pince
Casey Ress
Stuart Schrader
Jess Scott
Brian Stern
Maxwell Tremblay
Thera Webb
Wells Tipley
Jared the Squatter
Sam Alvarado
Ariel Awesome
Julia Booze
Dan Butler
Ariel Celeste
Talya Cooper
Craigums
Andy Darling
Sean Dougan
Jonathan Floyd
Steve Funyon
Bob Goldie
Damian Harris
Ben Howell
Jaime Hoy
Sarah Janet
Clara Jeffers
Kenny Kaos
George Kohout
Phil Lantz
Michael Lucas
Ray Lujan
Hal MacLean
Kevin McCarthy
Mark Murrmann
Jason Patrone
Isaac Pirie
Rotten Ron Ready
Ken Sanderson
Fred Schrunk
John Stark
Dionne Stevens
Tress
Erin Yanke
John Off A Building

CONTRIBUTORS

Dave Adelson
Graham Booth
Cindy Crabb
Arwen Curry
Fly
Layla Gibbon
George Impulse
Chris Boarts-Larson
Greg Mantooth
Allan McNaughton
Golnar Nikpour
Ted Rall
Bruce Roehrs
George Tabb
Jordan Atkins
Renae Bryant
John Fahy
Brett Frosty
Mark Reategui
Megan Wells
S. Kay Young
Mykel Board
Mitch Cardwell
CrimethInc
Bill Florio
John Geek
Lance Hahn
Carolyn Keddy
Nick Mangel
Mattilda
Jessica Mills
Al Quint
Erika Ransom
Steve Spinali
Felix Von Havoc
Jack Barfield
Francisco Castellanos
Tony Four Tee Gee
Mark Murrmann
Stuart Schrader
Larry Wolfley

DISTRIBUTION COORDINATOR

Martin Sorrondeguy

ZINE COORDINATORS

Justin Briggs
Cissie Scurlock
Chris Hubbard

A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#153/Feb ‘96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin’ Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May ‘96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May ‘96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct ‘96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec ‘97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year’s Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April ‘98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May ‘98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin’ Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June ‘98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept ‘98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin’ Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov ‘98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn’s Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec ‘98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan ‘99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb ‘99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar ‘99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April ‘99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May ‘99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat’s Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June ‘99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July ‘99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin’ Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug ‘99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept ‘99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, “Epicenter Zone ‘90-’99”.

#197/Oct ‘99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#199/Dec ‘99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan ‘00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb ‘00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, “Best Punk Singles of the ‘90s,” the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March ‘00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#204/May ‘00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July ‘00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug ‘00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept ‘00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct ‘00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov ‘00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar ‘01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April ‘01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July ‘01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct ‘01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B’67.

#222/Nov ‘01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice’s Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, “Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,”

#223/Dec ‘01. “US Policy in the Middle East,” “Revisiting 1948,” Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan ‘02. “Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb ‘02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86’d, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr ‘02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June ‘02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July ‘02. Bitchin’, Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug ‘02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen’s Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept ‘02. “No Future” article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct ‘02. “All Ages” article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon’s Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov ‘02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec ‘02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: “Reading for Democracy,” “War on Iraq?” “Unfinished American Revolution,” Resource Guide, ”US Involvement in Iraq,””Axis of Empire.” Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan ‘03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar ‘03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr ‘03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May ‘03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June ‘03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July ‘03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug ‘03. “Media Alliance and the FCC,” Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept ‘03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia’s Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct ‘03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov ‘03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec ‘03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, “Punk Babies on Tour” Article.

#248/Jan ‘04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday ‘29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb ‘04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar ‘04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, “La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene,” Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April ‘04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#252/May ‘04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June ‘04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July ‘04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug ‘04. “Punk’s Not Dead, Reagan Is” Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep ‘04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct ‘04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov ‘04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo’s.

#259/Dec ‘04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan ‘05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew “Stig” Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb ‘05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March ‘05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April ‘05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May ‘05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June ‘05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July ‘05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August ‘05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September ‘05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October ‘05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy “Biscuit” Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November ‘05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December ‘05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick‘n’Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois..

#272/January ‘06. Conga Fury, Let’s Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February ‘06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March ‘06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April ‘06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, ‘90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May ‘06. “Is Business Killing Punk Rock?” business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June ‘06. “Is Business Killing Punk Rock?” business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), “How to Make It Big!” by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July ‘06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August ‘06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September ‘06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October ‘06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November ‘06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December ‘06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, ‘90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January ‘07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February ‘07. Randy “Biscuit” Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March ‘07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April ‘07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May ‘07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June ‘07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July ‘07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We’re Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August ‘07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September ‘07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October ’07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November ’07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December ’07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

$3 EACH IN THE USA
$5 MEXICO/CANADA
$10 INTERNATIONAL FROM

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL • PO BOX 460760 • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
OR ORDER ONLINE AT WWW.MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM!

BUY 3, THE 4TH IS FREE!
(USA ONLY)

FOREIGN DISTRIBUTION

Dear *MRR* readers…

Below you'll find a list of distros in Europe and elsewhere. We've been doing our best to cover as much territory outside of the U$A as we can, but we still need your help in establishing contacts with like-minded punx who are interested in carrying *MRR*. We're providing this list to you in order to let you know where you can currently get your monthly fix of *MRR*, but we're always looking for more help; so if you do a distro, would be interested in selling *MRR* at shows, or just want to go in with a crew of friends to get a cheaper post rate—go to www.maximumrocknroll.com for details! Please note that several of the distributors below are now offering subscription services. If you're not sure, just ask! Thanks again for all your support.

EUROPE

CZECH REPUBLIC

Malarie Records
PO Box 153
756 61 Roznov P/R, Czech Republic
www.malarie.ind.cz

Silver Rocket
PO Box 378
111 21
Praha 1, Czech Republic

DENMARK

Hjernespind
Tommas Svendsen
PO Box #505
2200 Copenhagen N, Denmark
info@hjernespind.com

FINLAND

Combat Rock Shop
Fredrikinkatu 58
00100 Helsinki, Finland
www.combatrockindustry.com
info@combatrockindustry.com

FRANCE

Emergence
c/o Vincent Troplain
28 Rue le Nostre
76000 Rouen, France

Mutants at Work
www.mutants-at-work.net
queerzine@no-log.org

Stonehenge Records
B.P. 20046
33031 Bordeaux Cedex, France
www.stonehengerecords.com

GERMANY

Plastic Bomb GmbH
Heckenstr. 35a
47058 Duisburg, Germany
farewellrec@plastic-bomb.de
Subscriptions available

Onkel Toms
c/o Tom Einecke
Heckscherstr. 5c
20253 Hamburg, Germany
tom@onkeltoms.com / www.onkeltoms.com

Ruin Nation Records
PO Box 105824
28058 Bremen, Germany
info@ruinnation.org / www.ruinnation.org
Subscriptions & wholesale available

Stachel
PO Box 10 58 24
28058 Bremen, Germany
stachel@haterecords.net
Subscriptions available

Thought Crime
c/o Thomas Franke
Muskauer Str. 19
10997 Berlin, Germany

Sabotage
PO Box 10 58 24
28058 Bremen, Germany
www.sabotage-now.com

X-Mist
Leonhardstr. 18A
72202 Nagold, Germany
www.x-mist-de

Yellow Dog
PO Box 55 02 08
10 372 Berlin, Germany
www.yellowdog.de
Subscriptions available

Punkorder.com
Gading Turiaux Gbr, Viktoriastr. 51
52066 Aachen, Germany

GREECE

Immigrant Zine
Panos Asthma
PO Box 8442
10010 Athens, Greece
www.immigrantzine.com

ICELAND

Andspyrna
PO Box 35
101 Reykjavik, Iceland

IRELAND

Hope
31 Hazel Road,
Donnycarney
Dublin 9, Ireland
niall@thumped.com
Subscriptions available

ITALY

Angry Records
c/o Fulvio Dogliotti
C.P. 280
15100 Alessandria, Italy
angryrec@tiscali.it
www.angelfire.com/ne/angry

Rockin' Bones
c/o Gualtiero Pagani
Borgo Palmia 3 A
43100 Parma, Italy
tel/fax. (+39) 0521.386355
www.rockinbones.it

NETHERLANDS

Crucial Attack Distro
c/o Franke Visser
Burg.Albertsstr.11
8715 JE Stavoren, The Netherlands
www.crucialattack.nl

NORWAY

Nakkeskudd Plater
c/o Stian Tonnessen
Schaeffersgate 12
0558 Oslo, Norway

POLAND

Refuse Records
c/o Robert Matusiak, PO Box 7
02-792 Warszawa 78, Poland
refusexresist@go2.pl, www.refuserecords.prv.pl

Trujaca Fala
PO Box 13
81806 Sopot 6 Poland
www.trujacafala.com

PORTUGAL

Asperü Records
Nuno Sota, PO Box 229
2686-997 Sacavem, Portugal
www.asperurecords.tk

RUSSIA

Old Skool Kids Records
PO Box 64
109147 Moscow, Russia
www.oskrecords.com
info@oskrecords.com

SERBIA AND MONTENEGRO

Nemanja Boskovic
V. Vlahovic D3 1/7
19300 Negotin, Serbia & Montenegro
nemanjab_83@yahoo.com

SPAIN

Gatazka Gunea / DDT Diskak
Ronda 12
48005 Bilbo (Bizkaia, Euskal Herria, Estado Español)
www.ddtgatazka.com

Macky Chuca
C/Hereu 34 4art c
07014 Palma de Mallorca
Illes Balears, Spain

Mindless Mutant Records
c/o Guillermo Miralta
PO Box 35322
08029 Barcelona, Spain
www.mindlessmutant.com
mindlessmutantrex@yahoo.es

SWEDEN

Attack! Fanzine / Blindead Prod.
c/o Krogh
Edgrensgatan 27
671 50 Arvika, Sweden
info@attackfanzine.net

Wasted Sounds Distribution
c/o Kaj Sivervik, Ödegårdsgatan 41
58724 Linköping, Sweden
www.wastedsounds.com
order@wastedsounds.com

UKRAINE

Neformator c/o Artyom
PO Box 1541
61174 Kharkiv, Ukraine
neformator@bk.ru, www.neformator.com

UNITED KINGDOM

Active Distribution
BM ACTIVE , London WC1N 3XX, England
www.activedistribution.org
Wholesale & subs; Back & single issues

All Gone Wrong Records
The Cavern Club, 83/84 Queen Street
Exeter, Devon, EX4 3RP, England
www.allgonewrong.com

AUSTRALIA/ASIA

AUSTRALIA

Endless Blockades
PO Box 3023, South Brisbane BC
QLD 4101, Australia

Filling Teeth Distro
12 Connemara Cs,
Kelso Townsville QLD 4815, Australia
www.demolishzine.com

Missing Link Records
Basement 405 Bourke Street
Melbourne, VIC 3000, Australia
info@missinglink.net.au / www.missinglink.net.au,
ph: 61 3 9670 8208 - fax: 613 9670 7176

Paint It Black Records
6 Enmore Rd.
Newtown NSW 2042, Australia

MALAYSIA

ASAS / Ahmad
LBKL 64, 4th Mile
Gombak Rd, 53000 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
asas@excite.com

Ricecooker Shop
@2.03, Central Market Annexe
JLN Hang Kasutri, 53000 Kuala Lumpur,
Malaysia
asas@excite.com

SINGAPORE

Humble Start / Bernard Low
Blk 451, Tampines St. 42 #05-222,
Singapore 520451

Thrash Steady Syndicate Records
Thrash Steady Syndicate c/o Normann Rashid
Blk 11, Toa Payoh
Lorong 8, #03-310, Singapore 310011
thrashsteadysyndicate@hotmail.com
www.thrashsteadysyndicate.cjb.net

NO./SO. AMERICA

CANADA

Good Catch General Store
1556 Queen Street West
Toronto, ON M6R 1A6, Canada

MEXICO

Dogma Destroyer Records
Diego Bustamante Pérez
Nacar #535, Frac. Industrias, C.P. 78390
San Luis Potosí, S.L.P., MÉXICO

ARGENTINA

Duck-O-Homo
Corrientes 1382, Galeria Apolo Local 16
BSAS Capital Federal, Argentina
chappanoland@hotmail.com

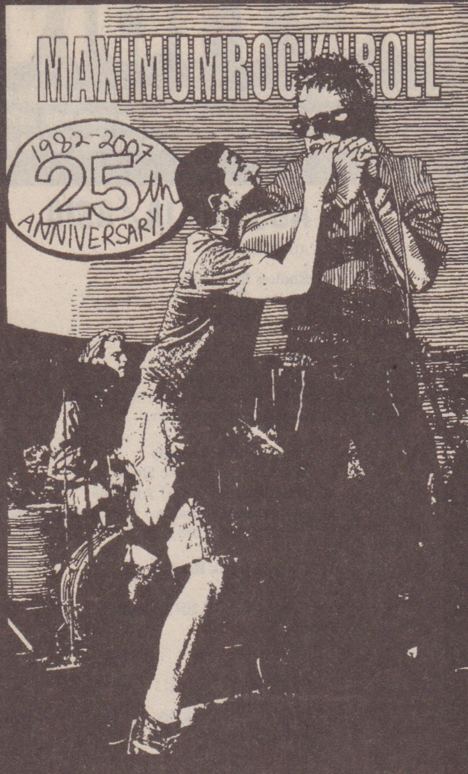
BRAZIL

Pedro Carvalho
Rua Fradique Coutinho 294, apto 171B
05416000 Sao Paulo, Brazil

Radical Livros
Caixa Postal 2255
São Paulo, SP 01060-970
Fax: 5511-3668-2060
radical@radicallivros.com.br

Terroten Records
Gustavo Osmindo Kuhn 23, Rubem Berta
Porto Alegre, RS 91180-730, Brazil

step rite up, it's anarchy for sale...


MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
1982-2007
25th
ANNIVERSARY!

Huge design, white ink on black shirt

(design by Aaron Cometbus)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL t-shirts

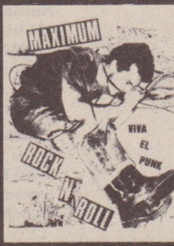
NEW!

NEW! special 25th anniversary shirt

**T-shirts are $10 ppd in the U$A, $15 everywhere else.
Available in sizes YM-XXL.
Send yer money to the MRR PO Box, or order online at:
www.maximumrocknroll.com
(click on "MERCH")**

Old designs still available, including:

Viva El Punk


MAXIMUM
VIVA
EL
PUNK
ROCK N ROLL

2 colors on a black shirt

MRR First Cover

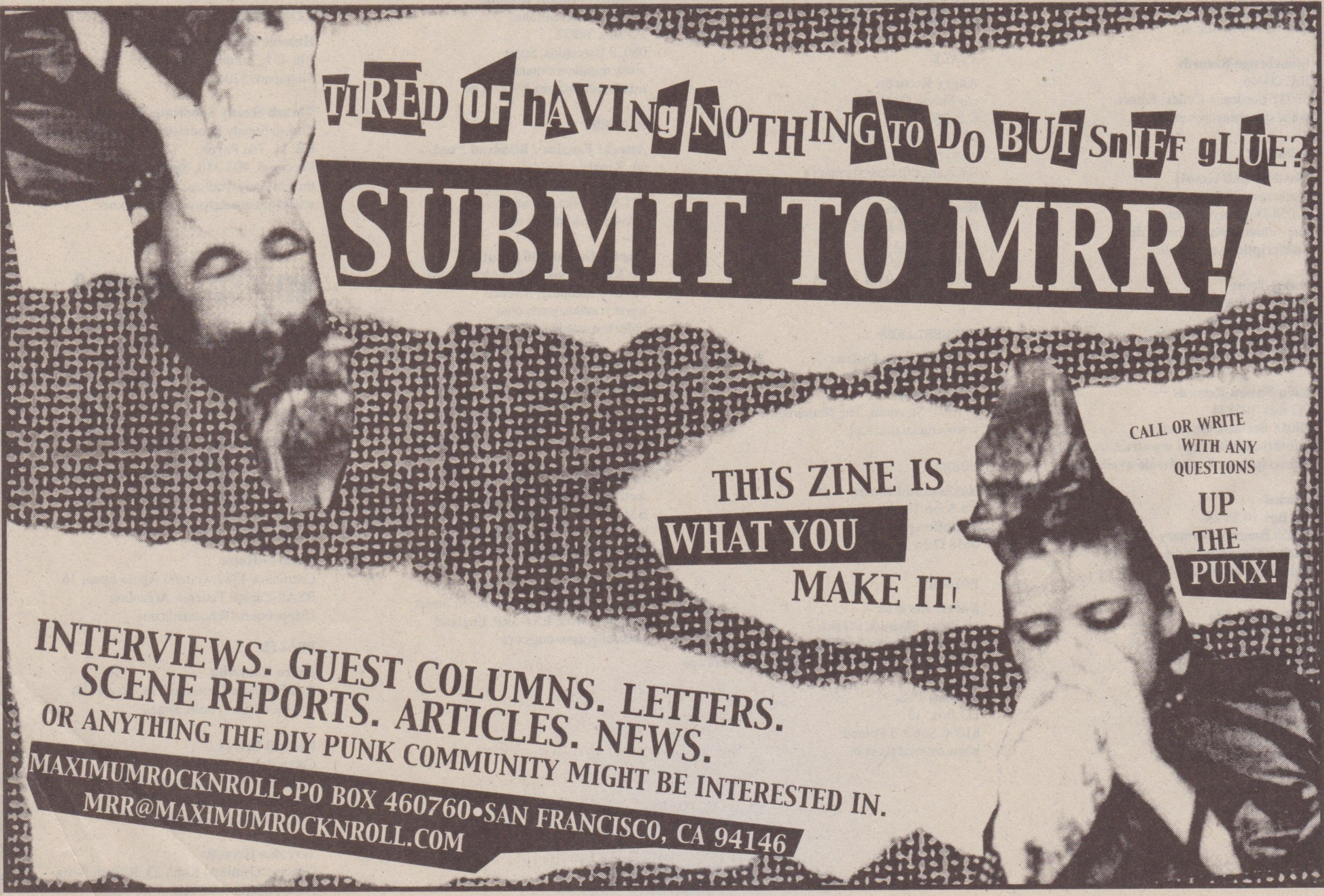
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
MDC
NORTHERN
CALIFORNIA
COVERAGE

On a black or white shirt

Big Head

MAXIMUM
ROCK N ROLL

Black ink on a red shirt



TIRED OF HAVING NOTHING TO DO BUT SNIFF GLUE?

SUBMIT TO MRR!

THIS ZINE IS
WHAT YOU
MAKE IT!

CALL OR WRITE
WITH ANY
QUESTIONS

UP
THE
PUNX!

INTERVIEWS. GUEST COLUMNS. LETTERS.
SCENE REPORTS. ARTICLES. NEWS.
OR ANYTHING THE DIY PUNK COMMUNITY MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL•PO BOX 460760•SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146
MRR@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

MRR—

Thank you for reviewing our (Bill Bondsmen) latest record. I'm not writing to gripe about the music portion of the review, but wanted to clarify something about the cover since that took up at least half of the review.

The cover was done by Tim Caldwell who, in the past, was responsible for art on such records as The Effigies' *Body Bag* single, the *Busted At Oz* comp, Country Bob & The Bloodfarmers LP, and also designed the "melted face" design for Negative Approach.

The concept was maybe not clear. The idea behind it ties in with Johnathan Swift's *A Modest Proposal* and a kind of existentialist view of society (*America Eats Its Young* meets *Notes From The Underground* and all that...). The sculpture Tim created is of a "mother" doll shackled to a stove cooking her own (see *A Modest Proposal*) in what resembles an old-fashioned TV. The Seagrams label obviously had to be altered. I make no excuses or apologies for that and I'm sure he wouldn't either. I'm amazed the writer didn't take more umbrage with the image of Hitler in a Chef Boyardee hat. Before we get nasty letters, it ties in with *A Modest Proposal* yet again...

The reviewer (sorry don't have the cover in front of me) referred to it as being a computer layout job. 99% of record covers these days are. I know most of the covers accompanying records that I have sent in for review in the past have been. Regardless, I don't feel picked on or whatever it is that most would attribute this kind of letter to. Maybe just misunderstood in what I personally thought was a pretty clear concept. Ahh well.

—Gabby/Bill Bondsmen

P.S. That's a lot of fifty-cent words ain't it?

Spencer Horne—

I think yer full of shit! Let's begin: *MRR* refuses ad space to major labels and bands that suckle the corporate teat. Is that a limitation of free speech? No. These "people" have endless access to a wide array of media who will run their ad if the money's good. So here we have an example of a policy that might seem to stifle free speech, but which is actually an act of self-defense: Fending off corporate ads is a way of preserving independence and creating a safe space for DIY voices.

The Gilman house "rules" seem to function in a similar fashion. We see enough racism/sexism/homophobia living our lives every day, and there's no place for that bullshit in the spaces we're trying to build as alternatives. If I want to live in a world where everyone's free, that means breaking down the prejudices used to intimidate my comrades, brothers, and sisters. Tolerate all but intolerance, right? No person is inherently worth more than another, and anyone who thinks otherwise needs to be helped back down to earth.

Furthermore, I don't even read the footnote as "rules" so much as "fair warning." I can't imagine the Gilman people being some sort of Gestapo/FCC-wannabes with a list of no-no words by "some dweeb with kelp for brains" (ad hominem attack). In fact, they'd probably be cool with a band covering "Hate the Police": "I've got a good job / killing niggers and Mexicans." Slurs can be empowering when reclaimed or detoured, whether by a satire of racist institutions or as a proud affirmation of an outsider identity. Words can be used in many ways, and lots of them cut both directions. I read the flier footnote not as a limitation of speech, but as a proclamation of safe space. Also, it's fair to let folks know that a Nazi patch means an ass-kicking.

—Ted Morée

Dear Spencer Horne—

In issue #294 you wrote a guest column in which you criticized 924 Gilman St. for its closed-minded censorship of its patrons via its no racism/sexism/homophobia rules. In this column I think you misrepresented Gilman in a careless and misinformed way.

I work at the club as one of two Head Coordinators. That means I am present at all membership meetings, do a lot of miscellaneous work at the club, and work shows as a show coordinator. A show coordinator is given the task of signing up volunteers, checking in bands, dealing with money, and being in constant contact with security about potential dangers/problems at the club. So I know just how off base you are, whereas a lot of *MRR* readers who are less familiar with the club may take what you say as fact. Yikes.

In the space of a paragraph you go from asking if one can be kicked out of the club for saying objectionable things, to basing your whole argument around that being fact. So, your objections are to a hypothetical construct that does not in fact exist. (And you say we are the ones building strawmen?) Our security does not busy themselves being the thought police and censors of the scene. We do not have a list of objectionable words or topics and the protocol is decided at open membership meetings attended by staff and the larger punk community.

The rules to which you are so vehemently opposed are typically enforced in the following way: I (as the coordinator of the night) am approached by someone during a show who was offended by what someone said. To give a very recent example, a band says "c'mon, move it, faggots!" at the crowd because they are disappointed in the lack of dancing. I am told of this. I approach the band after their set and let them know that I received complaints. I then ask them to be conscientious of how what they say affects other people. Almost 100% of the time they say, "OK, sorry, I wasn't really thinking of it like that when I said it." Everything is dealt with on a case-by-case basis like this.

It's not about censorship or control here—it's about communication. We are trying to maintain a space that is welcoming and safe for everyone. It is not about creating some militantly progressive zone of PC-ism. This is something it would have been very easy for you to find out as you live in the Bay Area, and we both volunteer at *MRR*. I find it highly suspect that you care enough about this issue to write a column and submit it for publication, but not enough to speak to the volunteers at Gilman about it.

But I'll give you the benefit of the doubt—maybe you weren't sure how to go about getting in touch. For future reference, anyone with questions or concerns related to the club should come to one of our membership meetings. It is in these meetings that everything about the club is decided. Anyone can attend and you can begin voting your second meeting. They are held the first and third Saturdays of every month at 5:00 pm at 924 Gilman St., in Berkeley. Show up to these meetings to be an active participant and a force of change if you wish. (For those who don't live in the area, you can email me at the address provided below.)

I know that you were trying to use Gilman as a vehicle to talk about a larger problem in our scene of punks failing to question some of our entrenched beliefs that can be just as dogmatic as those we oppose, but instead of having a meaningful dialogue about this I'm busy correcting your false assumptions. Bummer.

It's also a bummer that you chose to use language that was belittling to the community of which you are a part. Seriously, calling us "imbeciles," "dweeb with kelp for brains," and "causist teenage ideologues" to cite a few. Why do you insist on labeling those you don't agree with as somehow inferior to you? If you want to shit talk, then save it for late-night internet posts. You want to have a conversation based on mutual respect as people and as members of the same punk community that will actually go somewhere and change something, you can call me.

Thanks,
—Ariel Awesome
Head Coordinator, 924 Gilman St.
arielawesome@gmail.com

MRR—

In response to Derek Bryan (issue #293): WWII wasn't won by America and Britain "stomping the other side to dust." Britain was bombed into almost complete rubble by the German war machine before the US jumped into the war feet first after the attack on Pearl Harbor. What ended the war was the collapse of said "war machine" after the German army tried to storm Moscow in the middle of the winter like a bunch of fucking retards! So stick that in your war pipe and blow it out your patriotic ass.

—Anonymous
PS: You got good taste in music!

MRR—

Hey, I'm not a SkAsshole! I write a Ska fanzine called *Pick It Up* in New Orleans, LA. Don't liken this bad experience to an entire genre of music and its fans. Ska is a vast, deep, cavernous genre of music with many different styles. Ska-core, Ska-punk, whatever you want to call it, is a formulaic trend that has its moments—oh, it definitely has its moments—but on the whole is a style that has become 80% terrible, 20% decent. Much like every genre—punk, hardcore, metal, whatever else you can think of—a lot of it sucks. I'm tired of Ska getting a bad rap because of the 1990's MTV explosion. It's like basing your entire punk experience off of the 1990's Blink 182 explosion. Bro dudes will be bro dudes. Tribal tats and beer bongs aren't and never will be a part of the spirit of Ska music. The music comes from a rich cultural history full of struggles through imperialist oppression which predates and influences almost every single style you can think of today. I saw Citizen Fish last night and let me just say, Ska comes in a variety of flavors and Anarcho-Ska might be my favorite.

Cheers,
—Mad-e Ruthless

Dear MRR (and in particular Jeff Mason)—

Thanks for reviewing the #18 issue of *Ear Damage* I sent to you. However, I feel as though the overall negative review is a result, at least to some extent, of your ongoing animosity towards TKO Records (*MRR* #225, Feb. 2002). The fact that I reviewed "TKO's shit" was one of the very first things you mentioned, and I can't help find that less than coincidental. No offense, but my relationship with TKO is doing quite well, and anyway, don't kill the messenger! Also, how are you "not familiar" with alt-porn, but go as so far to say with such certainty it's "typical shit"? I also wish you would have went into more detail, weather you liked it or not, of the "Karl Rove/hip-hop" article besides just mentioning it was in there. Not to toot my own horn, but I feel as though it's one of the better articles I've written. I loved the backhanded compliments of the Blag Dahlia and River City Tanlines, by the way.

You go on to say you find "the resulting aesthetic" of using a computer layout "ugly." I can't say I totally disagree with that. A friend with Photoshop and more experience with doing flyers for hip-hop/rap events has been generous enough to help my out over the past couple years. *Ear Damage* started out as a total cut 'n' paste zine. But I don't know terribly much about art or graphic design, and differences and compromises tend to occur. And anyway, since *MRR* has "many sign of a computer being used" itself, mentioning this just seems like another low jab considering your distaste for TKO Records. You say *Ear Damage* won't add to the glory of the Gulf Coast, I say *Ear Damage* is all guts, little glory.

—Cheetah Shine

Hi Cheetah—

1.) My gripe about the TKO reviews was that their product made up the majority of the music reviews. Owing to the label's commercial success, they have a big promotional budget, and every shitty zine (and some good ones) from Beijing to Biloxi reviews their material. Since so little other material was sought out, it contributes to the generic-ness of your zine.

2.) Everything I know about "alt-porn" I learned from Ear Damage #18. *Porn, in gerneral, I am somewhat familiar with. I judged the shittiness of the material by the companies which produce it—companies you referenced. 99.9% of the porn produced in the US (and I would guess internationally) is totally shitty, owing to its catering to an audience of clueless dudes. I'm all for movies of people having hot sex (to drop names, SIR Video, Comstock Films, or Libida, if they're still around). I'm bummed on fake boobs and cum shots.*

3.) Yeah, I'm sure you wish I went on forever about your zine. The stuff I found to be better than average, I mentioned. The Republican/hip-hop article was an interesting premise, but I was disappointed in the execution. I felt it mostly served as a vehicle for the "funny" graphics of Mr. Rove dressed "urban."

4.) MRR *is just about exclusively laid out on computer. It is not as ugly as* Ear Damage*, though in the past this was not always true. Anyway, I'm not reviewin'* MRR.

—Jeff Mason

MRR—

After reading your publication for twelve years, I have finally decided to write you a letter. First of all, let me thank you for guiding me through a confused adolescence and for introducing me to some of the greatest bands that have ever played. Growing up in Oklahoma before the internet was so utterly expansive could have been quite a bit more boring if it had not been for you. Unfortunately, this letter has to be more than just praise. In your last issue (#294), I was bothered somewhat by an advertisement I came across somewhere around page 72.

Just inside your magazine, one can read your policies, ad rates, and how to contact your publication. I know these pages well, for I have spent much time seeking out the bands that lie on the "Top 10" lists that share the page. In your policies you state two things that I have always strongly supported and respected: 1. "We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands." 2. The criteria you state for classifieds reads, "No racist, sexist, or fascist material." (Which I have always assumed carried on into all aspects of the zine.) So, when I saw the aforementioned advertisement promoting a band that has resorted to name-dropping and less than original imagery, I was troubled. I understand fully that this magazine is a business and it is your business, but I feel if these things are not addressed when they begin, then we simply allow them to grow.

I just do not understand why you would feel the need to run as advertisement that appears so cheap. I, of course, do not say cheap in a financial sense, rather in a way that it lessens the value of this movement. Name-dropping is such a despicable path, unfortunately it is also a very popular one. This being said, I would consider name-dropping a major label band to fall under "major label or related," advertising. The other problem took a little looking into—the over-played Sailor Jerry imagery. The mindset that goes along with the appreciation for this type of art usually carries a male-dominated sexuality with it. Of course, I say usually. I, however, did take the time to visit the bands website and there I was "lucky" enough to see the objectifying imagery in use on the advertised album. This research took no more than two minutes. I'm not sure, but I actually do hope you take the time to research every advertisement proposed in your magazine. Otherwise, you are just allowing yourselves to become a Trojan horse of sexist, racist, and homophobic material.

Again, I would like to thank everyone who has been involved in this magazine for the work they put into it. I am sure there are many "kids" like me, who would not be the people they are without you. I hope you take this criticism in a positive light, I also hope you can take it to heart. We cannot afford to lessen the value of our movement any longer.

Punk forever,
—Ross Adams

Ross,
Thanks for writing, and thanks for the kind words about Maximum. *I definitely take your criticism in a positive light, and I'm glad you took the time to let us know what you thought.*

First, I'll explain how we approach our ad policy. The "no major label related bands" rule is a little bit ambiguous, but we define it like this: If the band is on an "independent" label that is exclusively distributed by a major label-owned company, then we don't run ads or interviews from that band or review their records. For example, Youth Brigade is on BYO Records, which is distributed exclusively by Fontana, which is part of Universal.

The ad you wrote about included the line "Produced by Tim Burton of the Mighty Mighty Bosstones." Granted, the Mighty Mighty Bosstones were on a major label (I dunno if they are now, or if they're even still together at this point), so I suppose one could consider the band in the advertisement to be major-label-related. However, this is much more of a grey area than a label's distribution. Similarly, what if a band covered a Clash song? The Clash were on a major label. Or what if someone was wearing a Motörhead shirt on the cover of their record? I'm not really trying to argue that such things should or should not be ignored or go unchallenged, I'm just trying to make the point that it's difficult to draw a clear line between what's completely unconnected to major labels and what's not. We decide to draw that line at a label's distribution.

I won't argue with you that the Sailor Jerry-type art used in the ad is lame and over-played, or that the actual cover art for the record (not pictured in the ad) is worse. Also, I'd guess that the band is probably not the most progressively minded bunch of dudes. But I'm sure the same thing could be said of other bands that advertise in the magazine, whether they've got similar artwork or not. I don't know that it would even be possible to divide bands into "sexist" and "non-sexist" categories, really, for the purpose of running ads. It's certainly not something I would feel comfortable doing. The bottom line is that, even if we didn't think the band or record label were all that cool, we were comfortable enough with the ad as it was to run it in the magazine. Granted, that's a compromise of sorts, but I'm willing to admit that. I'm also glad our readership is critical and willing to call us out on our shit.
—Chris

STILL HOT

WOLFBRIGADE
"Prey to the world" LP
the wolves are back, ten new songs, finest crust

ALEHAMMER
"Mine's a pint..." Pict-10"
guys from Extinction of Mankind, Prophecy of Doom and Impulse Manslaughter.
Hellhammer+crust

AGHAST
"Deformities" LP
110% distortion wall of noise d-beat

PROPHECY OF DOOM
"Tri-battle..." 7" EP
'96 unreleased stuff for the uk gods of stench-core

LA PIOVRA
one-sided Pict-12"
euro press + bonus. hc'n'roll

ED
"Nailed to the board" LP
indigesti+thrashcore from italy

Agipunk
disastro sonoro...

OUT NOW

FORCA MACABRA
"Aqui è o inferno" LP
new album for the finnish brazilo-thrashers

RUIN/TRIBE
split LP
ex-Doom vs ex-Scatha
classic uk crust

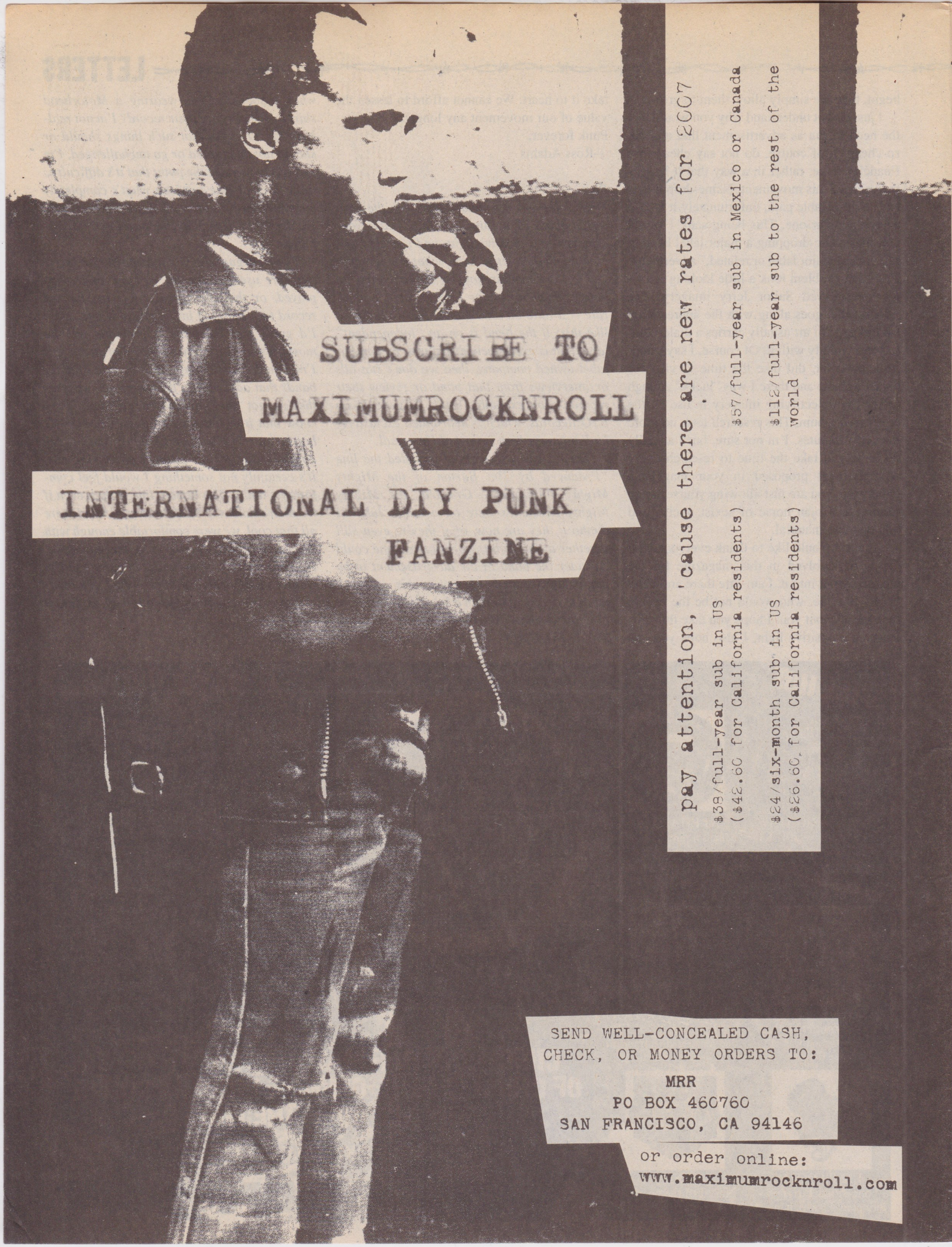
DIRTY POWER GAME
"Oligarchia parassita" LP
from Rome, sound like ENT on double speed

BANxTHIS!
"Psychotic reactions" LP
from Italy, for fans of Annihilation Time

CHECK OUT OUR MAILORDER WITH TONS OF CRUST—HC—GRIND—PUNK RECORDS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

ALSO BOOKING AND VAN RENTAL

WWW.AGIPUNK.COM



SUBSCRIBE TO MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

INTERNATIONAL DIY PUNK FANZINE

pay attention, 'cause there are new rates for 2007

$38/full-year sub in US
($42.60 for California residents)

$57/full-year sub in Mexico or Canada

$24/six-month sub in US
($26.60 for California residents)

$112/full-year sub to the rest of the world

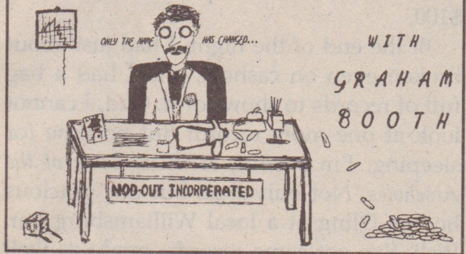
SEND WELL-CONCEALED CASH,
CHECK, OR MONEY ORDERS TO:

MRR
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146

or order online:
www.maximumrocknroll.com

COLUMNS

ROCKET TO NOWHERE



Dearest *MRR*-ians, I have just returned from thee legendary weekend NYC clusterfuck better known as the WFMU Record Fair. As any of my fellow attendees can attest, all manners were left at the door while a most ominous breed of insanity reigned supreme. From the moment the doors opened, vultures were busy circling the aisles hoping to catch a glimpse of the next box of underpriced records. Most of the Northeast's usual collectro suspects were out in full effect, along with a handful of long distance buyers, mostly from California and one notorious ex-*MRR* man from Texas.

Thankfully, I was a dealer again this year, so I had my badge a full four hours before the general public. "Dealer" being a loose definition. For my bicoastal trip, I brought one small box of 45s and lots of expandable luggage. As I rolled my suitcase through the doors of the loading dock, I watched one dealer frantically attempting to unload his boxes from dolly to table amid a swarm of anxious hands jerking and elbowing each other out of the way. This was serious business after all, and this sordid scene would repeat itself time and time again throughout the weekend.

Of course, not everybody was shopping for punk records. The most rabid diggers were those seeking out soul, funk, and jazz records. Between the DJs and European/Japanese dealers, any known commodities in those genres were pretty much on lockdown as soon as they made it through the door (if they weren't sold in hotel rooms or on the street beforehand). There was the old guard seeking prog and psych records. Pretty much every genre had its own specialists trolling the room for early bargains. If anything, in the current age of eBay, people have pretty broad buying habits, so presumably some crazy punk deals went to Italo disco DJs or old white men never to be heard of in the mainstream gossip circles.

Man, and was there gossip! You could not pick up a record without the news traveling around the room within seconds. Everybody was in super-sensitivity mode trying to pick up the slightest cue as to what table would procure the next white whale before the swarm could catch up. I know I only had four hours of sleep beforehand...this was essentially three twelve-hour days of pure adrenalin. Just as the fatigue would start to set in, a new table would open up, or someone would find a crazy record, and you were up and at 'em with everyone else. I am surprised I made it! So on to the punk records...

I'm sorry to say this, but when they say that most of the good records go hours before the doors even open, this is the truth. By the time 4 p.m. Friday rolled around, I had already done most of my damage for the day, if not the weekend. Having seen what I saw, I'm not sure I would ever bother paying for regular admission again. Maybe an overstatement, but the good records go fast. The first real bonanza happened at one extended table of LPs. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted the Texan frantically flipping through a row of LPs pulling out some superclean 70s-era punk standards. I made my way over to the table, still just three or four people sharing a 24-foot long stretch of LPs. I started pulling things immediately.. .POINTED STICKS, PSYCHO 12", MILK N COOKIES, MAJOR ACCIDENT, LILIPUT, KAOS, HYPNOTICS *Indoor Fiends*. These records were mint in bag, most of them still unpriced.

I glanced over at the Texan's heaping stack. Some of the more memorables: first two RATS LPs, BIG BALLS & THE GREAT WHITE IDIOT first two LPs. The table was starting to get packed. Another friend had just pulled a DESPERATE BICYCLES LP with a $35 price tag.

Me: "Oh man, I needed that!"

Him: "You want it? Here."

The Texan: "Hey, I was just about to ask..."

Me: "Oh, well, you can have it if you give me that first CINECYDE LP."

Done. (Yes!)

A shellshocked Jersey City man emerged from the wreckage. He had mistakenly chosen to start with the dealer's 45 boxes, usually the correct instinct, but only came up with a PLASMATICS 45 on (Vice Squad). Still, there, clutched in his hands was an original TREND *Batman Live At Budokan* LP with a $45 price tag and an interesting "Trouser Press Review Copy" notation on the front. It's all making sense.

I asked the seller to price my pile.

"Uh, yeah, POINTED STICKS is expensive, $50." Ouch, I'll pass.

"And this one's $20, $20, $25, $25..." Ummm, IVY GREEN s/t LP 1977 original for $25? Yes, I will buy that.

"So it's $200 for the pile." With $150 in my pocket, I had to thin it down a bit. Of course there were several others more than happy to grab my rejects. Unreal. As I walked away, "Oh yeah, did you hear so-and-so found the TST *No Teenage Future* LP for $20?" Sure wish I'd hit the T box before him. Ouch!

Within 20 minutes the table was totally decimated. After things calmed down and I'd made an additional trip to the ATM, I went back and picked up some more for $10-$20 a pop. My finds included the RANCID X LP, a great way to hear their Italian KBD punk anthem "Intoxication," the second TOMS *Tom Foolery* LP (of NJ powerpop fame; their better-known first was priced at over $100), and the first DEUTSCHE AMERIKANISCH FREUNDSCHAFT LP.

Wandering around in disbelief, I spotted some of the competition hovering around the table of an infamous psych dealer. As I approached, I saw a handful of cassettes being passed back and forth. On top was an original GORILLA BISCUITS demo tape! Wow! I could make out some of the other spines, SHEER TERROR...WARZONE *As One* Demo (!), and then my heart sank...LIFE'S BLOOD Demo. Dammit! God I hope those are *expensive*. "So I'm asking $200 for these six." "Can you do any better?" "I guess I can do $150." Bastard!

Conveniently behind said table was another friend listening to a short stack of singles. "How much do you want for this one?" He handed over a sleeveless 45 with a blank price tag to the dealer and I noticed a familiar yellow (R.O.T.) label. Is that what I think it is?

"Hmmm, yeah, I haven't seen one of these for sale in a long time. What do you guys think?" No way I was getting involved.

Another friend said, "Well, it's missing the sleeve, so I don't know. Maybe....What, Like....$50?"

"Yeah, it's gonna be $50." Thank the record gods I'd already tracked down a REIGN OF TERROR 7" of my own a few months ago or I would still be reeling over that one! Hear it on the *Bloodstains Across California* compilation LP.

But even then, this seller was far from cashed-out. His 45s yielded a couple longtime wants for me, including the S.A.S. *Suave and Sophisticated* 7" (great 1983 UK hardcore, pre-SATANIC MALFUNCTIONS) and the *Street Level"* 7" UK DIY compilation on the legendary (Fuck Off Records). Meanwhile someone else got both TRONICS 45s, featuring plenty more UK DIY greatness.

I started going through the LPs whilst my pricing friend said, "Man, I'd really love to find that BLACK HUMOR LP this weekend." It's a Bay Area art punk LP on the (Fowl) label of FUCK UPS / VERBAL ABUSE fame. The record is semi-legendary for its hand-painted covers, and I am still trying to find a copy. If you're at all interested, and you should be, the first issue of the new NorCal zine *Z-Gun*, co-edited by longtime *MRR* contributor Ryan Wells (whom I met at WFMU!), has a BLACK HUMOR interview conducted by a member of the A-FRAMES. Not to be missed!

So back to my friend's wish list and same seller's table...

"BLACK HUMOR? Oh, well I have that one over there" (pointing to box next to the box I'm looking in).

Friend: "Here?"

Seller: "Yeah, in the front there."

Friend: "Where...here?"

Seller: "No, you passed it already...the one with the glitter pen on the front...*there*. Yeah, I'm asking $18 for it."

Dagnabbit! I need to walk this one off...Hmmm....what's this "Powerpop" 45 box? Didn't I get the first SMITHEREENS 7" from this guy last year? Uhhh, no, no, no, mmm, maybe...hmmm, no...mm..sleeveless, what's this? Yes! I will buy this sleeveless SHIVVERS *Teenline* 45 for $3! Thank you!

I was again running low on ATM monies, but I decided to hit the "Rock" section of another table from a Jersey City store. The table had been similarly destroyed about 90 minutes earlier, and I had pulled some cool punk LPs from the dollar bins under the table...PLAIN WRAP LP, RHINO 39 LP, 48 CHAIRS LP. Even so, I always try to go back and look through the sections I missed the first time around. I was flipping through the LPs when I spied a familiar bright blue cover. SCREAMING SNEAKERS! Yes! And the price tag...$12! Yes! I grabbed it along with the record in front of it to conceal the evidence for any curious parties looking over my shoulder.

Hmmm, wait, how much money do I have again? I rifled through my pockets, and it was not feeling good. I began devising a strategy to borrow money from a friend...can you imagine the fallout?! Just as I had given up hope, I unfurled a wadded up bill. There it was, a lone $20 bill. Oh, Lordie! Hey! I'm ready to pay now! I looked up, and the dealer was nowhere to be found. So began the longest wait of the day. I tried not to look too anxious, and flipped through every box on the table just waiting for someone to walk up behind me to inspect my pile. A familiar face emerged...from behind the table.

"Hi, I found another LP."

"OK, that will be $12."

SOLD!

By that time I was spent, and they were starting to let the regular sweaty people in the door. I decided to focus on trying to sell some stuff. Of course, all that sitting gave me time to peruse my friends' boxes at the table, and I had to buy a few things, including the rare TWEEDS *I Need the Record* 45 powerpop from Boston, and the LITTLE DEERS 45, another little known Boston pop punk obscurity. I was starting to venture pretty far into negative territory. Thankfully, people were also buying. I sold a WIPERS *Better Off Dead* 7", the sleeveless NEXT *Cheap Rewards* 7" I storied here a few months ago, and plenty of cheaper items along the way.

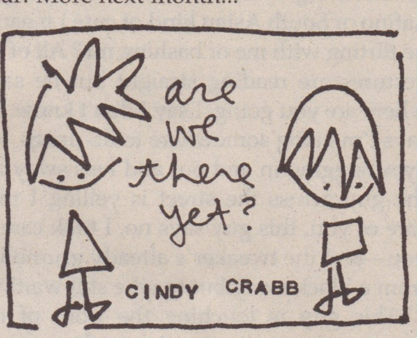
But Friday's surprises were not yet over. A considerably fatigued Texan crawled under our table, hoping to find a chair to take a load off. With no chairs, he went to another dealer's behind us to try and borrow one of theirs. What followed was totally inexplicable. I'd been eyeing a third CARSICKNESS 45 with a rare colored sleeve variation that was sitting behind said dealer's table, presumably on hold for someone. As the Texan approached, joking with them about something or other, his focus turned onto the CARSICKNESS 45. A few moments passed, and he was now holding said CARSICKNESS 45, along with another 45, what's that, THE KNOTS *Heartbreaker* 7"! Wow, where did that come from? In another moment, the Texan was sitting in a newly procured chair next to me with a big grin, holding said KNOTS 45. "All I wanted was a chair!" Not bad for $100.

Bt the end of the night, I had just about broken even on cashola, and I had a bag full of records to show for it. God, I cannot look at one more record! But no time for sleeping, I'm staying at Villa *Game of the Arseholes*. Not only that, but our gracious host is DJing at a local Williamsburg bar. Well, I've got some records, might as well try and sneak 'em into the playlist. And you know what? I never would've guessed it, but SCREAMING SNEAKERS *Violent Days* was quite the crowd pleaser! We need bars like this in LA, that's for damn sure!

Three hours of sleep later, and I was back in the bins. Saturday had a host of new dealers, and yet I didn't seem to be finding much new stuff. I did finally pull the trigger on a trade with a friend in Boston, getting a few wantlist items including the ultra obscure '84 US HC 7" EP from GOD'S WILL, the first CHRONIC DISORDER LP with limited to 300 spraypaint sleeve, and the second BUTCHER 45, on Red Vinyl no less. The UK-based BUTCHER, not to be confused with the French BUTCHER, is one of several overlooked obscure '82 street punk bands I'm banking on to be the next area for bored collectors to obsess over. By now, everybody should now know things like THE ACTIVES and most of the (Lightbeat Records) roster, but there are still plenty of obscurities waiting to be embraced by the masses. I have been planning a street punk article for a while now; if I put it in print, maybe it will force me to finish it soon!

By far the craziest score I heard of on Saturday would be a certain FEAR *I Love Livin' In The City* 7" (on Criminal) for $1! Sticklers might point out that it was missing the sleeve and had been played to death. I say they are just jealous that they didn't find a FEAR single for a buck! Rad! Other cool things I saw going home in other people's stacks on Saturday included a FUNBOY FIVE 7" with alternate orange paper cover, YOUTH BRIGADE *Sound & Fury"* LP first press, the elusive SEND HELP *Sex With Sheep* 7" EP (Mutha), a couple semi-expensive stock copies of THE DOGS *Slash Your Face* 7″ EP (damn, I want one!), BLACK FLAG *Nervous Breakdown* 7″ first press with stickered baggie, FREEZE *I Hate Tourists* 7″ with PS, HUNS *Busy Kids* 7″, and presumably a ton of stuff I never even got to see.

Sadly (?) I didn't make it back for day three on Sunday. I decided to sleep in, eat brunch, catch a glimpse of the marathon, see the sights, and hang out with (non-record collector) friends. I easily could've used two weeks of NYC times in lieu of four days, but at this point I'll take what I can get. Thanks again to Mr. & Mrs. *Game of the Arseholes*, CollectorScum, Ryebread Rodeo, DangerousCuddlers, Cooch, the Robs (yeah, that one too), Anxious Jerk, Bob, Golnar (yes, *that* Golnar made an appearance Friday night), Marc, all the fat guys, and all the people I'm intentionally leaving out. Can't wait to do this again next year! More next month...



Consent Thought Manipulation Is Not Consent

Part of the tradition of punk is getting drunk and fucking, but I'm tired of everyone being fucked with when they don't want it. I don't know if statistics are higher in the punk scene, if childhood sexual abuse survivors are drawn to this rebellion, but almost every girl I know was abused when they were young, and most of the trannies, gender queers, and guys I know, too. My guy friends who were abused almost always have never heard of it happening to boys, they almost always don't want to talk about it. It is terrible, the isolation and silence of it all. And almost everyone I know has had shit happen to them when they're older. People fucking them when they're drunk and couldn't give consent, people fucking with them when they're sleeping, people manipulating them into false consent. Consent through manipulation is not consent. It is not a game. It is real, the damage it does.

So this is what we carry with us, histories of abuse, piled up with more abuse. Sex doesn't happen in a vacuum, each time holds memories of this shit, or the energy expended holding back the memories. A lot of times we have mixed feelings, a lot of times we have split and opposite feelings, a lot of times we send mixed messages, a lot of times we aren't able to say "no."

Consent is about asking. It's about getting verbal permission. It's about wanting to know the real answer, trying to get to the real answer, not just hoping to get laid. Consent is about believing someone when they say they don't want to. It's about looking for the signs, a blankness, a nervous laughter, a pushing away, and not trying to overcome the resistance. Consent is about wanting to do it because the other person wants to do it too, totally. It is about dropping the game, not trying to make the person feel guilty if they don't want to have sex, not making the person feel guilty if they want to stop something that's already started, not pressuring them. It's about respecting the humanity of the person you want to fuck. Because we are human and real and punk should be about the humanness of us all, about the smell of us and the dirt of us and the anger inside of us.

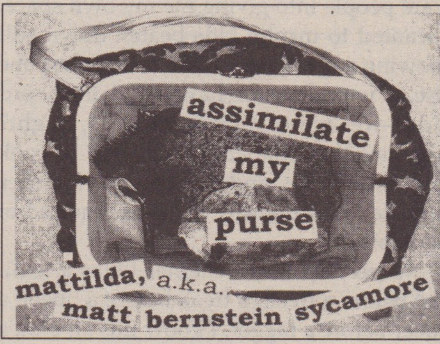
Punk should be helping each other purge the shit that our families shoved down our throats, or whoever shoved it. It should be screaming away the horror of it all. It should be anger at the world, at the meaninglessness and the stupidity. If we are going to reject all that mainstream society has to offer, we should reject the twisted fucked up way it offers up sex, and we should fight against the rape culture just as strongly as we fight against everything else.

For me, I didn't know really how to give consent. I was so used to just letting whoever wanted to fuck me fuck me, because that's what I'd been told I was good for, and as soon as someone showed interest in me, I was afraid they'd want to fuck, and I wouldn't be able to say no, so I'd just try to jump ahead and get it over with. Sometimes it would turn out that they hadn't really been thinking that at all. I learned to give consent by asking for consent. I'd ask, is this OK? Do you want to be doing this? Is it OK if I kiss you? Is it OK if I take off your pants? And I swear to you, you can be passionately ripping each other's clothes off and still asking these things.

One of the things that's been really helpful for me in giving consent is when someone asks, "Do you want to be doing just this, or do you want to be doing something else?" It's difficult to say what I want unless asked, and it's easier for me to ask then to tell. I think it's this way with a lot of people.

So repeat after me: I will not get into bed with someone who is passed out or sleeping and start touching them. I will not try and make out with people who are blacked-out drunk. I will not sleep next to someone and pretend like I just want to sleep when really I want to fuck and I might start trying to in my sleep. I won't try to talk anyone into doing something they don't want to. If I'm going to get drunk and fuck, I will bring condoms, and I will remember to put the fucking thing on. If I am going to fuck, I will use a condom and I won't complain. I will ask for consent. I will ask for it again if the person I am having sex with starts to seem like something's not right. I will look for signs. I will ask again. If someone says they just want to kiss, I promise I will just kiss them and not try to go further. If someone says they don't want to do it, I will believe them. If someone is getting drunk with me and they say they don't want to have sex, but then later start to act sexy when they get extra drunk, I will double and triple check about it, I'll remind them that they didn't want to before, and may be I'll just go ahead and say no.

I want to recommend the zine *Support*. I put it together, but it's stories and articles from lots of different people, about consent and supporting sexual abuse survivors. You can order it from me for $2.50 at PO Box 1734, Asheville, NC 28802. or thought the dorisdorisdoris.com website. Also, there is a list of questions about consent that my friend Andrea and I wrote for a workshop we did on consent. This list of questions has been really useful for a lot of people. It's in the *Support* zine, but you can also read it at http://www.anarcha.org/sallydarity/consent.html.



Like Maybe I Can Camouflage Into the Bed

Thoughts on feminism and faggotry

I'm fond of saying that most faggots

wouldn't know feminism if you hit them over the head with it, but usually this isn't as funny as it sounds. So often it means that my sex life stays separate from my politics, the gestures of passion don't grow impassioned. I'm trying to create a space where the rigor of politics builds desire into something I can finally imagine. Unfortunately, I can't necessarily say that I've seen politicized people treat one another better, but I want to know what it would mean to build a culture of possibility.

I'm trying to talk about faggotry and feminism, how they intersect so clearly in my life but elsewhere they're rings around one another. Feminism taught me to politicize every choice, including the ways in which I claim desire. I want to say that faggotry taught me to claim desire, including the ways in which I politicize every choice. Just because that sounds symmetrical. It would make things easier.

Kids on the playground called me faggot way before I knew that I had choices. I mean boys—it's boys who called me faggot. Years before I knew what it meant, at least the cocksucking part, and then years more before I realized they didn't know about the cocksucking part, they just knew I wasn't going to become a man if I didn't play by their rules. I hated them, and I hated their rules.

When I realized that it was gender they were seeing, not desire, that little boys are monsters because of their parents and the cultures that makes them enact violence in order to access power—when I realized these things, that's when I realized I needed to be a faggot in order to fight. I mean flame. That it was the only way they wouldn't win.

This was feminism: I was claiming a space outside in order to break apart their rules. But I'm getting ahead of myself. First I claimed freak, right? Because I wanted to scare people into giving me my own space. I wanted to inspire kids beaten down still showing a spark not to care about everyone else. I would never have used the word kids—we were already 14, 15, right? Anyway, that was after I decided to cook my own meals and do my own dishes because I saw the way this was required of my mother.

No need to track whether I was a feminist before a freak, a freak before a queer, a queer before a faggot. I know this all took a while, that each layer makes the other, that none of this prepared me for the relentless dehumanization in gay male sexual spaces. Gay was never an identity I embraced; someone on the street would say, "Are you gay?" No, darling, I would say—I'm a faggot.

The problem with gay male sexual spaces is that they're almost like some homophobe on the street, demanding your adherence to the worst norms of masculinity unless you want your head bashed in—I mean, a blowjob. And feminist spaces, where the energy is so high, the standards bright and glowing, but I look around for faggots and I can count them on my fingers, sometimes just one hand.

Now you know I can't tell

Yes, I'm back at the Nob Hill Theatre. The guy at the front counter says hello like I was just there yesterday; the problem is that even though it's been a month and it still feels that way. Walking around in circles thinking *I should leave now I really should leave now I've been here too long I should leave now.* I don't like disco, but here it's the best part, another place where dancing would make everything so much better.

You want to know about the porn: Dutch boys barebacking—that one's OK until they start to look too skinny and anxious, piled one next to the other in fucking pairs, probably a brothel importing fresh Eastern Europeans. Then there's big-budget LA mainstream porn, puffed-up guys with insanely big dicks, is that really?—and no, really? My favorite is two guys cruising on an airplane, one of them is jerking off and the other guy's looking anxiously over his shoulder at the supposed other passengers, his girlfriend asleep between them, but then I accidentally switch to some guy wrapped in latex, whimpering, and when I'm back the two guys on the plane are naked in another row of seats—where are the other passengers? It's not exciting any more.

Back in the hallway, there's this hot guy who always reminds me of someone who worked with me 15 years ago at Harold's Newsstand just a few blocks away—that guy, Mervin I think was his name—no, Melvin—he showed me his Blow Buddies card and said, "I'm bisexual." This other Melvin is always here, brooding with a hat, a little bit of facial hair barely perceptible. I've never seen him hook up with anyone. Back in a room, I watch someone's fingers at the glory hole—I'm not into him, but I can see how fingers softly brushing a hole can become alluring, no matter who they belong to. After I'm about to leave for the 35th time, standing in the hallway grabbing my hard-on through my pants, this guy walks by, he looks excited. He's kind of cute—bald head, I like bald heads, the early years of middle age, on the clubby side of preppy—mainstream gay circa 1995, I don't mind that look. I let him beckon me into a room and then it all leads up to those physical gestures of his cock hardening in my throat until he's about to leave the room, says he's going to take a break. I love breaks, but doesn't he know the place is about to close? I say hold my balls, and then I shoot onto the seat, I say I hope someone sits there. I don't really mean that, it's just that the guy looks sort of scandalized—girl, don't worry, it's vinyl.

I walk outside and this guy does a double-take—turns around and says well, you're certainly a faggot, a faggot with a circus for pants you're a faggot if I've ever seen a faggot. I want to shrug it off but it's kind of annoying, he's so close I'm laughing, that's what I do in situations like this. His tweaker friend with his shirt open keeps walking. I look at this guy, he looks a little bit like Melvin—similar height, kind of short, big eyes, soft round face, maybe Latino or South Asian kind of cute I mean is he flirting with me or bashing me? All of his gestures are reading straight but he says, where are you going. I say I don't know. He says I'm going somewhere to do drugs. His eyes bugging in and out and he's swaying, the guy across the street is yelling I took care of you, this guy says no, I took care of you—and the tweaker's already grumbling from a block away but maybe still waiting.

This guy is touching the front of my pants—why are you in such a good mood—you're a mess, your fly's open, are you a stripper here? I'm laughing, zipping my fly. I say it won't last that long, I'll get home and I'll be depressed. He says, or were you just having fun? I grab him playfully and kiss the back of his neck, it's true I am in a good mood—sometimes touching someone else, even if he's not that engaged, is enough to make me feel hyper-present and playful. This guy sort of turns around and then I kiss his neck from the front too. He says, what are you on?

I'm trying to remember if I used to ask people that when I was on drugs, I guess it's true that everyone else seems really, really high. I'm laughing and this guy says oh—everything, what do you mean what am I on?—everything! The tweaker is yelling from the distance, this guy yells back *Go Away*. I say who's that tweaker? This guy says I'm gonna hit you in the head, and he holds two plastic bottles in the air, I step back. I say what's that? He says silicon—I say what are you going to do with silicon? He says I work at Lucas Films, I'm gonna hit you in the head—go away.

I start walking downhill and maybe he

has friends who show up and they're pointing in my direction and laughing, I'm not sure. I'm in the mood where everything is fun really, especially the deserted streets, and I'm wondering if maybe that guy thought I was crazy because I was flirting with him after he kept calling me faggot. I guess that was kind of crazy, but you already know I can't tell. I'm walking slowly to appreciate the few minutes I have before exhaustion, until I'm at the bus stop looking at those terrible digital displays they've installed that tell you how long you have to wait, but it's always longer: this one says, "Next bus in 72 minutes."

Like maybe I can camouflage into the bed

This is what's happening, just as I'm about to fall back asleep except it's like there's fabric wrapped around my neck, someone's choking me, I'm pretty sure there's just empty space with a blanket far away but I want to check it's so uncomfortable. I move my hands there—across, not right at the center, too scary. No fabric, just skin. Then I'm awake again, thinking I shouldn't have checked because I knew there wasn't any fabric but it's hard to fall asleep when it's like someone—my father—is squeezing it all shut, the place for panic.

Everything's stacked against this particular night of sleep: the guy's orgasm next door, then his TV vibrating the walls, his phone conversation—at least the white noise generator blocks out the details, except my brain planning everything else. Whenever I get deep enough then I wake up and when I get out of bed there's extra sadness between my eyes. I'm touching my neck softly just to see; it's okay except at the center, what happens at the center is that everything stops my breathing my body moves back squeezes shut everything tight and still like maybe I can camouflage into the bed and they won't know I'm there.

My most recent anthology is Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity—feel free to tell me what you think! You can also check in on me via my blog, nobodypasses.blogspot.com. These days I'm the reviews editor at the brilliant new feminist magazine Make/shift, where I also have a column but only twice a year (that's how often the magazine comes out). I live for feedback, so send me love letters and/or delicious threats via my new homepage (the URL has changed), www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

I was greatly saddened to hear of the tragic death of Lance Hahn. I didn't know Lance well; we had met a few times and he interviewed a band I was in for *MRR* some years ago. I never cared much for Lance's bands either. But I was an avid reader of Lance's articles for *MRR*. His passion for early '80s UK anarcho punk clearly translated into some of the best-researched and written articles to appear in these pages.

Lance was about the same age as me and I can guess that both of us discovered UK anarcho punk at the same time and it played similar roles in our lives. I can imagine Lance like me, waiting for the new Rudimentary Peni or Flux of Pink Indians LP to arrive in the mail and then poring over the poster sleeve and playing the record over and over. Those records changed my life and made me who I am today. Reading Lance's articles shed much light onto the bands I only knew from mail-ordered black and white 7"s and treasures scored from used record bins. It's so tragic that he died before completing his research. Of all the people to die young, why a man on such a mission? There is a rumor that AK Press will compile Lance's articles into a definitive book on the subject. Even an incomplete history would still be a monument to the genre and tribute to Lance's life and work. RIP Lance.

I have spent a lot of time in this column of late talking about living a more sustainable lifestyle. Over the last few years more and more people have begun to recognize the irreversible damage being done to the earth by a lifestyle of waste and consumption. Many established brands and products have embraced a "green" or "eco" marketing strategy to promote their goods. While creating sustainable options for consumer goods is a laudable goal, it can lead to a bizarre paradox of ideals. For example the hybrid Hummer or 10,000-square-foot McMansion with solar panels on the roof. What is missed in the ad campaigns and greenwashing is that the most sustainable lifestyle is one that consumes very little indeed. Living close to work and driving less, or not at all. Reducing your use of fossil fuels for home heating and energy use. Reducing your use of processed and manufactured goods that are cheap and not made to last. Much of this doesn't mean a very radical change in your way of life. Indeed, it often means going back to living a lifestyle more like that lived by our parents and grandparents. The real "green consumerism" is not to buy products with green labels that tout their ecological benefits, but to buy little or nothing at all and opt out of the consumer society as much as possible.

Consumerism is a modern religion and like religion is wrapped up with many emotional and psychological factors. Our indoctrination begins at an early age through children's TV shows and doesn't end until the final days in the nursing home. We are bombarded day and night with advertisements and propaganda telling us that by buying certain products we will be happier, sexier, thinner, more likeable, etc. Any wise old-timer will tell you that happiness can't be bought, and those products are just a thin veneer to conceal the inner angst and insecurity of the consumer.

Growing up in the hardcore punk scene, I took the DIY ideal to heart. When I was young I had no money and anything I needed or wanted I had to make, scrounge, or salvage. This hands-on, can-do attitude has served me well in life, in my day job remodeling houses, or fixing my shitty old cars or bikes. A lot of people talk about how shopping and consumption gives them a lift. People feel good about spending money and buying nice things. But you also can get a great deal of satisfaction by fixing up old things others have cast off or building things yourself. A person might feel a great psychological lift driving a new $50,000 Mercedes out of the dealership. But in the end, any chump with $50,000 can buy the same car. One gets a whole different feeling of satisfaction finding a cool old car or bike and spending nights and weekends for months rebuilding and restoring it. In the end you have something that is unique and personalized to yourself and represents your own hard work and pride. When the guy with the Mercedes sinks back into the ennui of middle class emptiness but still has to make his car payments, you can still look at your ride with some sense of pride and satisfaction.

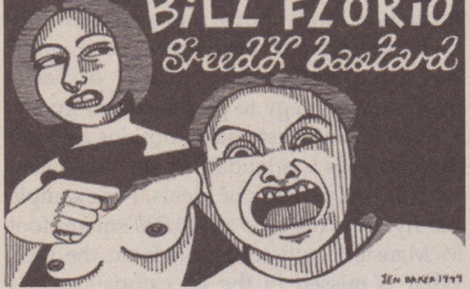
When I was a young rebellious punk, I only wanted to destroy and wreck things. I hated the social order and wanted to see the whole thing wiped out and replaced by something better. Now that I'm older I still hate the social and political order and want to see it changed. But I get more satisfaction out of fixing and renewing things than just smashing up and destroying them. I've been in the remodeling business for over 15 years now and spend my days taking worn-out and run-down houses and turning them into livable, useful spaces. When I was in my teens and early 20s I hated work and had a series of shitty jobs. I worked in factories and print shops and felt very little pride or satisfaction in the work I did. In sociological terms, I was alienated from my labor. After college I tried working in the white-collar world and only lasted a few months in the cubicle. I happened into construction, and as time went on got more into architecture, historic houses, and admiring the fine craftsmanship of carpenters and tradespeople of the past. Now I can actually say I enjoy going to work, building and fixing things makes me feel like my job is more than just serving as some kind of interchangeable part in a corporate machine. "I hate my job" is such a common refrain in punk. To which the older heads usually wryly respond, "Why don't you try doing something you like?" To be honest, I didn't know what I would like—I mainly landed in construction because of the flexible hours and high wages. It wasn't until later that I started to feel like I had found a trade that was a good fit for me.

Creating sustainable communities and reducing our use of energy and resources will be one of the greatest challenges of this century. It's exciting to me to be a part of that process, rather than just an observer. Some years ago I chose to move into a part of Minneapolis that is now served by a new light rail line. The neighborhood is slowly changing as more transit-oriented development begins to cluster around the stations. More and more people are deciding to move into the area and commute by rail rather than car. When you consider that a house is most people's single largest asset and appreciates in value while a car is their biggest expense and depreciates in value, there is a strong case to be made for moving into a transit-oriented area and ditching your car.

Increasingly, "new urbanism" looks a lot more like "old urbanism," or rather making American cities work more like European cities or the way American cities were before the second world war. It is interesting that one of the most popular trends in residential architecture is the "not-so-big house." It should come as no surprise that many people have come to realize that the huge suburban home and commuter lifestyle pushed so strongly by the consumer culture is a hollow trap of alienation and despair. The vapid lifestyle of cookie cutter suburbs and cheap manufactured surroundings is increasingly rejected.

This trend is not new. At the turn of the last century, many forces rejected the aesthetics of mass production and consumerism. The result was the Arts and Crafts movement, the after-effects of which are still felt today. Likewise, the City Beautiful movement grew from the same turn-of-the-century dissatisfaction with the industrial landscape. Those movements were long forgotten by the end of the Second World War. But today their relevance is reborn, as people search for some more meaningful way of life out of a unease with modern lifestyles. I tend to think that the popularity of drugs, alcohol, kooky religious cults, and domestic violence has more to do with people's alienation and dissatisfaction with modern society than anything else. Perhaps instead of getting strung out and going on a shooting rampage, people might find more satisfaction in fixing up a run-down old house in a neighborhood where they can get to know the people around them. Maybe there is something to be said for riding a bike to work instead of spending hours in traffic and spending their time learning a craft or fixing and repairing things in backyard or basement workshop instead of spending hours in front a television. To this same end, creating punk music, artwork, or DIY records may be the entry point to a more long-term involvement with a hands-on lifestyle. Or just sheer necessity of having to make something from nothing. I know this was my case.

What consumer society has to offer is a dead end. It's in someone else's interests, not your own, to spend your life on a treadmill of debt and consumption while creating waste and excess and no real lasting personal satisfaction.



There are people who dedicate their lives to stopping war and there are other people who seem to like to explain how war is a good thing that drives technology and industry and the economy etc. For instance, a hippie using a solar powered computer proclaims how the world would be so much better if the wars of the twentieth century would have never occurred. Of course, without the nuclear arms race, none of the preceding items in the last sentence would exist, including the hippie. Sure, there were bohemians, art-fags, and whatnot before modern warfare, but c'mon at least they were all admittedly into it for the cheap sex and would probably brag about how the whole philosophical pretentious bullshit behind it was just something to talk about after the cheap sex.

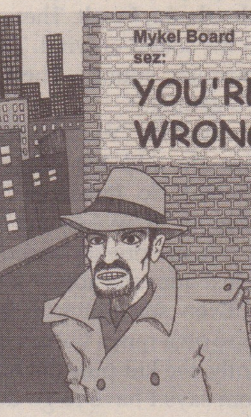
While I'd love to dedicate an entire column to Wernher von Braun and the fact that a lot of the technology we use in everyday life stems from the fact that our country relied heavily on the success of a slave-labor endorsing Nazi to eventually defeat communism over a 40 year period. For that matter if you want to get back to the bohemians of the last paragraph, perhaps we can give as much credit to Jules Verne, oh wait, he wasn't a bohemian he was a stockbroker, so much for art-fags ruling the world. Let me get to the point already, hippies don't run the world, Physicists and Stockbrokers (even ones with wild imaginations) are much more important. Therefore, I think hippies need to take a new stand on things.

In the 1950s – 1980s there was a definite need for whining hippies. Like it or not, their whining did a lot of good. The fact that Richard Nixon signed a lot of the environmental laws that do pretty well at protecting us from poisons, shows that at that time, it was the thing to do. Nowadays, I see the major problem is the poisoning of ourselves. People eat shit, they read shit, they live in shit. A hippie isn't exactly the type that is going to have an influence in these departments. Whining is, not the way to go. So, am I saying that Hippies should wise up and become lawyers and physicists, well shit yeah, but unfortunately, most people who's first instinct is to whine about a problem probably isn't going to make the cut at RPI or Harvard Law.

The main thing that the "progressive" end of the population has to realize is that negativity is not getting anyone anywhere. The coming energy crisis is not going to be solved by conservation it needs to be solved by innovation and a mass cooperation from everyone able. So while you're complaining about SUVs you're doing nothing from stopping the future wars that are definitely going to happen during the energy-grab of the next hundred years.

Sure gas-guzzling cars are a problem, but they aren't *the* problem. The fact that you bought a car that will save 300 gallons of gas a year is not really going to solve anything even when you multiply that by one hundred million. All you're going to end up with in your perfect world is a lot of hillbillys stuck in the mud.

Hey we had an economic boom here a few years ago. This was because of billions of dollars the USA spent in 1960 something on the internet, you know that useless thing most hippies protested as part of the nuclear arms race. But what have we invested billion of dollars in lately so we can have another boom in 30 years? Beats me, We certainly haven't invested enough in our education because how many of you reading this stopped at paragraph two because they have no fucking clue who Wernher von Braun or Jules Verne are?
Oh yeah this message brought to you by LOST LOCKER COMBO, Freshman Orientation CD out now!
The End
bill@candids.com



It's certainly hard to accomplish all that's required of one in life, first as a butterfly when young, then as a maggot when the end comes. —Celine

Piss on your ancestors. —Patti Smith

Damn! I'm still dripping. I thought I got it all. I shook hard. Even reached underneath and ran my fingers back and forth. Like trying to get the last inch of toothpaste out of the tube. Every drop, I thought. And now, in some stranger's bed...on a blow-up mattress, actually. I am leaking even more drops. Fuck.

I'm in Beloit, Wisconsin. Here for my 35th reunion. That and a book tour of Chicago and Indiana. The reunion is mine. The book tour was set up by my pal Sid Yiddish, the matzo ball-shaped, shofar-blowing, throat-singing, oddball-genius poet I've often written about. An amazing guy. We'll be touring together. He's a great performer. Me, I just read from my books.

As for the reunions, I go every five years. It's fun to see how much lost hair and gained weight afflict my fellow students. Usually, I stay in the local Holiday Inn or Econolodge. My classmates are there. We can continue our drunken times from the '70s. More beer. More beer bellies.

At our 20-year reunion, the cops came. Busted the class for grass. Making a stink. As it turned out, Bob, one of the dorkier alumni, worked for the DA's office. He talked with the busting cops. Got us off with a warning.

"I understand," said the cop. "But you guys should've outgrown that by now."

What did he know? We hadn't outgrown shit.

Now, I'm tired of motels. I don't travel for motels. I travel for adventure. Instead of Holiday Dudd, I go to couchsurfing.com and find Jesse, a current Beloit student. That's where I am now. In her apartment. Slightly dripping onto her blow-up bed.

I called Jesse from New York to make sure she'd be home.

"I'm away sometimes on school stuff," she told me. "I'm head of the Latina Students League. Sometimes we go to Madison or Chicago for *events.*"

Jesse didn't have italics in her voice when she said *events,* but I had it in my thoughts. What kind of events? A bunch of Hispanic girls getting together and doing stuff? Yowsah! I'm there!

I gave her the dates of my stay. She said it was fine and she'd blow up the air mattress for me.

"Also," she said, "I work at The Coffee House, the on-campus bar. I'll buy you a beer."

Meeting her is fraught with irony. She's a perfect Latina. Brown-complected, curving in the right locations. Her body's a capital-S. I feel my tumescence tumenting.

"You're English is perfect," I tell her. "But if I saw you on the street, I'd have you pegged for a Brazilian in a second."

"I come from Maine," she says. "My family's originally from Germany. I studied Spanish, went to South America, loved it. That's why I do all the Latina stuff."

A Latina by choice—not by birth. Yeah!

At the reunion, my class is as thrilling as a shopping mall. A convention of *whatever happened to..., my kids are graduating from...,* and *I'm over the chemo, now, but lemme tell ya...*

The girls in my class are now women. Chubbed out, with bulging bellies. Breasts sag onto those bellies as if too worn-out to stand by themselves. More O-shaped than S.

"I don't know about these kids," says Meredeth, an old friend who now works for PBS. "We knew how to protest the war. We had demonstrations. These kids should learn. They're just trying things for themselves, reinventing the wheel."

I ditch 'em fast. Go to the library where Fred Burwell, the college archivist, is recording old farts in an Oral History Project. He wants to get us on cassette (!) before we kick off. He thinks there's value in what we remember. In our points of view.

OK; Fred is an archivist, a kind of historian. A 96-year-old talking about his struggles to pay $300 a year in tuition is exciting to him. He'll enjoy me talking about my adventures spelling USA in partially dissected fetal pigs on the football field during halftime in 1969. It's his job.

What's amazing is that Fred has a host of students working for him, for free. This stuff fascinates them. And it's *not* their job.

When I was a student, if a bunch of guys older than my dad showed up on campus, I'd be off the other way. No thank you. Get outta here. We got a revolution to make, and you guys are gonna get bowled over. Squished like sand under tank wheels. I've got nothing to say to you, and even less to learn from you.

And now, here's this eager student, a pretty blonde with Midwest cheeks and perky co-ed breasts. Here she sits, trying to figure out how to operate the cassette recorder. She writes for the college paper, *The Roundtable,* just like I did when I was at Beloit. Now she's recording my oral history. I wouldn't mind giving her some oral future.

"I can't believe I'm taking to Mykel Board," she says. "I just read what you wrote in *The Roundtable* in 1969. I thought it was so cool. Just what I think."

Yowsah!

There's Jesse the voluntary Hispanic, and this *Roundtable* girl...both showing more humanity than I ever showed at that age. Both girls sexier, more playful, more full of life and future than any dozen parents trying "to get their kids into a good school."

These girls are arousing, not one is a snob. I say, never send a woman out to do a girl's job.

From Beloit, I'm off to Chicago to meet Sid. I'm staying at his place for a while. We've got three shows in town. Then to Indiana.

I promise Sid I won't write about his

apartment, so that stays a secret. What isn't a secret is the work he's done setting up all the show dates. This guy knows how to send email, and use the phone. A great skill in things I hate to do.

Though I spent my first three undergraduate years at Beloit, I actually graduated from Columbia College in Chicago. Their writing workshop taught me more about writing than Ron Jeremy taught me about sex.

Sid also graduated from Columbia, so he calls them to see if we can do an alumni reading. No luck, but the 20-something head of the alumni office takes us both out to lunch. He *never* hits us up for money. Wow!

The college TV station and the newspaper interview us. We sit for the newspaper interview in a vacant office near the alumni bureau. Chris, the student reporter, is an attractive young man with a hairless face and a suggestive earring. He's even more interesting because he crosses his legs at the knee and occasionally looks at his nails from the back of his hand.

Seems like he's read my book, because he asks the right questions.

"What's your view of sexuality?" he asks. "How do you look at people's gender attraction?"

"There are no homosexuals," I pontificate. "No heteros either. There are only people as sexual beings. We're free to do what we want. To label yourself "gay," or "straight" is to put yourself in a box. Make rules for yourself. Lock yourself in a cage."

"Wow!" says Chris, "That's exactly what I think. I'm a bisexual."

"That's a trap too," I say. "You should just be open to explore. Don't consider gender, race, age..."

"Well," says Sid, "I think people should be able to do what they want. But I don't go *that way* myself."

"Shut up!" I don't say. "Can't you see I'm hitting on this guy?"

"What'd he ask about sex for?" asks Sid, much after the interview. "You know, you kinda robbed me of that interview. You did all the talking. What could I say? I just don't go for men."

"Robbed you?" I say. "And who said anything about *men*? Tell me I'm stealing. Tell me I rob. But never send a man out to do a boy's job."

When you're on the road with someone, you really learn about your differences. Sid likes The Beats, jazz, punk rock and The Beatles. I like The Beats and punk rock, and detest the rest. Every chance he gets, Sid makes some jazz reference. Once he gets me to sing the only line I know from a John Lennon song. Something about being crippled inside.

Some stupid pollster said that most divorces in America are caused by differences over money. I doubt it. I bet most are over musical tastes. You damn well better know what s/he likes to listen to before you move in. Otherwise, it'll be hell!

Actually, our trip is not hell. I know Sid's tastes. He agrees: NO JAZZ, NO BEATLES in the car. That works.

After three successful shows in Chicago, Bloomington is a disaster. Two people show up. Cool girls. One guy comes late, just as we're leaving. He's a beautiful boy, about 20, with thick lips, a smooth square face, and a slightly punk haircut. He's a friend of Damian, the promoter.

He complains about how he's having a bad day because his girlfriend wants to break up. I invite him back to where we're staying and suggest he get drunk and forget the girl. To my surprise he agrees to come.

We sit and talk. I do, in fact, get this guy drunk. As the night drags on, I suggest he stay.

"You shouldn't go home drunk," I tell him. "You can sleep on the other side of my bed. The couch opens up."

"I thought you were going to sleep with me!" Sid whines. "I'm really disappointed you're not going to sleep with me."

"What the fuck?" I don't say. "Can't you see I'm hitting on this guy?"

"Ah, I don't think so," I tell Sid, hoping that'll keep him quiet. He persists.

"Mykel," he says. "I really wanted you to sleep with me. I was looking forward to it."

By this time the guy is gone. Riding home drunk on his bicycle. Shit!

Next stop: Lafayette, Indiana. We're reading in small cafe. Lafayette's the home of Purdue University, the most conservative big school in the country, in the state where the KKK was born. I'm ready with my *Boys In Da Hoods* jokes.

Jean, the owner of the coffee house, works with her husband. They're both behind the counter. Their son, Isaac, is also here when we arrive.

About 11 years old, Isaac's dark hair is cut Beatles-style. He has cherubic red cheeks and a skinny little body that cries out *molest me!* I'm sure Sid likes the haircut. As for me...

I invite the kid to help us move stuff from the car. Gamely, he picks up a suitcase full of books and struggles with it. Around the corner. Through a parking lot. Up the wooden steps to the cafe.

"You like living here?" I ask Isaac.

"It's OK," he says.

"What can you tell me about the town?" I ask.

He tells me some things I don't remember now. But he's full of enthusiasm for the tales. Finally, we get everything up the stairs to the cafe. Isaac drops the heavy bag he is lugging.

"Great job," I tell him.

He grins.

Sid starts unpacking, pulling his shofarim from his suitcase.

"Isaac plays the trumpet," says his mom.

"You wanna try playing one of this?" I offer, grabbing one of the ram's horns.

I hand it to the kid. He blows into it. Nothing happens.

"Go like this," says Sid, making a brrrrrrrr noise with his lips. "Try it like it's really cold outside."

He demonstrates.

The kid puts the horn to his mouth. As I watch those prepubescent lips curl around the tip of the shofar, I melt. Then, he blows into it. Just the sound of wind. Then again. A little burpish sound. Then another, longer. He's getting it.

"Great!" says Sid. "You're getting it."

I can see the kid beaming from his accomplishment. So much joy in something so simple. It makes me lust after more than just the pre-adolescent body. It makes me lust after the ability to celebrate *everything*. Even something as simple as making noise on a ram's horn.

Reluctantly, the kid puts the horn away.

"My mom says I have to go downstairs while you're reading," he tells us. "You might say some... things."

"Don't worry," I tell him. "When I say them, I'll think of you."

After the reading, mom tells us that Isaac was so proud of himself. Proud how we treated him like a real person. Proud how we asked him stuff about the city, and how he carried our bags. Proud how Sid let him blow the shofar.

Again, I'm seeing how kids nowadays *like* adults. They treat us as humans. Something I would have never done when I was his age. I would've told me to fuck off.

Just before the reading starts, our hostess for the night arrives. Another girl I met on couchsurfing.com. Her name is Nona. Sid and I agree that she's pure visual Viagra in a woman's body. Dark hair. A fullness of butt that goes beautifully backwards instead of flabbing down the sides of the hips. Breasts with cleavage she isn't afraid to show.

A young woman, maybe early thirties. She introduces herself, explaining that she's a visiting scholar at the local universality. Her specialty is zoonoticology.

"What's that?" I ask.

"It's animal diseases that jump to humans," she says. "You know like Mad Cow or Bird Flu. I'm working on this new virus. It comes from cats. It infects human red blood cells. I've got a picture of it on my computer."

Later that night, at her place, Nona opens her computer and turns it on. The screen wallpaper is a picture of some huge red blobs. On the red blobs are gray masses, looking like scabs or pieces of bread crust.

Her chest swells like a new mother.

"Those are my babies," she says. "I found 'em. Someday they're gonna be named after me. My own disease!"

Sid and I are both after her. He underages me and I underweight him. Guess who wins.

"Oh," says Nona, "I'm a lesbian. My girlfriend's back in Brazil. I really miss her."

That night Sid and I share a futon in a separate bedroom.

"Finally, I get to sleep with you," he says.

I keep my underpants on and sleep facing the wall...or try to sleep. Sid, unused to the amount of wine he's drunk, snores louder than a Motorhead concert.

I can't take it. Moving my pillow and blankets, I leave the room to sleep in the hall. I figure Nona will come out and ask what happened.

"I can't sleep," I'll whine. "Sid snores!"

"That's too bad," she'll say. "Why don't you come into my bed?"

It doesn't happen.

I drift uncomfortably into some nightmare or other. I hear a shuffling. It's Sid.

"What's the matter?" he asks.

"You were snoring." I tell him. "I couldn't sleep."

"Sorry," he says. "I'm up now. You can go back to bed."

So I go back to the futon and Nona comes out, sees Sid in the hall. Asks him what's wrong and invites him into her bed. Boy, am I pissed.

It doesn't happen.

What happens is the girl stays asleep all night and the next day she runs off with this geeky guy dancing by himself in front of the stage at a heavy metal show. So much for the *lesbian.* What can you expect from a young *woman?* She's certainly not a girl. Too bad.

She may be a scientist, investigating a blob. But never send a woman out to do a girl's job.

And now, I read these cheap-ink pages you hold in your hands. I look at the internet. I see a bunch of old farts telling the kids what punk "really is." I hear guys as old as your father arguing about the finer points of anarchism, or whether one should be offended by flying donuts. And *these* are the guys who worry about the younger generation?

Oh yeah, the latest issue of *The Utne Reader* has a feature on *How Baby Boomers Can Still Save The World.*

Yeah right.

In the '60s, we used to say, *Don't trust anyone over thirty.*

Now it's time to say *Don't trust anyone older than* you. Don't trust old farts who tell you anything. They're wrong. Look at the world! Who made it this way? Not you!

Go out. Reinvent the wheel. Start from scratch. Decide for yourself if it works or doesn't. If it feels good or doesn't. If it's important or isn't.

Me? I'm goin' out drinking with my 22-year-old nephew. I'm gonna see who's playing at ABC NO RIO...the all-ages show. I'm gonna go trolling for teens on Facebook. Let the old guys moan and let 'em sob. I say, never send...

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column]

—> Fred Burwell's *Oral History Project* will be transcribed and posted at: http://www.beloit.edu/~libhome/Archives/papers/index.html. For questions about individual transcripts, you'll find an email link to Fred on that page.

—> *Just realized dept:* Ever notice that the guys who dispute global warming because it's "unscientific" are the same ones who dispute evolution, because it's "obvious that God created the universe"?

—> *Name that disease dept:* A former Navy supply officer pleaded guilty to illegally possessing 60 unregistered machine guns. David Carmel, of Madison, Wisconsin, told the judge he is being treated for a mental illness, but is "in control of his faculties."

—> *We need his face on the cover dept: NY Metro* reports that *GQ Magazine* killed a story about in-fighting in the Hillary Clinton camp. The reason? They wanted to use Bill as the coverboy and Hillary said no unless the story was killed. Makes you wonder about anything with Bill on the cover, huh?

—> *George's balls dept:* I'm beginning to like GW Bush more and more. That guy has balls. Can you imagine vetoing insurance for kids? Amazing? Against helping kids?? That's like jerking off in mom's apple pie. What could be more unamerican? What could be nastier in the eyes of average Joe! Anti-kids! The president! Wow! I love the guy.

—> *Why I may vote for Ron Paul dept:* NY State Democrats are sponsoring a measure that would make the "drawing, etching or display of a noose" illegal. Can you imagine? A picture—not even pornographic—illegal. Once that happens, *anything* can be illegal. You find something offensive, PUFF, it's illegal. As soon as they pass the law, I'm making t-shirts with a noose around FREEDOM OF SPEECH. Getting arrested will at least prove a point.

—> *And Obama supports corn-gas dept:* Jean Ziegler, a United Nations expert, has condemned the growing use of crops to produce biofuels as a replacement for gasoline. He calls it "a crime against humanity." He says that biofuels will bring more hunger into the world. Why? The growth in this energy source has pushed the price of some crops to record levels. It's harder than ever for the poor to pay for food.

Ziegler calls for a five-year ban on crop fuel. Within that time, he says, technological advances will enable the use of agricultural waste, such as corncobs and banana leaves, rather than crops themselves, to produce fuel.

—> *Quote of the month dept:* God knows I'm not a vegetarian, but sometimes the logic of carnivores embarrasses even me. Tom Philpott, writes in the food magazine *Gastronomica*: "If we must do the dirty deed of raising an animal to kill it, then we owe it to the animal to wring as much gustatory joy as possible out of the process."

We owe it to the animal? Yowsah!

don't try

by dave

So I'm back in action after leaving the Bay Area. I've settled into Olympia and have been here about a month at the time

I'm writing this. Loading up that fucking moving truck made me realize I have way too much shit. True, a lot of it was 20 Buck Spin label stock, but at least half of it wasn't and it made me feel foolish. I unloaded as much shit as I could before leaving, but it's never enough. Didn't Tyler Durden say, "The things you own end up owning you"?

The weather here is predictably cold and dreary. Walking around downtown after midnight a few nights ago I realized I hadn't felt cold like that in quite some time. Being a California boy hasn't prepared me much for the harsher weather the vast majority of the country gets. And really, this isn't even that harsh. That's how weak I am.

It's a *much* smaller scene here, and as metal goes it's pretty much dead. There's Wolves In The Throne Room and there is/was Funerot, and to my knowledge that's it. So if there's a heavy Olympia band reading this that I don't know about, please get in touch.

Not many people wear black here. Maybe I'm just used to a big scene full of black-clad warriors in Oakland. A few months back there was a Gilman show with Ludicra, Wormwood, and others, and I decided to wear some Rodney Dangerfield shorts, a white Coffins t-shirt, and some blue and white tennis shoes (what the Brits call trainers, I think). I stuck out like a sore thumb amongst the crustastic dreads and sullen faces. Like a ditched Muni Waste roadie. Everyone in Olympia is very colorful—it's freaking me out. Maybe it's the grey skies inspiring color into people's lives. Now I feel like I stick out just the way I normally look. Good thing nobody knows me. Half the appeal of moving was a little anonymity, after all.

Not a lot of shows of interest happening here yet either. Decent amount of shows. Just of no interest. Lots of indie and irony all over the place. Thrones and Grey Daturas came through on a day I just happened to be back in the Bay Area. Oh, well. Iron Lung plays here tomorrow with Agents of Abhorrence, at least.

What's nice about Oly from the perspective of a worn-out Bay Area native is the less densely populated landscape, the lack of vehicular traffic, less foot traffic downtown, empty barstools, cheaper drinks, less cops, seemingly less bitterness and the funny looking sweater sleeves people put on over their clothes (they're just sleeves, with no torso, like a sleeveless shirt inverted). And there's wireless internet access all over the place; I'm writing this column from a coffee shop called Caffe Vita at the corner of Fourth and Washington.

In the two months since I last wrote this column there has been a ton of good new metal released, and even more that's completely terrible. This may be the same album to some people. Like the new Darkthrone. I love it. But Andy Nolan from The Endless Blockade says, "Everyone goes through this stage where they talk down the pub of all these 'great' ideas they want to do musically but thankfully they never accomplish them. Darkthrone is the, 'dude, it would be *rad* if we did...' conversation manifested." Given that Herr Nolan tends to be just a tad cynical though, closer inspection seems prudent.

The new Darkthrone album is called *F.O.A.D.*, which as you can guess stands for Fuck Off And Die. Yes Broken Bones already did it, but since Darkthrone is arguably way better than Broken Bones, it can be forgiven. This is not Darkthrone at their most serious, in fact it's about as unserious as they could get. Fifteen years ago it'd seem insane to think that the band that would ultimately violate Euronymous' code of No Fun, No Core, No Mosh, No Trends and put the fun back into black metal would be his close allies Fenriz and Nocturno Culto. But a lot of these songs, for lack of a better word, are indeed fun.

The album starts with "These Shores Are Damned," which is a tune in line with the Darkthrone of the past few albums, a good, memorable opener. But next they hit us with "Canadian Metal," a tribute in song form to some of their favorite Canucks, like Slaughter, Voivod, Razor, and others. At first and even second listen, it's ridiculous, but the songs Hellhammer riffing and perfectly inept soloing eventually reels you in, and soon enough you're bangin' along.

Next up another humorous entry in the form of "Church Of Real Metal" with more lyrics about being old school and a chorus that again, seems silly at start, but soon you're hooked. At least I am.

It's followed by another more serious tune, "Banners Of Old," and then the amazing title track, which I can't imagine any punk-rocker-gone-metal not liking. It's basically a perfect Motorhead-meets-Venom cocktail, and yet it don't sound like Amebix, it sounds like Darkthrone. It's a perfect anthem and captures exactly where Darkthrone are at on the "difficult" 13th, album as Fenriz calls it.

"Raised On Rock" delivers the goods again, musically and lyrically. "You have nothing in common with me, you think old school is '93, I've been a thrasher since '84, and almost nothing sounds true anymore." And later, "If you don't understand what I mean, fuckin' listen to Venom's Acid Queen." They've been around long enough, they've earned the right.

A lot of those who've supported Darkthrone over the years, and continued to defend them, will probably not make it through this time. Darkthrone has chosen to destroy the mystique that once surrounded them and in doing so have created an entirely new mystique, the one that says they're just old heshers dedicated to the cause, defending the faith. Black metal has its Motorhead. Top 10 of 2007 for me, and this from someone that's been with 'em since *Soulside Journey*. For more comedy, check out takemetoyourfenriz.com.

Black Cobra is back to batter us again with eight new songs collectively called *Feather And Stone*. Since the release of their debut, *Bestial*, the Cobra has toured pretty relentlessly and recently relocated to the Bay Area.

For those unaware, Black Cobra are a devastating two-piece guitar and drum unit that play noisy, scuzz-covered heavy rock not unlike faster versions of their ex bands, 16 and Cavity. Both dudes are extremely adept at their instruments and witnessing this band live is total enjoyment in both sound and vision. For two dudes, they create a *huge* wall of riffs running together in a haze of distorto-grime.

The tracks on *Feather And Stone* continue in much the same vein as *Bestial* with alternating tempos, here and there, always moving forward with nary a second to breathe. At 24 minutes in length, they come in for the quick beating and leave the listener bloodied but wanting more. The CD has some bonus live footage, and hopefully vinyl will be on the way soon. This band is probably gonna be huge real soon. CD released by At A Loss Recordings.

Nekrasov is an Australian one-man project featuring the ex-guitar player from one of my favorite Aussie bands, Whitehorse. Yet while Whitehorse deals in slow-motion experimental doom crust, Nekrasov has a more black spirit—black metal, that is—with some detuned blackened guitar noisescapes on its first album *Into The No-Mans-Sphere Of Ancient Days*.

The 13-minute "Ashes Of The Lords In My Hand" features some Black Boned Angel/SUNN-style guitar ambience, while Nordvargr-like sounds creep into the background and rain falls endlessly. It's followed by "Eternal Black Mistress," which is fairly straightforward lo-fi black metal, drum machine included. I'm feeling the creepy experimentation more than the black metal in Nekrasov's case and would like to hear him more solidly fuse it together.

Into The No-Mans-Sphere Of Ancient Days is a 100 percent DIY effort, with classy mini-gatefold packaging. If you're into any of the aforementioned bands, check out Nekrasov. Support this evil beast by contacting him through his MysSace page: myspace.com/nekrasovguts.

Syrach has a vocalist named Ripper and a guitarist named 8-Ball, but that doesn't stop them from playing English inspired death/doom in the vein of My Dying Bride with some Candlemass theatrics thrown in. The press release says, "Expect no lovely melodies or kitsch from Syrach," an ironic statement from a label, Napalm, that specializes in just that sort of thing. Still, this is decent.

Syrach has apparently been around since the early '90s, hailing from Norway, but have only managed two albums in that time, *Days Of Wrath* being their second. The production is clean, but the riffs aren't mean and dark enough for my taste. You're better off checking out their labelmates in Ahab who deliver a bleaker, heavier doomed vision.

Malachi is a Milwaukee-based band with ex members of great bands like Artimus Pyle, High On Crime, and Laudanum, among many others. A 5-piece sort of arty doom crust outfit, that includes a cellist among the ranks (this is not a bad or misplaced thing). Four songs in just over 40 minutes, that sound a bit like a lost record from the '90s when bands like His Hero Is Gone, Logical Nonsense and Neurosis reigned supreme. Malachi aren't exactly like those bands, but you get the idea—this is cerebral, well-thought-out, apocalyptic heavy music from a punk background and with a doom spirit.

Malachi is actively seeking a label to release this album, and once this thing is mastered it should be even heavier. Sounds like a collab album with Bastard Noise is in the works too. So labels and others, get in touch with them at myspace.com/malachi milwaukee.

Belgium's Enthroned has been around since the early 1990s, and although they've released several albums in the meantime, I hadn't actually heard anything by the black metal band since around 2001. Enthroned's albums were always decent, but never anything that for me warranted perpetual listening. Second division through and through. I'm glad to say their 7th studio album, *Tetra Karcist*, is the best thing I can recall hearing from them.

Tetra Karcist has a nice brutal production and the drumming, at times reminiscent of John Longstreth's work on Angelcorpse's *Exterminate*, helps propel this album and up the heaviness factor from prior works. Catchy arrangements and attention to song structure makes for memorable moments, with anthemic mid-paced portions and sickly aggressive speed parts. *Tetra Karcist* ain't gonna change the black metal landscape, but it's a totally admirable record from a band hitting its peak when most have faded away.

Another top-five black metal album for 2007 is an obscure one from Mammoth Lakes, California of all places. The band is Valdur and their self-titled album released on their own Bloody Mountain Records is a bludgeoning cacophony of Gorgoroth-inspired blasphemy. Unlike a lot of black metal, the rhythm section here is huge with both the drums and bass given a fat low-end sound. Valdur's metal is epic and battle-ready enough to appeal to those into war crust as well as witnessed on tunes like "Thor's Hammer" and "Slekt Av Fortidens Krigere" (there is actually a dude from Norway in this band). It's sad that so much pathetic shit is released on big metal labels, and then something like this comes along, self-released, that just destroys it all. If these guys can take the show on the road, they'll be big. Excellent fucking record and highest possible recommendation. myspace.com/valdurkult.

The Australian death metal weirdos in Portal have returned with the follow up to 2006's *Seepia*, which was actually an older album, re-released. The production on this album is totally insane. It's a death metal record, but it's swamped in this murkiness like it was recorded in a vacuum through a phone. And it's perfect that way, because for death metal songs, these tunes, like "Abysmill" and "Omnipotent Crawling Chaos," have creepy arrangements and strange riffs that in some ways parallel more the black metal genre, yet Portal doesn't really belong there either. At times it sounds as though nobody in the band is playing along with anyone else, each doing his own separate thing; chaotic, but controlled to a degree that it's cohesive somehow. It's worth noting that the members of the band are called Aphotic Mote, The Curator, Horror Illogium, Elsewhere, and Monocular, respectively. A seriously weird and great record, with outstanding packaging. You'll either love it or loathe it. Released by one of my favorites, Profound Lore.

Turning back the clock once again, as I've done in the past few columns, we need to remember a classic album from Sweden's Merciless, *The Awakening*. Merciless were right there with the first wave of Swedish death metal bands and always kept a healthy dose of their Eurothrash roots in the mix. Maybe not as groundbreaking as Nihilist, Entombed, or Dismember, they nonetheless crafted a minor classic with *The Awakening*, something Mayhem's Euronymous realized even back then when he agreed to start his Deathlike Silence label in order to release it—AntiMosh001 (Get it? Like anti-Earache).

And unlike their Swede contemporaries who held Autopsy in the highest regard, you hear some of that with Merciless, but a lot of *Scream Bloody Gore*-era Death and *7 Churches*-era Possessed as well, which is probably why it was more appealing to Euronymous then Digby Pearson.

But listen to a song like "Dreadful Fate" and you'll see why this album remains an overlooked gem. Killer deaththrashin' riffs, followed by a catchy chorus that their Swede counterparts often lacked. Or check out the total Mercyful Fate homage during "Realm of the Dark." Vocally, it's again much more in the deaththrash style then the throaty, lower register sounds of Grave or Unleashed.

The Awakening has a perfect blend of death, thrash, and early black metal, along with a raw, gritty production, and those into the aforementioned bands as well as stuff like Sodom, Kreator, and even Massacre should get immediately hooked on this record. Merciless is still in existence today and has released several quality records in the meantime, but has never quite recaptured the recklessness and youthful abandon of *Awakening*. Originally released on vinyl only on Deathlike Silence, it has since been re-released with bonus live tracks on both CD and LP formats via Osmose Productions, and should be relatively easy to track down. The original vinyl goes between $50 and $75 these days, not only because it's a killer album but because it's a rare Deathlike Silence release, always sought after by collectors.

Guess what? I don't always listen to metal. Here's some of the stuff I have been listening to outside the realm lately: Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span, Daniel Higgs, Venetian Snares (new album *My Downfall*), Totally Insane (East Palo Alto), Neko Case, Pentangle (not to be confused with Pentagram, who also rule obviously), Dax Riggs, and Philip Glass too. All worth checking out if you're not a total snob about punk and metal.

A few people have asked, so I'm going to set up a blog with these columns so people can read 'em online as well. New columns won't go up until the issue of MRR with that column in it hits the stands even though these columns are written over a month before publication. But the old ones will all be there, and I'll keep adding 'em as the months wear on. Look for it at dontfuckingtry.blogspot.com.

Finally new mailing address. Send stuff to: Don't Try c/o Dave Adelson, 120 State Ave. NE #136, Olympia, WA 98501 USA. Until next time, dear reader…

Heard of pumping iron? I was pumping anti-freeze. Pumping motor oil. Pumping windshield washer fluid. Not pumping it into a motor vehicle but lifting cases of those items and creating eye-catching displays in the automotive department of the Zayre department store in Saugus, MA. The smell of car air fresheners lingered nearby. There was a display for different car stereo/tape decks and one of them was operative. So when I'd be working in that department, I'd bring in some tapes to make things more tolerable. I had the department to myself, anyway. This was the early fall of 1982 and some of the musical selections were the (Canadian) Subhumans' *Incorrect Thought*s and the Zero Boys' *Vicious Circle*. How I got away with that, I can't remember. I mean, "Slave To My Dick"? "Dead At Birth," where Wimpy goes "they think they're *fuckin'* smart…"? I know the song is mainly about people with trendy musical taste, but I had the urge to apply it to the people I was surrounded by day after day. Well, one positive is, as dirty and grimy as I'd get, I was seeing vast improvement with my physique.

When it wasn't automotive, it was the toy section. An aisle of Strawberry Shortcake merchandise, all with that strawberry scent that wreaked havoc with my olfactory nerve once I was in its midst. Which was more often than I'd like, because those little demon spawn (thanks, Jane), er, brats, er, kiddies, who came in with their non-attentive parents would always make a mess. That went for the entire section.

There I was—a retail management trainee, a mere five months out of college and hating almost every minute of it, while earning a whopping $14,000 a year. I can't remember what the take-home pay was at that point but I sure as hell wasn't living high off the hog. I was still living at home, in fact, coughing up $25 a week in "rent," which wasn't too bad. I'd been given three departments to run—the third was sporting goods, if I remember correctly, but I'm not sure.

But allow me to explain why I'm writing about working at Zayre, and then I'll get back to more of the George Tabb-style storytelling. In my September column, I wrote about the 25th anniversary of *MRR* and how it coincided with certain life changes of my own. I'm writing this at the beginning of November and yet another 25th anniversary has passed. I mean, this entire year is filled with 25th anniversaries of pivotal life moments. College graduation; starting work; seeing some absolutely amazing, incredible bands that formed the foundation for a lifelong love affair with hardcore; starting my zine and, soon after that, deciding to leave my first post-collegiate job. Which was at Zayre. And I left that job the last week of October, after spending a mere two months in that particular store.

How did I end up at Zayre? I didn't have any other options, or didn't have the foresight to create more options. I had spent the previous four years at Boston University, a business/marketing major. For those of you who haven't heard that before it may come as something of a surprise, but it's true. I thought I was doing the practical thing. I actually did very well in college, graduating summa cum laude (highest honors) with a high grade point average. I did well academically, but in terms of social skills, they still weren't there—not that they are now, either. I could express myself adequately in the written form, but social interaction was far from my strong suit.

During my senior year, I regularly visited the SMG (School of Management) placement office to sign up for various job interviews, mainly in marketing positions. They didn't go too well. That was probably because I had no idea what I wanted to do and it was undoubtedly obvious to those recruiters. No goals—just get a job, any job. Once again, trying to be practical. Despite my grades, I only got two second interviews, one with a retail chain in the DC area called Hecht's and the other with Zayre.

Even though I didn't get the job with Hecht's, I still got a free trip to DC. The company sprang for airfare, hotel, food, etc., for me and some other people from my area who also were having second interviews. The interview was in Tyson's Corner, VA, about ten miles from DC. We toured around the headquarters and the store there, but I don't remember many details except the interview. And it sounds awful (and sexist) but I was interviewed by an attractive young woman and I was checking her out more than answering her questions in any coherent manner. So I didn't get the job but it was a sweet trip nonetheless. Before flying back to Boston, I had a little time to kill, so I stored my bag in a locker at the airport and went to Georgetown for a while. I got a nifty studded wristband that I still have. I also went to a record store and got the first Minor Threat EP and the Youth Brigade EP. I still have those, as well. So the trip wasn't a total loss. Besides, I didn't really want to relocate down there, even with the killer harDCore scene.

My second interview with Zayre happened just before I graduated, at their headquarters in Revere. No free trip or even lunch, this time, although it was only a 20-minute drive. It went well—one of the guys doing the interviewing was John Brogna, known as "Johnny Smoke" since he had a rather pronounced nicotine addiction. Nice guy, actually. He said I was a "winner" (cue Infa Riot's "The Winner," which was on a mix tape I had made that spring) during the interview and said they'd let me know as soon as possible if I got the job. So I'm walking back to my car and Brogna pulls up to next to me in his car and asks if I'm really interested in the job. I answer in the affirmative—figuring I'd better take what I could get—and he goes "you're hired!" Three weeks after graduation, on June 7, I donned my shirt and tie (ugh) and drove out to the Zayre store in Woburn, MA. The commute was on Rt. 128, one of the worst highways in the area. I got there and met the assistant manager, a smarmy prick named Ken Green. I also met a few of the floor managers, or whatever they were called. I mentioned to one of them that I'd just talked to Ken. He corrected me and said I should refer to him as "Mr. Green." Having to call someone I already had pegged as an asshole "Mr." seemed demeaning. The store manager, Bill Gonsalves, aka "Gonzo," was a lot nicer.

The training consisted of going from department to department and learning the

Sound Idea Distribution
PO Box 3204
Brandon, FL 33509-3204

Phone (813) 653-2550 Fax (813) 653-2658
www.soundideadistribution.com
sndidea@ix.netcom.com

ORDERING INFORMATION

Minimum order is $10 or it will be returned.
U.S. cash, check or money order made payable to Bob Suren.
CREDIT CARDS: Call (813) 653-2550, 12-8 PM EST
PAY PAL: CALL or EMAIL before sending payment
US POSTAGE: NO CHARGE FOR MEDIA MAIL.
Add $4.60 if you choose PRIORITY MAIL.

OUTSIDE OF THE US: Add $5 each for the first two items and $1 for each additional item.

Please list alternatives or you may get a credit slip.
SORRY, WE NO LONGER HAVE PRINTED CATALOGS.

Short Fast & Loud zine $18 $4
Murder Can Be Fun #20 $2 (Awesome as usual)
Profane Existence zine #54 with CD $5
Mob 47 "Karnvapen Attack" 7" $3.50
Shitlickers "Discography" 7" $5 (Sweden '82, 8 songs)
Traumatic "Punk Revenge" CD $12 (Italy)
Impact "80-87" CD $12 (Italy)
5# Braccio "Blackout A Torino" CD $12 (Italy 1982)
Declino "1982-85" LP $12 (Italy)
Eu's Arse "1981-85" LP $12 (Italy)
Bastards "Demo 1982" LP $12 (Finland)
Cannibals "Suburban Sex" 7" $3.50 (Cowabunga Records)
Catburglars "Holy Shit" 7" $3.50
Funeral Shock "III" 7" $3.50 (Cowabunga Records)
Born Bad "S/T" 7" $3.50 (on Fashionable Idiots)
Chronic Seizure "S/T" 7" $3.50 (on Fashionable Idiots)
Chronic Seizure "Brainsick" 7" $3.50 (on Fashionable Idiots)
Dangerloves "Lipstick/So This Is Love" 7" $3.50
Out With A Bang "Love My Life" 7" $3.50
Shoot It Up "S/T" 7" $3.50 (on Fashionable Idiots)
Sinks "S/T" 7" $3.50 (on Fashionable Idiots)
OhShitThey'reGoingToKillUs "S/T" LP $8.50
Clint Maul "Ninguna Amplificacion" 7" $3.50
Ergs! "Blue" 7" $3.50 (Toxic Pop Records)
Sarcasm "Noise Bastards Vol. 1" CD $12
Aghast "Desolate Legacy" 7" $3.50
After The Bombs "Blody Aftermath" 7" $3.50
Bastard Sons Of The Apocalypse "React" 7" $3.50
Bleach Boys "Puke Wave" 7" $3.50
Dead Friends "War All The Time" 7" $3.50
Gomek "S/T" 7" $3.50 (Florida)
Pozilga/O.B.N.I. 7" $3.50
Sahn Maru "Never Too Late" LP $10 or CD $10
Kvoteringen "Bister Prognos" CD $12
Unidos Pelo Odio "Renascendo Das Cinzas" CD $12 (Brazil)
Comrades/Death Before Work 7" $5
Bastardass/All Gone Dead 7" $3.50
Bizarre X/Loaded For Bear CD $10
Conquest For Death "Front Row Tickets" LP $8.50
Flash Attacks "Revenge Of The Fruitflies" 7" $3.50
Uber "Sencill De 6Cancons" 7" $5 (Spain)
Kamikaze Noise 7" $3.50
Extinction Of Mankind "Northern Scum" LP $10 or CD $10
Extinction Of Mankind "Nightmare" LP $10 or CD $10
Freedom "Stop Talking To Yourself" 7" $5 (Spain)
Sinergia "Biosarcofago" 7" $5 (Spain)
V/A "They've Taken Everything" 2xCD $12
In Disgust/Sidetracked 7" $3.50
Lobotomia "S/T" CD $12 (Brazil)
Rats "We Are The Rats" 7" $5
This Ship Will Burn "Servant Of Servants" 7" $5
Uzi Suicide "Comin' At Cha" 7" $3.50
013 "Takaisin" LP $12 (Finland)
Fleshies "Baby" LP $8.50
Icons Of Filth "Onward Christian Soldiers" CD $12
Knifefight "Crisis" LP $10
Mouth Swen Shut "Doomed Future" LP $10
Street Trash "Into The Wasteland" LP $10
Belching Penguin "1985-1988 demos" 7" $3
Ataque Frontal "S/T" 7" $3
Cult Ritual "S/T" 7" $3 (Flag meets Poison Idea HC)
Death Sentence "Until The End Of The Sentence" CD $6
T-SHIRTS 120 designs, 6 sizes, 5 colors (See web page)
BUTTONS 205 designs, $1 each (See web page)

NOW IN OUR 15th YEAR OF BIZ.
Big thanks to all of our supporters!
And be sure to visit the Sound Idea Store
113-H East Brandon Blvd in beautiful Brandon
Open 7 days — noon til 8 PM
USE THE PO BOX FOR ORDERING!
STORES: ASK FOR WHOLESALE RATES!
BUY *MRR* DIRECT FROM SOUND IDEA!
BURRITO RECORDS are manufactured and distributed by Sound Idea. Get in touch for trades!

COLD WAR "BLOODY NIGHTS" 7"
BRUTAL HARDCORE SIEGE/INFEST INFLUENCE
ASESINO "CRISTO SATANICO"
GATEFOLD 2x12"/POSTER
CROSS EXAMINATION/SPRING BREAK
"SUPER PARTY BROTHERS" 10"/CD
EXTORTION "CONTROL" 7"
VOETSEK/COLD WAR SPLIT 7"
THRASH METAL WARRIORS-CD
COMPILATION/HIRAX/SABBAT/KAT+6MORE
HIRAX "ASSASSINS OF WAR"
12"/CD 2007 THRASH MUSIC
MAN IS THE BASTARD
SUM OF THE MEN RE-ISSUE CD
EXTORTION "Degenerate" CD
MEAN STAIGHT FORWARD HARDCORE 2 XTRA TRAX
OUTLAW ORDER "LEGALIZE CRIME" CDEP
CURRENT MEMBERS EYEHATEGOD PISSEDFUCK PUNK HARDCORE
MAN IS THE BASTARD
D.I.Y.C.D OFFICIAL RE-ISSUE FROM 1995
SIEGE 12"
VINYL REISSUE OF THE HARDCORE CLASSIC
HAYMAKER/FUCKED UP 7" REPRESS
PHOBIA "CRUEL" LP
PHOBIA "MEAN OF EXISTENCE" PICTURE DISC LP
INFEST 10"
INCLUDES MANKIND 7" &COMP TRAX
HIRAX "NOT DEAD YET"CD
(1984) "Raging Violence' & (1985) 'Hate Fear & Power'
VOETSEK "Kick It" 7"
APATHETIC YOUTH/FINAL DRAFT 7"
HIRAX "New Age of Terror" LP/CD
LACK OF INTEREST "never back down" lp/cd
PHOBIA "GET UP AND KILL" CD/12"
REPROACH 'It Is What It Is 7'
INFEST "NO MAN'S SLAVE" 12"

DEEP SIX RECORDS

P.O. BOX 6911
BURBANK CA.
91510 U.S.A.

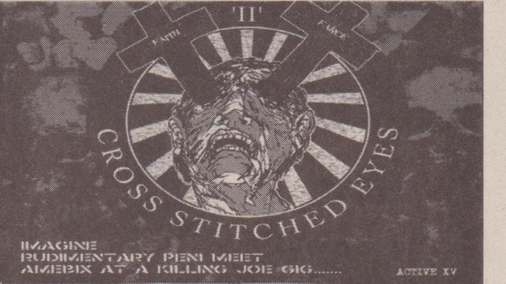
WWW.DEEPSIXRECORDS.COM
7" $6/(air)$10 10"/12"/CD $10/(air)$20
NEXT:INFEST CD NEANDERTHAL CD THE SPOILS 12" REALITY#5 LOW THREAT PROFILE 7"

Calabrese
THE TRAVELING VAMPIRE SHOW
BUY NOW!

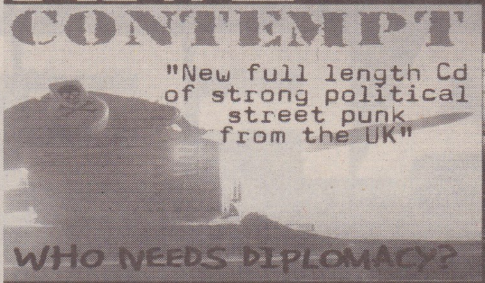
Available at
Itunes, HotTopic, Interpunk
www.CalabreseRock.com
www.Myspace.com/Calabrese

SUB HUM ANS
internal Riot

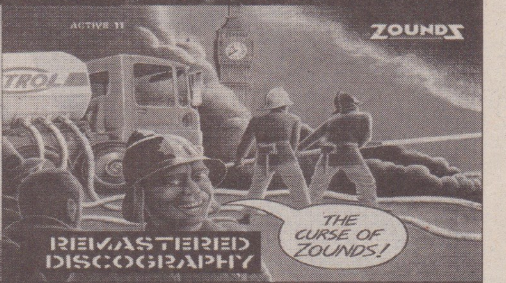
" Full-length new CD from the legendary UK punx SUB HUM ANS it rocks! "

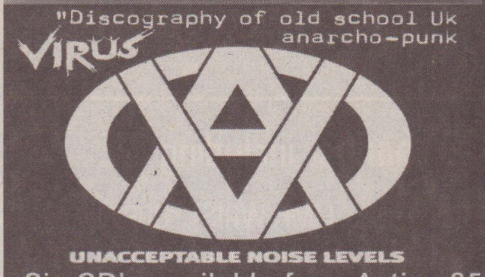


IMAGINE
RUDIMENTARY PENI MEET
AMEBIX AT A KILLING JOE GIG......



"New full length Cd of strong political street punk from the UK"



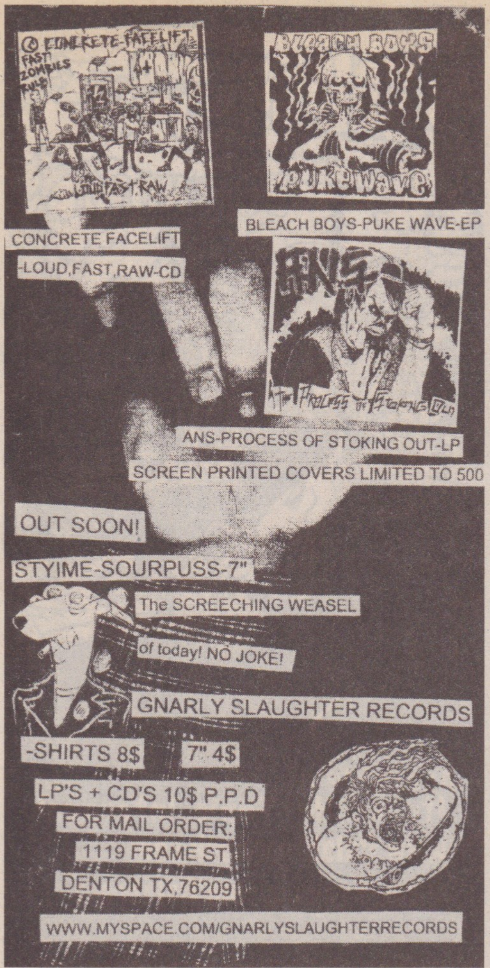


"Discography of old school Uk anarcho-punk

iT!
INNER TERRESTRIALS

CLASSIC ANARCHO DUB PUNK REISSUE

Six CD's available from Active £5 / 8e / $10 each postage included to anywhere (surface to US). Paypal users please add 50p/1e/$1 account is jon@activedistribution.org Loads more stuff and more details at www.activedistribution.org
ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION, BM ACTIVE, LONDON, WC1N 3XX, UK.


KONKRETE FACELIFT
FAST ZOMBIES RULE
LOUD FAST RAW
BLEACH BOYS
PUKEWAVE
ANS
THE PROCESS OF STOKING OUT

CONCRETE FACELIFT
-LOUD,FAST,RAW-CD

BLEACH BOYS-PUKE WAVE-EP

ANS-PROCESS OF STOKING OUT-LP
SCREEN PRINTED COVERS LIMITED TO 500

OUT SOON!
STYIME-SOURPUSS-7"
The SCREECHING WEASEL
of today! NO JOKE!

GNARLY SLAUGHTER RECORDS
-SHIRTS 8$ 7" 4$
LP'S + CD'S 10$ P.P.D
FOR MAIL ORDER:
1119 FRAME ST
DENTON TX,76209
WWW.MYSPACE.COM/GNARLYSLAUGHTERRECORDS

LIVING IN PROFANITY

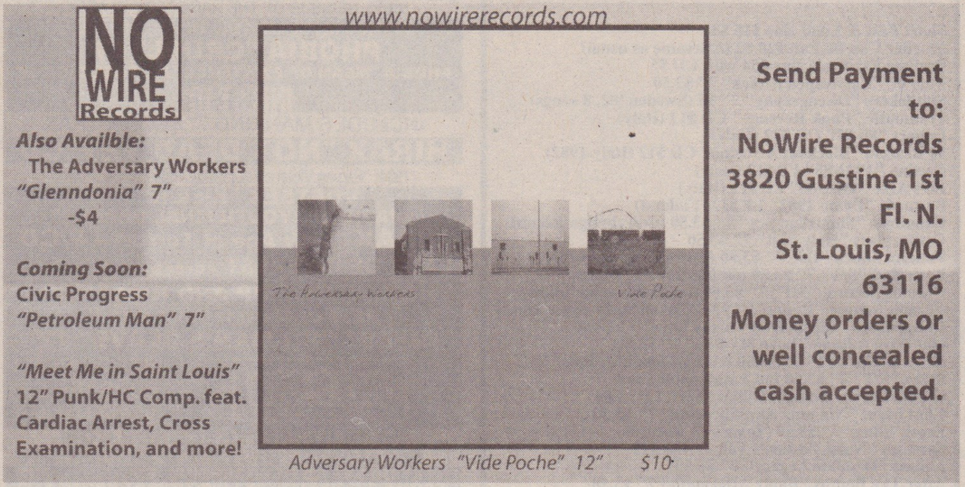
THE DEBUT ALBUM BY

Obscene Gesture

WWW.OBSCENEGESTURE.NET
WWW.XTREEMMUSIC.COM

xtreem music
World's biggest portal devoted to extreme music!!
Death, Black, Grind, Doom, Thrash...

OLD SCHOOL IS BACK!


The Adversary Workers
Vide Poche

NO WIRE Records

www.nowirerecords.com

Also Availble:
The Adversary Workers
"Glenndonia" 7"
-$4

Coming Soon:
Civic Progress
"Petroleum Man" 7"

"Meet Me in Saint Louis"
12" Punk/HC Comp. feat.
Cardiac Arrest, Cross
Examination, and more!

Adversary Workers "Vide Poche" 12" $10

Send Payment
to:
NoWire Records
3820 Gustine 1st
Fl. N.
St. Louis, MO
63116
Money orders or
well concealed
cash accepted.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL PRESENTS
Public Safety

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PRESENTS

PUBLIC SAFETY

AN INTERNATIONAL
COMPILATION

lp and cd out
www.maximumrocknroll.com

unreleased songs by 26 bands including

REER SUICIDE ÄÄRITILA DISEASE FRAMTID LBAL LIMP WRIST GORILLA ANG FRAMTI
MALDEHYDE NIGHTMARE PERSEVERE REGRESS REGULATIONS DIRECT CONTR VERE RE
JUNKIES SIGNAL LOST SIN DIOS SLEEPER CELL DEADFALL HOLY S SIN DIOS
EDESTRIANS SMARTUT KAHOL LAVAN SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS THE FIRST VAN SU

store operations—this also including shipping/receiving and security. I spent a few days in the cash room, which was freezing from the air conditioning, but the woman who worked in there (can't remember her name—Marta, maybe? I do remember that she was born in Germany) was awesome, and I dazzled her with my musical knowledge. When we heard the Kinks' "Destroyer" on the radio, she was convinced it was another Kinks' song and I knew the correct one. See—that knowledge would be put to *much* better use in my future profession.

One day, I was asked to go outside with a few co-workers and clear metal fixtures out of a trailer. It was a hot and humid day and, after about ten minutes, I was already feeling crappy. I then had my first "industrial accident" of sorts. I dropped part of a fixture on my big toe and the toenail immediately turned black and blue and there was pressure underneath. So Maria, one of the other floor managers, drove me to the hospital and they drilled a hole in my toenail to relieve the pressure, which it did, but I could barely walk. I get back to the store and Ken says to me, laughing, "so did the blood shoot 20 feet in the air when they drilled through it?" Fucking tool. I suppose it was a blessing in disguise, since I didn't have to finish the outside job. Hell of a way to get a day off.

At this same time, I was starting to get more involved in hardcore. I saw Minor Threat, Negative Approach, Necros, MDC, and many of the local bands that summer. In fact, the Minor Threat show at Gallery East was at the end of my first week working for Zayre. It was at the end of summer that I did the first issue of *Suburban Punk,* right around the time I began working at the Saugus store, which I'll get to.

I had a ritual: many days, I'd leave work at 6 pm, get into my car, take off my tie, unbutton my shirt, roll down the window in my newly acquired green 1980 Chevy Chevette, and crank a tape of Discharge's *Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing* album, followed by the *Why* EP. That tape generally covered the trip from Woburn back to my folks' house in Swampscott. To this day, when I'm on 128, I'll sometimes put on those Discharge recordings, although it's now off my MP3 player. Times change.

I left Woburn (pronounced "Woo-burn," not "Woe-burn") at the end of August and moved to the Saugus store, which was at least closer to home. This is where things really went sour. I ended up being trained/supervised by one of the floor managers, Ellery, who was basically a prick. At least I could call him by his first name, but I'd rather have called him—well, you get the idea. The guy had a mustache and curly hair and kind of looked like Gabe Kotter, only without the sense of humor. I was working 48 hours a week and the indication was I wasn't putting in enough hours. I wasn't managing my personnel too well. I never was good at supervision, being the boss. I didn't really *want* to be any sort of boss, despite the fact I had been in a management program. Ellery said I should make my workers think I know more than them. Yeah right—Mary, one of the women who worked with me, had been there about 20 years and could probably have taught me a few things. The other worker I dealt with regularly, Tony, wasn't as good—a scuzzy hesher type who seemed uninterested in his job. Who could blame him? And was I going to be able to motivate a guy probably earning a bit above minimum wage?

Speaking of Ellery (non-sequitur alert), through the wonders of Yahoo and Google, I just located him. In the picture that came up, there's a gentleman who is a bit more jowly and balder, but the 'stache is still there. (Who else could it be? It also turns out he works for a pharmaceutical company, he's the president of his synagogue and he's apparently fairly adept at bowling—just last month, he picked up a 2-7 split in his league. I assume it's ten-pins and not candlepin, which is unique to New England and much cooler—smaller balls, thin pins and you get three shots instead of two, plus you get to use the deadwood. Everyone should try it at least once in their life.) I was actually sick enough to send Ellery an email yesterday, telling him that it had been 25 years, admitting it had been a disaster, and wondered what direction his life had taken. As of now, I haven't heard back from him, but it's been less than 24 hours.

I like doing the unexpected, out of the blue email. I guess it indicates that I have too much time on my hands, but I like to stir shit up on occasion and it's basically a harmless endeavor. A few months ago, I was reading an old issue of *Trouser Press* magazine on the toilet and they had a section where readers would be sent an album to review. One month it was *Damaged* by Black Flag and most of the respondents panned it. Here's a sampling of what they wrote: "Black Flag wastes the majority of their album trying to convince us what sick, vile and demented people they are." Another called listening to the album an ordeal, and added that the album was "bereft of commitment, wit, talent." Any opinion, by its nature, is subjective, but to say that Flag didn't have commitment, wit, or talent makes is so completely off base, in *my* subjective opinion, and I'll bet most people reading this would agree with me. If you don't, then, as a positive review of the album said, go piss up a rope!

So I did Google searches for some of the writers, made a few matches, and sent out emails asking if they still stood by their assessment of what I feel is one of the best hardcore punk albums ever recorded. No replies. I'm sure there was a feeling of "what the *fuck*" from the recipients, but in a weird bit of synchronicity or whatever, it turns out that one of the people who reviewed that record happens to be married to an old music biz acquaintance of mine. I did a MySpace search on the guy and he has a page and she was his #1 friend. Score! I still correspond with her on occasion and, in one of my last emails, I told her what I'd done. He said that Flag "can't sing, can't play, can't write" and that they don't have talent. I asked her to ask him if he still felt that way about *Damaged.* She never did answer the question in her next email and I left it alone. For now.

Picking up the story where I left off three paragraphs ago, well, there's not much more to tell. Except that those two months were absolute hell and I gave my two week's notice after about six weeks in that store. The experience sounded a huge wakeup call about the work world and, looking back, I wonder how the hell I could have been so naïve. That wouldn't be the end of it, either, but that's for a future installment. You know the agonized whine and scream that started Void's "Explode" on the last song of their side of their split with Faith? I was listening to that record a lot during that period and that's *exactly* how I felt. I definitely threw a few of life's gutter balls that year and more since then but I've also managed to pick up a few of those theoretical 2-7 splits, too. Just like Ellery.

A NEW APPROACH TO THE REVIEW SEGMENT

Instead of separate reviews, I'm going to do the music review part in more of a "column" style now. Just like my pal Bruce "FUCK YES!" Roehrs or Dave does in his "Don't Try" column. Speaking of Bruce, I'm looking forward to the day when I can join him to hoist a beer or two at that bar he always mentions. Until then, let's get to it…

REAGAN SS has finally released their debut LP, *Universal and Triumphant* (Rebel

Sound, PO Box 281, Dalton, MA 01227, www.myspace.com/rebelsoundrecords). Vocalist Mateo Diablo Blanco aka Matt Average of *Engine* zine fame fronts this brutal unit. Irritable vocals and a full-barreled attack. There are some double-speed forays but other songs are played at a tempered pace, such as the insistent bash of "Forced Entry," with some sick bass runs from Andy Anderson (I was dazzled with his playing when they were here last summer) and the straightforward thrash of "Pests." Most of these songs whip by with ruthlessly efficiency, with the exception of "Primo," a song that drones for seven or so minutes. An anguished, torturously slow instrumental workout where the drums alternate between a blunt thud interrupted briefly by a more tribal rhythm. The guitar and bass have an effect of hanging like an ominous cloud in the air, feeding back into the ether. This is probably a track I'll usually skip over, after having heard it a few times. I like the other method of operation these guys utilize better.

A couple of recent releases by Philly's LOST CAUSE and Oakland's SAHU MARU have some crusty trappings but also include US hardcore influences. Lost Cause's 12", *Kill What's Inside* (Mitchell Brochu, PO Box 37271, Philadelphia, PA 19148, miskatonica@hotmail.com), is another strong debut. Their vocalist Ned logged time with Balance of Terror, Sangre De Los Puercos, and Endless Nightmare and could be one of the tallest frontmen in punk. Other bands on the resume for the various members include AOS, Violation, and Witch Hunt. That should give you a fairly good indication that this is loud, aggressive music. There's definitely a Scandinavian bent in the band's approach but also some Poison Idea inspiration, the latter coming from the guitar sound and delivery. Ned's hoarse voice effectively conveys the words of rage. "Through The Cracks," about people lacking health insurance, is timely in light of the fact that Bush has vetoed an expansion of health care coverage for children.

Sahu Maru also has darkness in their sound but, on their album *Never Too Late* (Inimical, PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111, www.inimical.com), it comes from more of a Deathreat direction, in that the crust influence is there but without the lower tuning or sonic thickness. Another difference is most of the songs take on personal subjects—coming of age, confusion, lost love, etc., but without sounding emo (thank whatever). A few songs hit a slightly epic length. There's the three-minute build-up for "Bliid Of Luna," accompanied by a spoken word piece about humanity's murderous nature ("a pile of dead piled to the sky"), after which it's back to the thrashing and it ends up being a powerful statement. This isn't new or innovative but still rates on the rage-ometer.

AFTER THE BOMBS does stick with crustier trappings on their new EP *Spoils Of War* (The Total End, PO Box 80—Station C, Montreal QC H2L 4J7, CANADA, thetotalendrecords@yahoo.com). A long time coming and there are three scorching songs here, two originals and a Bathory cover ("War"). Much better production/mastering than on their muffled sounding (but solid) debut and it brings out the strength of ATB's crust-métal attack. The Sacrilege comparison is inevitable, with the echo-laden harsh female vocals but a punk influence is still a main part of the equation. Matt Strong, formerly of AOS and other bands, has recently joined on guitar and they've got a full-length coming soon.

There's always plenty of straightforward old-school hardcore coming through my mailbox. 86 MENTALITY is probably one of the meanest sounding bands out there. Well, their vocalist Steve *definitely* sounds mean. Their latest EP, *Final Exit* (Deranged Records, 2700 Lower Road, Roberts Creek, BC V0N 2W4, CANADA, www.derangedrecords.com) contains six new burners and it begins with the slow build up of their "Outro" (which is an intro, to be specific) and then the musical brass knuckles come out. Raw, bruising hardcore punk with catchy properties and having a street punk/oi feel, as well. CIVIC PROGRESS is a St. Louis band sharing members with Cardiac Arrest. Much like that band, their *Petroleum* EP (No Wire, civicprogress@hotmail.com) is a full-tilt hardcore barrage. Fuzzy bass and guitar merge into a formidable roar and the production is raw. I just hope the Secret Service doesn't get on their case for "Kill The President," which ain't no allegorical exercise—*"Let's fucking kill him / I really mean it / Let's end his term like Mussolini."* I'm sure they'll end up on someone's list for that one.

With each release, Serbia's LETS GROW does, indeed, grow as a band. Their new album is called *Disease Of The Modern Times* (CD on Ha-Ko: Dario Fleitz, Porucnika S, I M, 114, 11000 Belgrade, SERBIA, http://hakobastards.com/letsgrow/LP on Thrashbastard, Warschauer Str. 57, 10243 Berlin, GERMANY, thrashxbastard@yahoo.de) and it's a dose of ripsaw hardcore punk with rock 'n' roll lead guitar licks. Thrash in different speeds, sometimes opting for the double-speed blast and they shift easily into circle pit-inspiring breakdowns. Smack in the middle of this album, there's a killer mid-tempo 9 Shocks-style song called "Man Is The Measure." The cover shows a lonely soul, shaded in darkness, staring at a computer screen that says "no new messages" and it ties in with other themes of alienation expressed on this album.

In a more tuneful punk vein, there's the self-titled album from Chicago's BUSY SIGNALS (Dirtnap, 2615 SE Clinton St., Portland, OR 97202, www.dirtnaprecs.com) This is the first actual physical copy of any Busy Signals music that I've owned, since I don't have the EPs, as of now. I've heard those recordings though, and on this album, there's a smoothing of the rough edges—to utilize an overused term. In any case, they still have a way with a catchy punk melody, even without the rawness. It only takes a small guitar solo in "Plastic Girl," for instance, to completely grab onto my ear and shake me up, and that doesn't really stop much after that. Ana's vocals are both sweet and have an edge. Badass, but also vulnerable. They occasionally make me think of the Fastbacks, although that band was never as tough-sounding. The guitars jab, the bass throbs, and the songs have plenty of punch while piling on the hooks.

ZOOPARTY, from Sweden, also offers a variety of classic punk sounds on *You Are Here* (ACME, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA, www.acmerecords.net), from songs inspired by the Boys and Professionals ("The Race Has Begun," "This Time Around") to harder-edged rock 'n' roll, to fast 'n' snappy compositions—"Remember To Forget" and the album's standout, "Crime Scene Instigators," fall into the latter category. Glen Matlock from the Pistols/Rich Kids shows up on one song, and Brian James from the Damned on a pair but, in all honesty, this band doesn't need any "star power." If anything, those are the less memorable songs here. This trio has a satisfying loud and brash style.

I got a big package of records from Finland and have been slower than I'd like in getting to all of them, but I have to at least get in a review of the *Propaganda Is Hippies* compilation (Kämasët Levyt, c/o Nakari, Sorinkatu 6 B, 33100 Tampere, FINLAND, http://www.punkinfinland.net/kamanen). The title is a tribute of sorts to the famous Propaganda label that released some incredible Finnish hardcore in the '80s. 34 unreleased sonx (as the sleeve notes put it) by seven of the newer crop of

Finnish hardcore bands. Any piece of vinyl that starts off with the raging Kieltolaki is off to a great start, indeed. Viimeienen Kolonna keeps the speed attack going but there are a few UK anarcho elements, as well. Väarinkäsitys brings it back to the old-school Finnish buzzbomb sound. Flip it over and Totuus rips it up furiously, although the speed sometimes gets the best of them. Sotatila, with people from Finland and Austria, only has three songs, one of 'em a Mellakka cover ("Ei/Oikeus Valita"—a well-played version) and makes the most of it. Omaisuusvahinko is a tad monorhythmic but still blistering. Probably the weakest of the bunch, though. Finally, Yhteiskunnan Ystävät? brings it home with a relentless assault. The bottom line is, it doesn't matter where you drop the needle on this record. The volume explodes from the grooves and pure rage emanates.

One more review, from long-time UK anarcho punks RIOT/CLONE and their new album *Success* (Dr. Strange, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701, www.drstrange.com). There are similarities with their contemporaries from "back in the day"—Subhumans, Conflict, et al, and it's accessible as well. They're not above introducing a Pistols-ish touch for "Intellicide" and there are bits of the UK-82 sound, as well. Tuneful and cutting and Floyd's vocals have an ingratiating gruffness. I should also mention they do their own "interpretation" of Secret Affair's "Time For Action" as a medley of sorts with their own "Cows With Guns." That makes my heart dance—and if you get the reference, good for you.

I can only fit so many reviews in each column but keep checking out my blog at http://subvox.blogspot.com, which I try to update fairly frequently.

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net
Sonic Overload radio: http://sonicoverload.moocowrecords.com

R.I.P. Lance Hahn. Gone way too young and his articles that have appeared in the pages of *MRR* quickly revealed his incredible talent for writing (I could only hope I would ever be as good as he was), in addition to being a similarly impressive songwriter/musician. I only met him once or twice and we corresponded once in a great while, but after reading the tributes offered by people who were close to him, it's obvious that Lance was a special person, one of the "good ones." He'll be missed.

RaNSoM
NoTE$
by Erika Ransom

Plastic Trees

"Happy fucking holidays." I grin through my teeth. My eyes are cold blue steel and I can see for years.

Along with plastic trees and sparkling lights, this issue of *MRR* will be out in stores just in time for Christmas. Oh, joy.

This time of year is unsettling. It's a mixture of crowded malls, talking snowmen, Christian righteousness, and consumer capitalism at its bloated, fucked-up zenith. And as we think about the meaning of "family" this holiday season, not even Santa Clause himself can mask how so often the modern nuclear family relationships, based within this patriarchal and selfish culture, are empty, poisonous, and to many—especially women and children—even dangerous. Do I sound cynical?

With this holiday spirit in mind, welcome to my annual "Christmas column." I invite you to sit with me at my favorite dive bar on Mission, our elbows resting against the worn wood of the bar, drinking hot toddies and listening to the jukebox.

"*Cheers, friends*. To life and liberty. It's good for the soul." The whiskey is hot and warms from the inside out. Someone opens the door, letting in another draft of cold air, and I begin another tale of Christmas cheer. Some things stay with us despite it all.

On the Road from Seattle

At the end of September, my aunt Rosemary and I drove together to my mother's wedding. We caught up with our lives and talked about my mom, her sister, and the past.

I was tired but content, having just come directly from the Subhumans tour and before that, Europe. The night before I had landed on the west coast again, making my way through a cold and rainy Seattle to a punk show downtown. It was a great feeling walking into the warmth and light of the Art Center and being greeted by Peligro Social, stashing my bag and sharing my bottle of rum with them, swapping stories of tour.

I soon found Maygun, who had offered me her couch, and between the bands we caught up with our adventures and changing lives. This is what I love about traveling—seeing friends so far away, feeling welcomed in another corner of the world.

The next morning I found myself once again hiking with my backpack down unknown streets, trying to find my bus towards an address scrawled across a page in my traveling notebook.

I met Rosemary in a café near the highway and was soon drinking coffee, enjoying the warm comfort of her rental car, taking in the scenery, headed north. Leaving the city, long highway miles soon opened before us. The sky ahead was a brilliant electric blue, large white clouds moving on the horizon. Behind us, I noticed a dark ominous front moving quickly towards us from the south.

Our wheels rolled on, racing with the storm.

Talking about my parents, Rosemary asked me, "Do you have any good memories of your father?"

Fat raindrops began to hit the windshield.

I don't talk about my dead father very often. I love my aunt, and I know she means well, so I didn't mind her questions.

But I paused, watching the clouds swirl in the strong wind, the contrast of the blue and dark. I looked back into my childhood, flipping through my mental photo albums. Searching for a happy moment with my father I could share with my aunt, maybe more for her sake than mine.

I tried to think of something that would demonstrate his good side, a memory that would make me smile, like a treasured photo that you keep when everything else gets thrown away, when everything else is gone.

Images, moments, my father's silhouette, ghosts and old emotions passed through my mind. I shook them off, looked at her again, and said simply, "Honestly, no."

The Man with the Axe

One image that came to mind was a photo of my sister and me, taken about a week before Christmas, 1982.

I was about eight years old, wearing my blue wool jacket with buttons down the front, my hair matted into fuzzy blonde braids that trailed behind my back. The December day was chilly, but the sun was out and the ground had thawed from the freeze the night before. Meredith, my younger sister, was about six. She had bright red hair, bangs that hung down to her eyebrows and dimples when she laughed.

In the fading colors of the photo we are looking up at the photographer, standing close together. Meredith and I both have one hand on a wooden axe handle that comes above our waists like a fence pole, the blade out of view on the ground between us.

We are smiling, and we look like two cute young girls on an outing. But if you look closely, our eyes are filled with fear.

What were we afraid of?

As young kids growing up, my sister and I generally ran wild.

Most of the time we went around the house and yard playing together or with neighborhood kids down the street, enjoying our games and own make-believe world.

My sister and I would ride our pink and blue bikes around the block, seeing how fast we could go downhill and not hold onto the handlebars. We would dress up in Mom's old clothes, make up dramatic stories with our flying super-powered Barbie dolls.

We would see who could stand on her head the longest propped up against the dining room wall, how many cartwheels we could do in a row. We rode sheets of cardboard down the stairs and crashed into the wall, jumped on the beds, and played with the family dog. We splashed in the rain and caught water in cups from the gutter spout, tried to do flips on a neighbor's rusty trampoline, seeing if we could fly. At night in the summer we caught lightning bugs in jars.

There were also fights, terrible epic battles with metal swords and fists that didn't end until we were both crying and screaming and running to our rooms to lock our doors.

Left to our own devices, we were two kids growing up in the tranquil suburbs of a small southern town. Life was simple and we were happy. Mom, dad, two kids, a nice house and a good job, the American Dream. But, like the false smiles, something was wrong. It wasn't that simple or happy, after all.

And where were our parents, anyway?

As for Dad, he wasn't around much. At least, sis and I managed to avoid him most of the time. Dad spent most of his time at work, managing a small slaughterhouse and meat locker in town. During the day, Mom stayed at home and cleaned the house, bought groceries, drove us to school, ran errands, and took care of the yard.

They both acted out traditional roles of husband and wife, living a very conservative life. I remember asking Mom once, "Why doesn't Daddy ever cook dinner for *you*? It doesn't seem very fair." I don't think she had an answer, except that's how life was.

Meredith and I sometimes helped her with simple chores, and she always rounded us up for dinner and to go to bed, but generally we spent most of our time out of earshot on our own.

Sometimes, we would hide. We had secret places under beds and in the yard where the bushes grew thick. We would retreat to the safety of the attic and sit still, hardly breathing; not making any noise, hoping the footsteps would pass below us.

What were we afraid of?

Early on, Meredith and I had learned to tiptoe around Dad, to not make him angry, to look for signs of trouble. His anger could arise like a tornado of a clear sky, and that was terrifying.

There were so many pitfalls and dangers, we always had to be alert and watch our step. We would try to remember what would set him off, to avoid confrontation, if such a thing was possible.

There were so many rules, so many things he hated, so many things that we could do wrong. For example, when he asked a question, we were always required to answer, "Yes, *sir*" or "No, *sir*." He regarded it as a show of respect, and to forget the *sir* was tantamount to a slap in the face. Like many paranoid, small-minded men, he was always fixated by the idea of needing to *be respected*, even from two little girls half his size. I remember once forgetting to say *sir* while we were in the car; he flew into a rage, threatening to drive us off the road, to kill us all right there and then.

Scaring us was just one of his tactics of control.

One time dad was showing us around the meat locker at his work, showing us the carcasses of cattle hanging from the ceiling. It was very cold, as the entire room was a giant freezer keeping the meat cool before it was further butchered and sold. Employees wore special coats when they were working to keep themselves warm, I remember seeing the parkas lined up against the wall. My sister and I were wearing our usual summer clothes and we were cold. The sight of the blood and meat was frightening. We didn't want to be there, we wanted to go home.

It was late in the day and none of the other employees were at the shop, as everyone else had finished work and gone home. When my sister and I told dad we wanted to leave, instead of letting us go, he threatened that if we didn't act right, he would lock us in the freezer in the dark for the night. Go home without us.

At that age, it wasn't a joke. We thought he would do it.

And when one of us would cry, Dad would yell, "Stop it! Only babies cry. Are you a baby?"

Dad was always putting us down, using his words as weapons. As with Mom, he would criticize us for even the smallest things, and bully us with threats of violence. He rarely hit or beat us, but the times he did were enough. We knew he wasn't bluffing.

Like actors, we would put on masks, try to say what he wanted to hear, try to diffuse a situation before it spun out of control, try to avoid his anger. My sister and I knew all of this instinctively—twisted survival strategies developed as naturally as learning to breathe.

Above all, we didn't trust him. We knew he was dangerous.

In the photo, my sister and I are on my grandfather's farm not far from town. We were looking for our Christmas tree.

Dad had parked his car, a massive Lincoln, on one of the gravel and dirt roads that edged the fields. Out of the trunk he brought out a large axe, and we started walking, looking at the scruffy pine trees that grew alongside the road. As Dad said there was no sense spending money on a fancy Douglas Fir when you could simply go out and chop down a Tennessee pine.

We finally found a tree tall enough to touch our living room ceiling, at least eight feet. It was reasonably straight, fairly full, and didn't have too many gaps in the branches. Dad decided this was the one.

Meredith and I stood a few feet away and watched as dad swung the axe in a large arc around his body, ending with a loud "thump" as the metal connected with wood. As the trunk gave way, woodchips flew in the air and there was the sharp scent of cut pine.

Thump. Swoosh. Thump, went the axe smoothly into wood.

Dad stopped, and told me to take the axe, to help chop the tree. I was eight and the axe came up to my chest.

I put my hands around the large smooth handle and managed to lift the blade off the ground and hold it in front of me. I hadn't played baseball, much less used a full-sized axe before, and didn't know how to swing. When dad tried to show me how, the axe was simply too big, too heavy for me to do it. I couldn't hold the axe behind me; I couldn't hold it steady, much less get any momentum towards the tree. Unable to control the axe, the sharp edge scared me as

I tried again as dad's instructions and demands were making me even more nervous and afraid.

Soon a tornado was rushing across the fields, screaming towards my sister and me. Dad was standing above us with the axe, yelling, "Why are you so weak? Why are you scared? Why can't you do it? What is wrong with you?"

I don't remember how it all ended, except that dad finished chopping down the tree and we helped carry it to the car. Afterwards, he made us pose for the photo with the axe, telling us to smile.

Being there, it felt like my sister and I were Hansel and Gretel in the woods, trapped by an evil witch who wanted to eat us alive. But there was no cage, no witch, no escape, no place to run. It was just everyday life.

I am still haunted, after all these years, by ghosts and memories. My life has gone on and the past is far behind me. Yet still, some days, I awake from bad dreams. My lover asks what is wrong, why I am crying, and I can't explain. Nothing is wrong, but the scars are still there.

How do we shake our pasts? How do we forget? How do we swallow what has been done, transform it inside of ourselves, create something new? How do we expel the demons and let them go?

It has been helpful for me to reflect, to learn about patriarchy, about power, how the poison of hierarchy stretches from the personal to the political, through class, race, nations, and even families. Over time, my experiences have made me more aware of how I treat others, how I think about myself, what kind of relationships I want to have with others. I am still learning and healing, and that is life.

I do have one good memory of my father, one that does make me smile. This is the holiday card I want to give to you.

It was about two years after the Christmas photo with the axe. I was almost ten years old, and Meredith was eight. It is strange to think Dad was probably about thirty-three, the same age I am now.

The situation had escalated to a point where Mom feared for her life and Dad had threatened to kill her if she left. One night, Mom ran into Meredith's bedroom, sobbing, coming to us for help. Dad had tried to strangle her.

The next day, while Dad was at work, Mom grabbed us, threw a pile of clothes in the car, and the three of us went into hiding that night. For a few weeks we stayed with friends and relatives in secret, hoping he wouldn't find us.

Finally, when it became clear to Dad that Mom was not going to return, and that people, including his own parents, openly supported her, Dad moved out of the house and we returned home. Mom filed for divorce, which was uncommon then for my small town, and after years of verbal and mental abuse, she was free.

But after all of this—witnessing him strangling our mother, having to escape, and his history of violence over the years—the court ruled that Meredith and I were still required to visit Dad on Sundays.

Who was watching out for us? We couldn't run away, we couldn't argue, we had no choice.

After several traumatic visits, Meredith refused to go anymore.

I remember Dad calling us into his office at work and closing the door behind us. He sat behind his wooden desk, and we sat on two chairs on the other side, like prisoners about to be interrogated.

My sister and I were sitting in our seats across from him, scared and shaking. I had that feeling of being attacked, when there is nothing you can do but try to endure it and wait for it to end, try to survive.

Dad was so angry and upset that Meredith didn't want to visit him anymore that he lashed out in every direction he could think of. Of course my sister didn't want to answer his questions: "Why don't you want to visit me? How can you not visit your father? What is wrong with you? Don't you love me? Are you my child? How can you be so ungrateful?" He raved on.

It didn't make sense. It was the same abusive crap that Mom had just escaped. And here we were, once again, in the eye of the storm.

Under his assault, Meredith started to cry.

I remember this moment so clearly. It is a photo I have kept in my head, something I don't want to forget. My years of fear suddenly turned to anger.

"Stop it! Stop yelling at my sister! Stop making her cry!" I yelled at dad. *"You can't talk to my sister like that!"*

Despite everything, he had always been the authority figure, he had always been in charge. We had been taught so well not to talk back to adults, to hardly talk at all. Our opinions, our feelings, what we wanted, were void.

Now, he was shocked. My sister was telling him she didn't want to see him anymore, and I had stood up to his tirade. The pattern had been broken—at least for a moment. We had begun to stand up for ourselves. It was a beginning.

Within a year, I was standing over my father's grave. He had been murdered, apparently shot by the man he had hired to kill his ex-wife. As I've written before, my father was a violent man who met a violent end. It was bizarre, the turn of events, but seemed fitting all the same.

At the funeral, I didn't cry. I thought of what he had always told me, and thought he would have wanted it that way.

Thanks and Appreciation…

As I send this off to *MRR* I am on tour with Citizen Fish; more tales from the road next month. Thanks to Dick, Silus, Jasper, Miguel, Jessica, and Robert for being such a fun crew to travel with and taking me along. A great band and awesome people, hell yeah! Thanks esp. to Phil (a.k.a. the mysterious Mr. Bryant) for all the good times and your amazing smile. *Big hugs and cheers!*

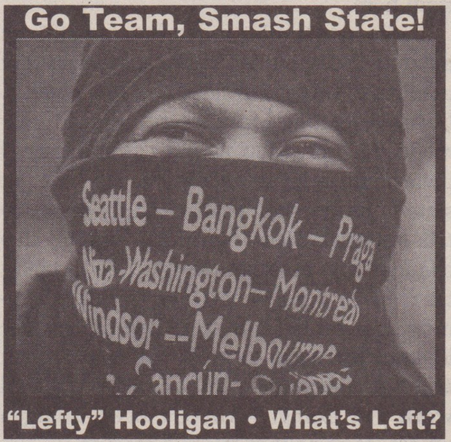
Also thanks to fellow *MRR* contributor Cassie (who does record reviews) and Andy for being awesome roommates during my month in Oakland. It was nice being in one place for a while; thanks Will for the sublet!

This column is dedicated to my sister. Every time I do a cartwheel I think of you. Many thanks and cheers to my friends around the world who have become my family over the years. I love and appreciate you all.

And, as always, thanks to all of the *MRR* crew for putting this magazine together and keeping it going. I have appreciated having this column space over the years and this magazine means a lot to me. Where else can I write about fucked-up families and punk rock in the same space?

To all the punks, *rock on!*

Erika Ransom (e_bitchcrew@yahoo.com)



I still call myself a communist, because communism is no more what Russia made of it than Christianity is what the churches make of it. But if by some freak of history communism had *caught up with this country, I would have been one of the first people thrown in jail.*

—Pete Seeger

I've been in a confessional mode for these past few columns. I owned up to being middle class in the November issue, and talked about how that's not a sure bet for economic security anymore. This is part of a larger issue I've been grappling with lately, that being the role of the working class in revolutionary social change. In December, I admitted that I no longer considered myself an anarchist or left communist because I didn't think that social revolution was sufficient to realize a revolutionary society. That's part of a larger realization that what seems to be possible is not communist, and what is communist doesn't seem possible.

Right off, I'd like to anticipate some of my critics, who would seek to use my own Marxism against me. Given that I've confessed to being middle-class, perhaps I'm following my own economic interests in disassociating myself from these potentially revolutionary traditions. No longer working class, no longer radical, so the argument goes.

The current state of the world, if anything, has strengthened my analysis that thoroughgoing social revolution is absolutely necessary if we are to avoid a barbarism that'll make the Dark Ages look like a Grateful Dead concert. Ecological collapse, social disintegration, war without end, mountains of corpses; it's not a pretty picture unless there are some radical changes, and soon. Which makes it all the more difficult to admit that the ways I've pursued revolutionary social change for the past forty years haven't been up to snuff. Or, that I really don't know where to go from here.

I was in a similar indeterminate state in the mid-1980s, when I found the theory and practice of anarchism less and less tenable. I started reading Marx then, and gradually made the transition to left communism. I plan to do a lot of reading in my current state of limbo, maybe join a study group to talk out some ideas. Normally, I would also channel my political energy into projects that harbor a post-anarchist/post-left communist potential, while remaining on the lookout for ways to go beyond anarchism and left communism in whatever political work I'm doing. I haven't been doing a whole lot of politics lately, however.

You see, I've become all too familiar with both the local anarchist and left communist milieus in the fifteen years I've lived in the Bay Area. And, you know what they say familiarity breeds. I've met some intelligent, committed, well-intentioned individuals. But, for the most part, I've encountered self-righteous, intolerant bastards, neo-anarchist trustafarian college kids, preening, solipsistic egomaniacs, subcultural, drug-addled crusty punks, belligerent, sectarian wingnuts; the list of dysfunctional types to the left of the Left is long. I don't trust most of the people I've met and worked with to properly wipe their own asses, let alone do what it takes to win a social revolution and maintain a liberatory society.

That aside, there's a more-revolutionary-than-thou attitude endemic in anarchist and left communist circles that I now find tedious. I have little use for the purity so often espoused by such folks. Myself, I'm a communist, but I'm riddled with contradictions. My crimes are many. I shower daily, I eat meat, I like dining in decent restaurants, I have a middle-class existence, I hold a union card, I vote, just to name a few. If, by some historical fluke, anarchism or left communism took hold in this country, bringing one or another gaggle of assholes to power, I'd be one of the first tossed into an anti-authoritarian reeducation camp.

I recognize that I've become a bit of a curmudgeon over the years. Yet the thought of going to a meeting and finding any number of local characters—A-squared, bolo'bolo Boy, C-squared, Puffy Amiyumi, K-squared, *et al*—in attendance, gives me the creeps. I've chosen discretion, and nicknames, as the better part of valor here. Life is too short to waste dealing with such idiots. And I'm also looking for a better way to do politics altogether.

Speaking of life being too short, Lance Hahn died on October 21, as I was beginning this column. I first met Lance in San Diego during the late-'80s, when Cringer played several times at Bob Barley's Vinyl Communications sound studio. They even did a benefit for projects I was doing through my 'zine, *San Diego's Daily Impulse*. I wasn't a big fan of his next musical incarnation—J Church—because it was just too pop punk for my tastes. Plus, I didn't care for their pro-situ, postmodern bent. But they were always a fun band to watch perform live. While in San Francisco, and besides the band, Lance had his record label, volunteered for *Maximum Rocknroll*, Gilman Street, and Epicenter Zone, worked a regular, paying job, and always had a half dozen other projects in the mix. He was musically prolific, multi-talented, and an all-round nice guy.

Lance died of complications from kidney failure. His last years were spent in DIY dialysis because he didn't have health insurance. He had to ask the punk scene to help defray his medical expenses. (Those medical expenses are still formidable, and folks can contribute at vulcanvideo.com.) Lance was only forty years old when he died. Perhaps he had so much going on because, on some level, he sensed he didn't have all that much time on the planet.

Forty years is about as long as I've been involved in politics, mostly spinning my wheels as it turns out. I have no desire to squander any more time and effort on fools, nor do I want to pursue political dead ends and pretend I'm accomplishing something. I certainly don't want to exploit the memory of an exemplary punk rocker and a fine individual. Rest in peace, Lance Hahn.

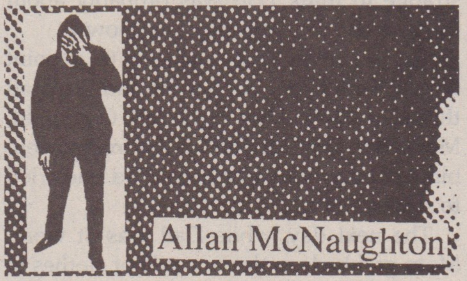
2008 PREDICTIONS

I may have done one or two of these in the many years I've written a column for *Maximum Rocknroll*. I know it's kind of cheesy, but I feel compelled to make a couple of predictions for the year, seeing as how this is the January issue.

US Bombs Iran in the spring. I really do think Bush thinks he's on a mission from God to battle the evildoers, plus he wants to have as part of his legacy that he "took care of Iran." Of course, he will leave the Middle East, and the world economy, in shambles. Spring, because that's the best weather for a comprehensive military attack.

President Giuliani. It'll be Clinton and Giuliani neck and neck, and Giuliani by a nose. Pack your bags for Canada, Manhattan's Mussolini is headed for the White House.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



Back in the early '90s I played guitar in a band in Glasgow. We wrote some songs and played some gigs and did some demos, and as is the way these things happen we got around to recording and self-releasing an LP. We'd been writing and working on our songs over the course of about two years. Besides our regular weekly practices, the bassist Angus and I met up several times a week just to play our parts together, over and over. Finally it came time to record the album. We booked two consecutive weekends at a new studio that some friends of ours had just opened. Our friend Richie (local hero and drummer in Dawson, the Stretch Heads, Fenn, and now DeSalvo) was at the mixing desk. We worked long into the night, recording and mixing fourteen songs with minimal overdubbing. Listening back to it now, it's not the greatest album in the world, but I think we were pretty proud of it at the time. An artist friend, Tim Goldie, designed the cover art, and we had the record cut at Porky's in London.

When we got the records back I don't think we could quite believe we'd made an album (I also don't think Angus could quite believe he'd got himself into so much debt, either). Naturally, we sent copies to *MRR* for review. Around the time I thought the issue with the review would come out, I would go down to Tower Records (the only place in Glasgow still stocking *Maximum Rocknroll* regularly at the time, I don't think anywhere does now) to see if it had come in yet.

After a couple of weeks of checking there was finally a new issue on the rack. I flicked furiously to the review section, scanning for our band name...nope. Not in this issue. I waited another agonizing month until it was time to start obsessively checking the newsstands again. At last, the new issue arrived, and there it was: our review. Surely this masterpiece we'd created would take *MRR* by storm, earning us rave reviews and coveted top-ten placings, skyrocketing us to the stardom we so obviously deserved? I skimmed the review: "Sorta like FUEL, but sped up to hardcore and without the melody..."; "like straight edge kids grown up and gone to art school..." The reviewer didn't say he hated the record, but it didn't sound like he liked it, either. Who was this cloth-eared critic, who obviously had no taste and probably hated music, or at least didn't understand it? At the end of the review, those telltale initials: (LH).

Later when I moved to San Francisco and knew Lance personally, I gave him shit about the review. Of course, he didn't remember it, but he did remember a time around *MRR* where the culture was such that there was almost a competition between reviewers to see who could write the meanest reviews. In that context, I suppose Glue got off lightly. Lance's review certainly wasn't the worst one we ever received. Coincidentally, he also later introduced me to his roommate Jim, a member of Fuel with whom I ended up trying to start a band. We never really got it going but whenever I would go round to their apartment Lance would be in his room with the door closed, playing guitar. I remember hearing him play along to Queen and being impressed. For a guy in a punk band, he could actually play guitar.

Despite Lance's long-term health problems, the news that he had fallen into a coma and subsequently passed away seemed to take everyone by surprise. You just felt like he'd always be around, you know? There'd always be another J Church split 7" coming down the line, or another article about some long forgotten anarcho band. Even though I'd been following his regular email updates about his medical travails, I just figured he'd get better. He was only 40, for crying out loud. I can't help thinking he'd still be here if the American health care system wasn't so fucked.

Although Lance was obviously poor, had no health insurance, and had to work a shitty video store job to support himself, over the course of his short life he released dozens (hundreds?) of records, performed countless shows all over the world, made friends in every city and country he went to, and had made serious headway on what was shaping up to be a great book. He lived his life the way he wanted to. He was still taking his band out on tour and making records in the midst of his debilitating health problems. It's safe to say he didn't die thinking, "I wish I'd worked that 9-to-5 office job instead." It's just criminal that his life was cut so tragically short.

The day after Lance died the word went out about a possible gathering of his old friends somewhere in the Mission. In a flurry of emails, message board posts, text messages and phone calls it was finally deduced that yes, the gathering was happening. 9 p.m. at the top of Dolores Park, near where the J Church streetcar passes by. A few old Epicenter and former (and current) *MRR* workers hung out at a bench, drank a beer or two, and traded Lance stories. It was pretty low-key. No one could figure out who instigated the event and no one took responsibility. It was decided that Tim Yohannan probably organized it. After I said goodbye to everyone, I walked down the hill to my car and got in. I turned the key and the radio burst into life with a KUSF DJ playing a J Church song.

PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609, allan@dropout.cc.

My Mother Wears Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

If moving twice in less than a year, first from South Florida to Seattle and then from Seattle to Albuquerque, sounds like too much stress, I assure you that with two kids and three pet mice thrown into the moving mayhem, it was. Add that we had to live in an Interstate-side hotel room for 8 nights before we were able to move into our place here in Albuquerque, the U-Haul accumulating late fees while we were already broke, and well, this mama got a bit tweaky.

I downright needed that Robert and Karoline 10th Anniversary Party Show Weekend in SF that I wrote about last month. And I downright needed to go on tour this month, too. When I casually mentioned to my mom that as much as I wanted to, I just couldn't swing a whole month tour with baby (now 20 months old), she volunteered to come take care of her (as well as the rest of the home-front) for a week so I could at least do part of it. Sweet! A week was better than nothing!

Without further ado, I offer here: **Top Ten Tour Tidbits** that kept me from losing my freaking mind in yet another new-to-me city where I haven't quite fully adjusted.

But first, let's cover the basics:
Who: In the Citizen Fish van = Dick, Phil, Jasper, Silas, Miguel, Robert, Erika, & me. In the MDC van = Dave, Mike, Al, Ron, Jason, and Mackenzie.
What: Citizen Fish and MDC 2007 tour.
Where: Sacramento, Berkeley, Hollywood, Corona, Tempe and Albuquerque
When: November 3 - 8, 2007
Why: Because I needed to.

The priceless alone time to Sacramento. When 'Nesto and the girls dropped me off at the airport, I decided to not get too worried about the smoke coming from under the car hood. With nothing I could do about it then anyway, I told myself that I was pretty sure they'd be able to make it back home safely and kissed them goodbye. Still in Albuquerque at the airport, it was nice pretending I was living in a time past when people weren't so fear-filled and paranoid – neither the ticketing agent who issued me my boarding pass and checked my bag nor the security check point agent ever asked me for my ID. Aboard a small, half-full 145 aircraft on a direct flight from Albuquerque to Sacramento, I successfully blocked out the nervously rocking back and forth woman sitting next to me and savored every moment of the rare alone time by burying my nose in a book and occasionally gazing at the miles of canyons and mountains pass by beneath me. On the ground in Sacramento, I had no trouble figuring out how to catch the bus into downtown. More difficult to block out the chatterbox freak next to me on the bus than it was the nervous woman on the plane, I took in an earful of zodiac sign nonsense because it was too dark for me to keep reading. Finally off the bus, I walked eight blocks through the Sacramento capitol, through a beautiful, sweet-smelling Alice in Wonderland-esque rose garden, past a busking saxophonist, to a place called Empire where the show had already started—I could hear "Dance of Destruction" from two blocks away! Greeted by warm hugs from Jasper, Dick, and Robert outside, I then got busy inside with a beer and practicing the songs I hadn't played in months.

The Gilman Show. 924 Gilman being the longest-running, volunteer-run, all-ages, DIY punk space and all, I'm always excited for a show here. But I never imagined this one would be so special. First off, La Plebe totally blew us away. Holy bilingual political hardcore with a horn section! They so seriously rocked; I jumped at the chance to part with a $10 bill and bought their CD. I then begged their two horn players, brothers Alberto and Antonio, to play a song with us two Citizen Fish horn players. Unable to convince Antonio that he wasn't too drunk to learn only eight notes, Alberto came along with us to learn a song, Back to Square One. Fucking wow! The night got a further boost when The Mutants, an SF band from the 1980-81 era, took the stage. Older than Senior Citizen Fish, older than MDC, they gave new meaning to "all ages show". One of the two guitar players wore a shirt that said, "I'm no longer a threat to society." The other guitar player had the debonair look of John Doe. The bass player sported shoulder length grey hair, skinny necktie and jacket, possibly with shoulder pads. The drummer worked up a big 60 year-old sweat with a smile on his face the entire set. The singer's 85-year-old mother in law was on the guest list. Two of their teenaged daughters sold their merch. Before they took the stage, Robert and I had wondered to each other who the balding-styling-in-a-shiny-blue-Italian-suit-guy was. Damn he was sexy up there rocking the mic, singing about furniture and girlfriends. He really had some moves! The entire band was so perfectly '80s, still energetic in doing their own, original thing, happy and honored to be at Gilman playing. They had a pit, too! A most beautiful pit ever, it boasted an almost 50 year age span – from the preteens out there with their 40-something Mutant fan dad to 58 year old Joel the photographer all mixed in with the late-teen and early 20s punk enthusiasts – they were all perfectly happy to be smashing into each other and reviving the pogo, too. Fuck yeah! Next up was MDC. They were on fucking fire, feeding off the crowd's energy and giving it back to them. Holy shit! They fucking rocked! Vocalist Dave Dictor is an amazing person. And they really are a great band. Al on drums is lightning fast. Mike on bass is a technical wiz. And Ron on guitar totally wailed. They so tore it up that I thought we'd really have our work cut out for us - seeing the crowd's reaction to the bands before us, thinking there was no way we could top that and that and that as the last band to play. But as soon as we started playing, the crowd met us at the stage, pushing up onto it, shouting lyrics back at us, giving a Gilman security guy justified paranoia about stage-divers and Gilman's liability. Dick, however, on the mic at the Gilman security guy's request to ask the crowd to mind their diving P's and Q's, prompted more – for the security guy to retreat to the side of the stage and have faith that all would be well without his presence crouched front and center. All *was* well with that arrangement. My punk pride swelled. Even Miguel's parents, both of whom I met before the show, reportedly enjoyed themselves. Long live Gilman!

A new song, "Better". One morning, Jasper played me a practice recording of a new song sans the vocals. After listening to it twice and memorizing the song's structure, Jasper, Dick, Silas and I tapped out our parts with each other, uber unplugged a capella style. Jasper and I then took my hummed horn parts to Ramsey's (where we were staying in Oakland) piano so I could figure out what notes I should actually play. The first time we played it live, it was a bit botched, especially our horn parts as I had forgotten to transpose from piano tuning to sax/trombone tuning. But every night after that first time, Better got better. And how cool is that to have a brand new song that had never even been practiced all together before we played it live? Ace.

The Nazi. Some guy with a fair load of fresh Nazi tattoos—not old ones he now regrets—showed up because he absolutely loves Citizen Fish and not to start any trouble. When confronted, he said that if he were there to start trouble, he would have come with "his crew". He danced, singing all the words, asking Robert about this song and that song—lyrical contents of which would not appeal to a Nazi. He confused us, this conflicted white supremacist. Because he didn't start any trouble, immediately following the bands, he was asked to leave instead of getting his ass beat outta there.

Special, Surprise Guest Appearance. At the Hollywood show, I ran in from outside as soon as I heard Dave and MDC invite Michelle Shocked up to the stage. Apparently, Dave and Michelle are old pals from their squatting days in SF. They did two songs together, both of which were a royal treat. Back in the day, I listened to my fair share of Michelle Shocked tunes and then some. Evidentially, I wasn't the only one as I noted others' big smiles in the room. However, the smiles only belonged to the over 30 crowd. Not a dupe under 30 knew who the hell she was.

The places to stay! Thanks to the DIY punk spirit, this week of tour was hotel-free. Thank You Ramsey in Oakland (even though you were out of town & not even around!), Mike in Walnut and Will in Tempe. Your extra beds, couches and floor space are much appreciated. And your frozen, fake meat products kept us fueled! After the Albuquerque show, a 19 person sleep-over (Citizen Fish + MDC + my family) commenced at my house. Thanks to my parents, daughters, and sweetheart 'Nesto for putting up with the late noise, showers and food prep. Expecting us, my mom had gone shopping and Robert and I didn't crash for the night until we'd prepped the potatoes, spinach, broccoli, mushrooms, onions, tomatoes, and other odd bits for a full on yum-healthy breakfast spread for the next morning's too early rise and shine call—we were able to get everyone fed and out the door by 8 am, on their way to Oklahoma City, a mere ten-hour stroll.

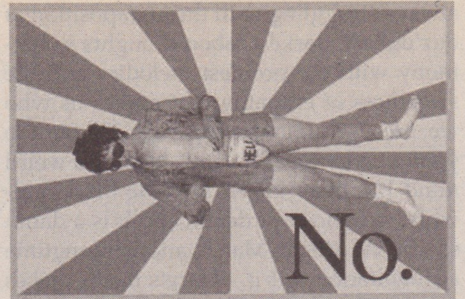
The free drinks! In addition to the Mojitos at Mike's house, which as the night wore on, Erika affectionately renamed "Spinach Fuck You Up Drinks," the table full of Jack and Cokes was a lotta fun. We'd gotten an excessive amount of drink tickets that night. Not being wasteful folks, we needed to use them before we left the venue. Only problem was, the only bar in the venue where we could redeem them was the one that needed to close out the earliest. Clamoring at the same time for last call, six of us each carried away an armful of liquid libations. At first, the table full of innocent debauchery looked intimidating. But less than an hour later, we were rather surprised (and impressed) that not a glass remained undrunk.

Old and New Friends. One of the things I love about going on tour is the expected and unexpected meeting up with old friends; ones who are on your short list but you don't get to see enough of. And the ease with which new friends are made on tour is priceless. Back at home, living with my family in a new city, it hasn't been so friend-rich while we've been settling in. The social stimulation of the DIY punk community that tour gave me will hopefully carry me through the feelings of isolation that nuclear-family-living-in-a-new-city brings its first few months-to-a-year until community can be built.

The home show. Speaking of taking a while to build community after moving to a new city, the show we played in Albuquerque gave me a much-needed boost in that department. There, I met a guy from a local band, the Rum Fits, that needs a horn player to record on their new songs, another guy from a community-based cable access station who invited me to come down to appear on one of their Friday shows, a local tattoo artist and photographer, all active in the DIY punk scene. And to top it off, one of them is a parent like I am—hello to the beginnings of a new childcare cooperative!

My mom! She was my savior last year when she volunteered to go on tour with me as a roadie-nanny. And she was my savior this year when she volunteered to come from Florida to Albuquerque to take care of baby and the home front. How fucking lucky am I to have a mama who recognizes the need to have a life outside of / alongside of taking care of kids, who wants to be a part of her grandchildren's lives and support me in my wild ass dreams all at the same time?

*Punkparents, get in touch: yardwideyarns@hotmail.com



Rock Immortal

Simplicity is such a beautiful concept, in theory. After all, don't we all want our lives to have less ambiguity and fewer complications, and perhaps be replete with an understanding that certain things actually can be cast in stark black and white terms? Simplicity is comforting to PC anarcho punks and right-wing evangelical Christian conservatives alike, and everyone in between. Simplicity is probably coded into our genes as a survival mechanism, a yearning for comfort in the service of personal safety and self-preservation, even while the gene-driven drive to reproduce gets us into some really stupid, dangerous situations at times. Yet these impulses are essentially predictable and even base, for the most part. There are, however, things about what we think—what we do, who we are, and how we express ourselves—that don't have a goddamned thing to do with personal safety or reproductive viability; and even if they do have some relation to these "natural" impulses the overall picture is so hopelessly convoluted and complex that a simple answer will not suffice.

For me, discomfort and uncertainty often rule the roost, regardless of the supposed stability of my situation at any given time. This is how it is with most people—especially those on the extreme ends of the spectrum of personal philosophies—but many people would rather voluntarily trade in a measure of certainty for the permanent ambiguity that defines most of our thoughts and experiences, a disinclination to blithely accept simplicity for its own sake in the service of really getting to know ourselves. This disinclination for oversimplification helps make us human and is the driving force for the immortal life of great art, for in our mind of minds we know that the greatest simplicity of our lives will inevitably come with our own deaths.

Dory Ben Shalom, one of the best (and most complex) artists I have ever known, died in bed during the early morning hours of Monday, October 22, 2007, probably as a result of some horrible miscalculation involving alcohol and pills. He was better known as Dory Tourette, the guitarist, singer, and songwriter for Dory Tourette and the Skirtheads. Longtime friend 'Zombie' Dan Abbott described Dory as "…a singer-songwriter and rock 'n' roll rebel par excellence. With a James Dean swagger, a pervert's moustache, and a cigarette dangling out of his mouth, he sang simple, beautiful and frantic anthems that were part '50s rockabilly, part end-of-the-millennium Mission [district] punk, and part filthy nightclub-comic act. His excesses were legendary, but so were his songs, most of which were about malt liquor, amphetamines, and pedophilia. Sure, he cultivated a partly true image of the skinny, sketchy meth-head, but there was more going on there. He didn't blend in; it was like he was the only one in color in a black-and-white photo sometimes, if that makes any sense."

As you might suspect from a description like that, Dory also had a knack for pissing people off. After all, one of the guy's catchiest songs did have a chorus that went, "She's only nine, and she's all mine." As the two main people ("project coordinators") behind releasing Dory Tourette and the Skirtheads' bizarro/brilliant underrated album *Rock Immortal* on the collectively-run S.P.A.M. Records label in 1998, Dan and I got a lot of flack from people who just didn't "get it." I'm not sure we completely "got it" either, but that didn't stop us from recognizing the lasting value of a truly original and idiosyncratic piece of art made by a few of our friends—beautiful and hideous in equal measure—and driving ourselves further into insurmountable debt to put it out. The abuse tended to come from quarters not noted for their sense of humor, and (somewhat understandably) expressed anger over what was seen as a tacit endorsement of methamphetamine abuse and pedophilia (the malt liquor subject matter was usually exempt from this criticism, probably because most of it was coming from punks).

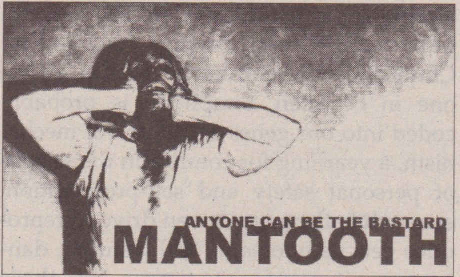
As Dory's record label, we received complaints that ranged from a demand to have him jailed for his supposed sex crimes (though the guy was never a pedophile, and in fact tended to date people pretty much his own age) to simple curiosity as to why he and his band were allowed to play 924 Gilman Street—ostensibly a racism-sexism-homophobia free place—in the first place. The thing is, I don't think a lot of these people actually read the entirely of the lyrics, or paid attention to the context of the music and the individuals involved. If they had, they would have understood that Dory was not out to shock people, but was instead a storyteller, filled with (often uncomfortable) longing and sweetness, coupled with a self-effacing manner that would usually see his protagonist getting achieving the exact opposite of his desires at the end of the story (though he was often not sure of what his desires were in the first place). This was all woven into a big patchwork of genius rock/punk/pop music with incredibly deliberate and masterful song structure and guitar work that was so catchy and prolific that people who heard it would later be singing lines to themselves they could not believe they were singing (i.e. "I'll be a hero/Live my whole life through/You call me evil/Kill me like a fool/For you, my sperm comes from my eyes"). This particular juxtaposition of sweetness with vile subject matter was all Dory's own.

In short, Dory made complex art that functioned on a number of different levels, and this does not gel very well with many punks, as quite a few punks prefer things to be simple and are not much into art. If people who think like Dory's harshest detractors had their way in the past, we might never have seen the publication of Nabokov's *Lolita*, the production of John Waters films such as *Pink Flamingoes*, Lewis' Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, or many other pieces of art deemed "deviant" throughout history. Though you may not have known Dory or his music, I'm sure you understand that good art is not always comfortable, and in fact is quite often exactly the opposite. Dory's music was not simple shock rock like GG Allin's or the Mentors', despite what could be seen as certain parallels in some subject matter; he took the complicated thoughts and feelings of a pretty damned unusual mind and expressed them in the only way he knew how in order to make himself feel better. His was a complex creative force—hilarious, creepy, moody, and weird, but ultimately very sweet.

Though this article is more about the art than the man himself, I can say knowing him as I did that he was a really good guy, if infuriating at times, and that the last couple of years in particular he was pretty damned happy—staying pretty much clean from speed, living with his girlfriend, getting a little fat, and enjoying some long-overdue recognition for his music. Yet everyone knew that there was a lot more art to come from this awesome little weirdo, because as simple as his day-today life got, there was a complex mind always struggling with the juxtaposition of our ugliest, darkest taboo thoughts in harmony with the prettiest melodies and the sweetness of empathy that makes us who we are as human beings. At 28, far too young, Dory Ben Shalom's beautiful weird mind has been forced into the black-and-white simplicity of death, and it is a damn shame. As Megan March, another longtime acquaintance, put it, "Dory's death makes the world a little bit more boring."

I'm gonna miss his voice.

Johnny Mink, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609
johngeek@hotmail.com
Old column archive at www.myspace.com/noarchive


ANYONE CAN BE THE BASTARD
MANTOOTH

Dear Reader—

I had a very long column written up for this month spanning the course of several days on tour with Brain Handle, but my computer suddenly crashed and now you'll have to settle with this old "stand-by." A selection from a folder on my computer titled "Mantooth shitty column ideas." This one I feel is the least shitty, so enjoy.

xoxoxox,
Mantooth

Sail yourself across the mighty Bloomfield Bridge and it might occur to you, while digesting the ramshackle patchwork landscape of Pittsburgh's *li'l Italy*, that this neighborhood is nothing more than a real-life, honest-to-god, bona fide Ewok Village. But this really has nothing to do with what I'm writing about this month…

My porch and the area two feet in front of my porch seem to be a strange phantom zone wherein objects will miraculously transmogrify at random. Case and point: Several months ago, our refrigerator stopped working, but our landlord was nice enough to give us a new, working model. And all by myself, imbued with the strength of ten Ewoks, I moved the old fridge out to the front of my porch so that Appliance Warehouse could come and take it away.

Several hours later, while in the basement, I hear a truck pull up and hear the coarse shouting of men laboring over the intolerable weight of a fridge. It is a very distinct sound let me tell you—lots of grunting and taking of the lord's name in vain. Anyhow, when I get upstairs and look out the window, my refrigerator is gone.

"What the fucking hell," I probably said or something similar to it.

"I fucking wait around for those Appliance Warehouse pieces of shit so that I could pay them and they don't even knock on the door. I had fucking shit to do today"

About a minute later, Appliance Warehouse calls me and says they'll be at my house in a moment to pick up the fridge.

"Uh…it's gone. I thought you guys picked it up."

"What?"

"It's gone already."

"What's gone?"

"The fridge."

"Someone *else* took it?"

"I guess so."

God bless Bloomfield and all its thieving inhabitants! Saved me $40! At first I was worried that it would wind up back on my porch once they found out it didn't work, but it never did…*until now*.

When I stepped outside this morning, I was greeted by a 2ft x 3ft painting of a Mariachi women wading through a sea of hippy gray-water.

God that sucked. I'm so sorry to do that to you, but what can you do now? If you bought this issue for my column, you should have known better and probably deserved to lose your hard earned money anyway.

Världskrig
Nick Mangel

I hope you all had a nice Halloween! It's been a busy month for me—lots of shows and shit, released another 7", and working on two upcoming LPs on Starving Times Records—so there's much to be excited about!

I got a nice letter and package from Eugene in Brooklyn. He me a copy of his zine *Dirge*, which is a pretty rad crusty little number with a STORMCROW interview, always a winner there. Also stuff about Rochester, NY, some cool show pix, info, etc. It's $1 postpaid, and the second issue is out now. He also sent me the tapes of a couple bands he plays in. The first is DAWN OF HUMANS, which is raw HC with raspy vocals, and is pretty hard to pin down in terms of style. There are thrashy parts, some almost melodic parts, and some straight up snotty shit! It's $3 (Eugene, 137 Rugby Rd., Brooklyn, NY 11226). You can email him for the zine or the tape at projectileppuke@yahoo.com.

Eugene also sent the demo of PERDITION, whom he plays drums for. This is some amazing ripping early '80s-style Swedish/Finnish/UK punk/thrash. The recording is raw, and you really have the feeling that you are watching the guys play at their practice space. It has this live feeling that you just can't beat. Cool lyrics and DIY ideology all the way. Get it! $2. (Ian Graye, 48-53 44th St. Apt 3C, Woodside, NY 11377). Same email as above.

Getting these straight-up DIY demo cassettes, recorded live with no fancy studio just live punk, makes me realize really how rare it is. These guys seem totally aware of this and have made a concerted effort to do it in the traditional DIY punk way, and I think that fuckin' rules. $2 to $3 demo tapes are the shit!

Tapes in the punk scene now seem to be largely of the "professional" variety and a lot of the cheap, classic, Xeroxed covers seem to have fallen by the wayside. That's a shame, as I have opined in previous rants. It's odd because the international metal scene has definitely stuck to cassettes to a degree that almost outpaces punk. Especially South American scenes are very tape-oriented, which is awesome I think. A lot of "live" and rehearsal style tapes come out of the underground metal scene. I know other people have noted the speed with which bands these days go straight to vinyl or CD, so I won't harp on it, but it's something to think about.

Speaking of something to think about, I had the pleasant and fairly obligatory East Bay experience of getting my car broken into; ironically, outside of Gilman. I don't think the people doing it were punks, although who knows. What the fuck is with this? I mean, I know it happens all the time, but seriously, the people who did it hardly took anything at all and even left some shit that has some value and was in plain sight! But they had time to open my glove box and throw my car manual down the street? I don't get it. Is that really worth it to make me spend an afternoon getting my window replaced? I can only figure the people who did it were so high and/or stupid that it didn't occur to them. From what I have heard, this story isn't uncommon; people break into cars and steal virtually nothing. At least make it worth my time and yours and steal something. Otherwise it just ends up being a mindfuck. I keep trying to figure out what the fuck the person was thinking and realizing the level of mental functioning going on is so low that even I can't penetrate its depths.

OK, onto other more important matters. I recently got the PROLETAR CD from To Live A Lie Records and it's a fuckin' amazing disc. PROLETAR is one of Indonesia's most raging fucking grindcore bands in recent memory, along with EXTREME DECAY and others. And that is in a country that is heavily infested with mad grinders! This CD is a retrospective of the past seven years of their existence, and is a twelve-label co-release of labels from all over the globe! Talk about international DIY. Sounds as if To Live A Lie only got a small share of them so it'd be a good time to be sure to grab a copy. 55-tracks of political grind! Awesome 7"-size sleeve too, which I usually don't care for.

I'm a bit late on getting it, but LOS REZIOS' *Miseria Hecha Vida* CD is pretty incredible. Total raging HC from Lima, Peru with some pretty nice anti-capitalist lyrics. Anarcho without being a CRASS overdose! A multiple-label release, and I think Cryptas is one of the bigger labels doing it, so that may be a place to start.

I was kind of surprised to see a SEVERED HEAD OF STATE/SCUMNOISE split CD come out, but shit, it's pretty awesome! (I must admit a bias here, I am releasing Scum Noise's upcoming LP along with Broederkont and Terrotten record labels.) So the Brazilian crust kings SCUM NOISE are obviously faves here. Oh yeah—both bands contribute live tracks, a split live album, not something you hear about much, so they definitely get points for thinking outside the box there. Not to mention the artwork by Marald! On Means To An End Records, meanstoanend_rec @yahoo.com

Also new is the ANTIMASTER/GIVE UP ALL HOPE split CD (another split release—four labels!) available through Cryptas. The *UK Mexico Distort!* Is very cool! These bands are certainly evenly and well matched in the crust department. I had heard GIVE UP ALL HOPE before and found their dark crusty elements irresistible. ANTIMASTER are the Mexicanos of the split and certainly plays some rough and tumble crust.

A friend of mine from Malaysia, Borhan, recently sent me the demo of his band OS MANTIKOS, who have since released a 7" on an American label (see reviews last issue) that is chock full of ripping HC thrash punk! I was really impressed by it to say the least. Something about them reminds me of the NEOS in terms of hyped-upness, plus some kind of South American influences for sure!! Borhan also does the awesome label Bullwhip Records! www.geocities.com/bullwhiprecs.

I realize I am about a year behind on yakking about them, but the DROMDEAD *En Este Pais* LP is some amazing face pummeling D-beat! These young troublemakers are from Caracas, Venezuela and bare a fairly visible UK influence to their D-beat style. They are definitely up there with BESTHOVEN in terms of South American D-beat maniacs! The LP is available in the US through Velted Regnub, or www.disobedience-records.tk.

Otherwise I am going Ga-ga over the newest LEGION 666 (or now DCLXVI...) LP *Black Goat Armageddon* on Schizophrenic Records from Canada. I have been a fan for a while but these guys have really transformed into a behemoth of HELLHAMMER, AMEBIX, BOLT THROWER, CELTIC FROST, and WINTER-inspired ferocity! Easily one of my favorite records this year along with the LIMB FROM LIMB LP, which is not too far removed from LEGION's new LP stylistically.

V/A *Indonesia Rasing Thrasher Attack* CD on Depression Records from Japan is a pretty cool idea, all Indonesian youth crew, positive '80s style thrash bands! TANPABANAS, POSITIVE OUTLOOK, STANDAR GANDA, and NO TO VIOLENCE all appear and play some positive sXe thrash, which generally I think is overdone and I am very eager usually to say is stale, but these guys make it work.

It's been really cool to be receiving more stuff from people and hearing about their projects! I'd like more of my column to be not just me pontificating about whatever bullshit but being of some use to networking for the WWHC scene, so I am always glad to hear from people.

One thing I would like to talk about a bit is that me and friend Abri from Broederkont Records recently got in touch with the guys from the South African legendary punk band POWER AGE and they have agreed to work on doing a discography with us, which will probably be both on LP and CD. It may take a while to assemble all the materials for this, and in all likelihood the CD will contain some comp tracks and extras not on the LP, but the LP will contain the band's four crucial 7"s (one split). These guys were an outspoken anarcho-punk band in the middle of the darkest days of apartheid in South Africa, and their history and story is incredibly inspiring. If anybody has pictures, information, or anything regarding them or the '80s South Africa scene please get in touch. We plan on doing a heck of a booklet with this. Also since Starving Times, my label, seems to be moving ahead with more releases, etc., I'd love to receive demos of bands for the possibility of releasing stuff!

Well that's it for this time! Stay punk!
Nick Daniels, PO Box 18884, Oakland, CA
94619 USA

PHOTOCARD
Layla Gibbon
BJO 5499

Sometimes when things are happening that are not good you just sort of let them happen. Watching things unfold around you as a result of certain actions you may have enacted but really in the end, doing nothing to alter said set of actions. When you are aware if you say a certain set of words a certain response will occur, but the words roll off of your tongue anyway regardless of cause and effect. There's a feeling of watching things happen around you, a certain stillness while things collapse ("I'm stuck in this uh movie...but it doesn't move me..."). Not always dramatics—knowing you are going to be half an hour later than you said, but not doing anything to change the course of events. Always too late or too early: it's the worst.

Things I think about too much and thus talk about too much:

I need to get my stupid "meaningful" teenage sXe tattoo covered;

I have no ambition;

Why did someone take my Dicks *Kill From the Heart* LP and Faith *Subject to Change* on blue? Who that went to my mum's house in the years since I have been living here even knows who those bands are?

I am bored but do not want to do anything to change this.

Plus many other more profound and meaningful things like: eBay, dudes, records, food.

There's gonna be a new babe den at MRR. Will it be Scott's room? Or Bloody's room? Or Hubbs' new bachelor pad? Is Hubbs really moving back to NY soon? Is punk rock just the fetishization of ephemera? Why am I unable to write anything except the night before it's due? Why are people only seen as doing something with their lives if they are talking about going to grad school or actually going to grad school? What is the point of doing something with your life? Can you tell the difference between Pissed Jeans, Clockcleaner, and Snake Apartment? What about Rabies and WarKrime? What about that picture of Keith Morris and his mom? *Can you tell the difference*?

What about dudes in bands that play art gallery openings sponsored by PBR and apparently traverse the country by limo, behind Sex Vid's van, while silk-screening merch bandanas? While signing to subsids of major labels and yet still wanting to be on the cover of *MRR*? Why are all the manila-envelope emo records in the 50-cent bin at Amoeba? Except the ones I sold and now want back, of course. Why did all the modern bands that submitted fliers for the second book by the *Fucked Up and Photocopied* dude only submit fliers with their own bands advertised? I mean are Das Oath and Charles Bronson really in the same league as The Controllers and Scratch Acid? Or the Germs and The Brat? Oh bitch, please!

Why do dudes that are "over" punk still want Sex Vid to play their gallery show? If Hubbs moves to New York, will he stop being into punk and instead hang out with Golnar listening to Bulgarian Field Recordings? What's up with riot dudes? When will it end! Why doesn't anyone like Shattered Faith? I do! Working Men Are Pissed! Notes and Chords Mean Nothing To Me! Neither of which has anything to do with Shattered Faith, but you know: join the dots.

What would you do if you slowly replaced all your band mates with random hair metal dudes and then one day your old band was only the replacement hair metal dudes, and not you? Your band name was no longer applicable to anything you were doing musically, invasion of the body snatchers style, so you had to call it LOST. BACKWARDS.

Why did Corin from Sleater Kinney do backing vocals for Eddie Vedder's solo project soundtrack for the new Sean Penn movie? Maybe it's a riot dude thing. Why is screamo such a horrible-sounding genre, both in actual sound and in genre title? Why do dudes who partook in the emo but are now over it make bad tofu jokes to demonstrate said overness? I mean is anyone even vegetarian anymore? I know people gave up on the whole ending-racism thing after it didn't happen in time for the Endpoint/Falling Forward tour. I guess vegetarianism got taken back by the hippies. Only weedy Arcade Fire fans are vegans now; all the hardcore kids need meat to feed their moshtard antics. The endless reprinted PETA fliers in early sXe zines just cancelled each other out until Floorpunch reunited and people remembered hardcore was just about the brotherhood of man—aggro dance moves and no homo jokes.

TOP TEN

1) Needles (Ex-Crudos, Talk is Poison, California Love...) My new favorite local band? Martin is one of the best front humans ever, the rhythm section of Talk is Poison is legendary and unimpeachable, and I am nominating this band for "Layla's new end-of-year incessant hype band." (On a similar note: I also am self-imposing a ban on the words "mika miko" and "finally punk" until year-end top tens. *At least*. So look forward to lots of candid infotainment about Needles because they are my new jam.) The 7" will be available via Martin/Brian at some point. Also, in that they played the same show, Outraged. I have the back cover of *MRR* with the Outraged crowd shot from their interview issue on my door. It is easily in my *HeartattaCk*-style non-linear pictorial and food-based year-end top ten already. So inspiring that band is, bringing raging hardcore to fuckin' Watsonville, CA.

2) There's going to be a new Acid Reflux 7" by year's end.

3) Scott Moore is moving to the Bay Area.

4) The song "Bad Attitude" by Articles of Faith. Really, though. Like all the time.

5) Red Monkey. I like it better now than I did then. Perfect mix of Gang of Four/Circus Lupus/Huggy Bear, maybe a little too anarcho-CRASS and heavy on the punk funk, which in the light of that tired-ass nu-millenial revival is hard to take. But Red Monkey was pre all of that boredom. I like listening to their music. Oh gee.

6) The fact that after hearing a song we played on the radio in San Francisco, Golnar, in New York, won an obscure all-girl '80s Dutch punk comp on the eBay and is now forming a band inspired by sounds

of said comp.

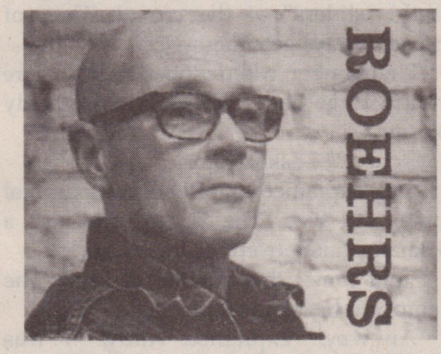
7) Tobi Celeste, "Broken Stones ."

8) Los Saicos, "Demolicion."

9) Terraplanes, "Shop Talk."

10) Nothing nothing nothing. Bored bored bored, sorry about this! Really, though, I am.

Layla.gibbon@gmail.com. I do read it all I just don't write back and I have no idea why. Maybe I am just a lousy pen pal. Off the pigs.



We're Not Stopping Now!!

Fuck! Bridge Nine Records has accomplished a major feat! This month, the label presents the new AGNOSTIC FRONT EP entitled *For My Family*. Fuck yes, you lucky hardcore fucks! You get to hear Mr. Miret sing the infectious new hardcore anthem "For My Family"!!! This fucker will make the short hairs on your neck stand at attention!!!

I will clarify one simple fact: The AGNOSTIC FRONT LP, *Victim In Pain*, defined hardcore punk in the Northeastern United States when it was released in 1984. 23 years later the album still stands as the watershed moment in American hardcore. If you need the massage of a steel cap boot as a reminder, play "Blind Justice" or "Your Mistake" from the legendary *Victim in Pain* LP. End of discussion!

Mr. Tim Yohannan, founder of this magazine, made one fatal mistake. In his venomous dismissal of all skinhead rock and roll, he never gave AGNOSTIC FRONT the chance to prove what they were made of. That was Tim's loss!

"Dead to Me" and "Break the Chains," the two other tunes on the new Bridge Nine EP, are 100% New York hardcore circa-2007. All you thugs from Costa Mesa to Williamsburg need this shit right now! Contact Bridge Nine at www.bridge9.com.

Attention skins and punks!!! Armen and his esteemed Headache Records label have graced the airwaves of New Jersey and the world with another important WRETCHED ONES CD! The new material is called *Make It Happen*. The CD begins with the title cut, "Make It Happen." This song reverberates with the working class pride that has become the stock and trade of these Garden State skinhead stalwarts. In "Make It Happen," the WRETCHED ONES sing, "Your back's against the wall / Will you give up? / Or will you stand real tall? / You better find the inspiration / You better show some pride." Many WRETCHED ONES songs return to the theme of self-reliance and independence of the working man.

Song two on the *Make It Happen* CD is called "You're Doing It Wrong." This song reflects some of the day-to-day challenges of those who work in labor in the United States. The lyrics are tied to the pride one invests in his or her work production. Read on: "You want to know why it looks like shit? / You want to know why it doesn't fit? / You want to know it took so long? / You're doing it wrong." A seasoned tradesman will confirm this simple analysis: many workers never alter their inefficient work habits.

"Done With You" is about the singer's emotions and energy that have been invested foolishly—squandered. Read these bitter lyrics: "I thought you were my friend until the very end / I guess I was wrong / Too bad it took so long..." Friendship always has those dangerous pitfalls that come right at you. You don't realize who your *real* friends are until you have wasted precious time on worthless "acquaintances" that will never be there for you in a clutch situation.

We power through "Less Is More" and land squarely on one fucking real strong example of skinhead rock as only the WRETCHED ONES can play it, "Rut." This great Oi! anthem hoists the same banner that previous WRETCHED ONES' songs championed. In an older WRETCHED ONES song Armen sang "My hands are tired / My back is sore / Only thirty-five years more! / What once was a job is now a career / I'm not complaining / I'm just telling you..." In "Rut," Armen and his bandmates serenade you with "On the run / Way behind / Gotta meet my deadline / Boss is mad / Flippin' his lid / I'll probably never see home again / Guess what? / You're in a rut!" No band in America writes about the trials and tribulations of the blue-collar workers as well as the WRETCHED ONES! Perhaps the catchiest song on the new *Make It Happen* CD, and certainly the funniest, is called "Skin Neighbor." Read a snippet of this ode to neighborly discomfort: "Lock up the wife / Better hide the kids / Look outside—there he is! / Got the radio blasting in the backyard / Better not let down your guard / Skin neighbor! Skin neighbor! / Your new neighbor!" Fucking great!

This CD is a must for you skinhead rock fans! Get the *Make It Happen* CD from Headache Records, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432; www.headacherecords.com.

Hey punks! There's one fucking blasphemous CD out there now! BARSE, the crazed rock 'n' roll veterans of multiple decades of fervent punk mayhem has rewarded you with their unique blend of catchy melodic punk harnessed to acerbic lyrics. The new product is called *If You Can't Fuck 'Em...Cut 'Em Up*. The words on this CD display well-crafted punk tunes with fierce, caustic lyrics. The CD starts out with a bang on the song "You Don't Know Me Yet." This violent slice of pure punk sets the tone for this thoroughly malicious CD. Don't let the accomplished vocals or the well-honed guitar hooks fool you! BARSE has come to fuck up your secure little H&M punk fantasy!

"My Bird," song number two, demonstrates how uncomfortable a straightforward RAMONES hook can make you! This tune is full of tongue-in-cheek candor that you will not find in most American melodic punk rock. BARSE storms through "Voices in My Head," (these men are not quite right) and "Switch Off" and then bash into one minute and sixteen seconds of "Die, Die Freak," closer to the MISFITS than the LURKERS! Fucking severe nastiness abides right beneath the veneer of respectability that BARSE uses as a thinly veiled charade for you vapid little poseurs.

"Turn Around and Love Me (Hate Me)," song number six, is rife with the same difficult dichotomy that you punks can't seem to incorporate into your bullet-belt posturing! The queasy nausea of being just outside of the joke is so apparent—you are being laughed at!

"Breaking Up Is Easy to Do," song seven, will not permit you fucks even a small gasp of oxygen! You pathetic panty-waists are so pussy-whipped that BARSE must explain the details of love gone bad to you.

BARSE cruises with a full head of steam through "Tears of Frustration" and "Something Happens." This music harnesses the malady of the KINKS songs about failed personal relationships melded with arrogance of the DESPERATE BICYCLES.

Song ten takes the top of your skull

clean off! “Die Screaming” is steeped in the horror-punk tradition of sharpened fingernails embedded deep in the larynx of the victim! You sorry fucks might attempt to regain your composure during “Terminal Breakdown” but the odds are not on your side. “Terminal Breakdown” stews in the celebrated ugliness of Australia’s favourite rock ’n’ roll cretins, THE COSMIC PSYCHOS. You are clearly not doing well!

You goddamn useless fucks can march triumphantly through the calculated disorder of “I’ve Got Tomorrow,” “Zombie Girls in Heat,” and “Bad Samaritan” to arrive at the most scathing indictment of society that BARSE offers on this disc. The last song, “Your Street Sinks,” pulls no punches—the term “dysfunctional family” takes on a whole new meaning!!!! You listeners will wallow in incest, pedophelia, priests talking liberties with children—the whole nine yards!!

Your search for melodic punk rock songs coupled with raw, mean-spirited lyrics ends with BARSE. Order the *If You Can’t Fuck ’Em…Cut ’Em Up* CD now!! Remit 8 Pounds via Paypal to trevhag1@hotmail.com.

Until next month, I’ll be seeing you—I’ll see you around. I’ll see you fucks at the bar!!!

George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

It was a scene straight out of *Columbo*.

Years ago, before that whole 9/11 thing, Andy, my lawyer, was playing the part Peter Falk did so well, while the chick from Houghton-Mifflin and her female legal council were doing the guest stars routine. Parts usually reserved for B-rate television actors like those from *Star Trek, Mission Impossible*, or *The Love Boat*.

“Is that it?” asked Houghton-Mifflin’s newest and best-breasted lawyer on the “Furious Vs. Curious” case.

“I think so,” said Andy, in his best Falkian accent, as his over-sized suit just began to dry from the Boston rain.

“Good,” said the Houghton-Mifflin chick, as she began to gather up her belongings in the corporation’s huge conference room that only seated Andy, myself, the chick, and her lawyer.

Oh yeah, and the kindly court reporter, a self-confessed grandmother, who was there to take their deposition. We were deposing them.

“Um,” stammered Andy, as he began to gather up his papers and put them in his briefcase, probably like the one his sister says he carried around in the fourth grade. Even then full of New York newspapers.

“Yes?” asked the “Ho-Ton” Mifflin chick, it was she who told us it was pronounced “Ho.” We giggled when we’d heard that.

“Just one more thing,” added Andy. And as he said that, I swear one of his eyes crossed.

“What?” asked Curious George’s attorney.

And then Andy slammed them with it. The last question—the one that hung them up; then out to dry. The question that probably made them go ape and act bananas. And as he did so, I just laughed. And imagined the newest little monkey book, “Curious George Gets Fucked In The Ass”.

Punk Rock.

* * *

“What kind of car is this?” I asked Andy a day earlier, as we made our way up to Boston in a green rented car that he’d picked up at Hertz.

“A Mazda something-or-other,” he replied, “it seems like they make 70 or 80 different fucking models of the same car.”

“Okay,” I said, as I studied the rented cars radio, and was disturbed to see that instead of a cassette player, the fucking thing had a CD player.

“Fuck,” I sighed.

Andy asked what was wrong and I told him. I explained that I had taped The Dwarves albums and the new one from Zeke to listen to on the way to Beantown. Home of the pussy Red Sox.

“Most new cars have CD players,” Andy explained, “Don’t you know that? You *are* a tech-writer, correct?”

Doh.

We made our way up The Westside Highway to The Hutch, then to The Merit. As we did so, we discussed the Curious Vs. Furious George case, and how Houghton-Mifflin just couldn’t leave us alone. How they brought this deposition on themselves, and how it seemed that the only lawyers that defended the little primate were women. That maybe Curious George just likes to suck tits and eat pussy. But more likely, that he just *was* a pussy.

As we hit heavy traffic on the Merit Parkway around Greenwich, we began to discuss The Gamp.

Andy had known him since they were little kids, and it was The Gamp’s house that we were staying at that night.

I actually had met The Gamp a little over a decade ago. He was playing guitar in a local punk rock band called Bugout Society, who, to this day, sometimes play gigs. Well, I guess you can call them gigs. Usually they turn into food-fights with punk rock as the background music. Bugout Society does a song called “Castle Carnage” in which they throw White Castle “sliders” at the crowd. That, of course, always gets messy.

“I remember when Robert and I were around three and four years old,” Andy told me.

“Robert?” I asked him.

Andy explained that Robert was his real name. and that “The Gamp” was just a nickname taken from his last name.

I told him I thought that it said “The Gamp” on his birth certificate.

“Anyway,” explained Andy, “I was playing with The Gamp’s older brother, Eric, and while I was doing so, I remember that The Gamp had had diarrhea in his pants. That he shit all over himself.”

“And the point?” I asked my hearing-impaired lawyer, which caused me to yell at him half the time.

“The point was that I remember thinking to myself, “Thank God I don’t have *that* problem’.”

We both laughed, then discussed what Andy wanted for his thirty-second birthday, which was coming up very soon.

“A kirby,” Andy said.

I asked him what that was and he told me it was a member of the Legume family.

I then asked if “The Legumes” were like “The Gambinos,” “The Genoveses,” or “The Sopranos.”

Andy explained, very articulately, that “Legumes” were members of the cucumber family, which also included zucchinis, squash, and kirbies.

When I asked him again what a kirby was he told me it was like a small cucumber. About the size of a finger.

“Why would you want one of those?” I asked him.

“To shove up my ass,” he explained.

I asked him why he’d want to do that. I also thought about The Gamp, and all that poop in his underwear. Maybe it turned Andy on.

“Actually,” explained my lawyer, “I don’t want anything up my ass. When a girl gets near there with her finger, I clench up. Sometimes chicks ask me why my ass is so tight and I tell them ‘When you move your finger away from there I'll let you know'."

I then asked him why he even brought up the small cucumbers.

"Amy Sohn," he told me. Amy, a sex columnist, who used to write for New York Press, is a client of Andy's.

"What's she got to do with vegetables up your ass?" I asked.

"Actually," explained Andy, "I'm not sure that members of the Legume family are vegetables. They could be fruit. I'll have to look into that."

I yelled at Andy to tell me about Amy Sohn, his anus, and kirbies. I think he finally heard me.

"Well George," he explained, "Amy said she was going to get me a vibrating butt-plug for my birthday. I told her to save her money and get me a kirby. They don't use up batteries, and are probably more gentle on the rectum."

I told him I was sorry I asked.

* * *

The rest of our drive to Boston was pretty much uneventful. Sure some guy at a gas station asked Andy about his "Free Dirty Danny" t-shirt and Andy got into a shouting match with him while the guy's credit card was, for some reason, rejected. Sure we drove through one of the worst thunderstorms either of us had ever seen. Sure Andy and I had shared a toilet at a Mobil station, and I left first, leaving a trucker guy with cigarettes rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve to utter the word "faggot" at me. Sure I had a prostate attack and had to take my medication. But none of it was as swell as our discussion of kirbies.

We arrived at The Gamp's place in Cambridge around nine at night. I could tell it was The Gamp's place from the outside because I saw a buffalo-plaid jacket hanging in the window. For some reason, everyone in Bugout Society wore those red and black plaid jackets. It was their look. In fact, I remember The Gamp actually playing a plaid guitar at a gig. Then being pelted with burgers, of course.

"So, how was your drive?" The Gamp asked Andy and I once we got our shit out of the "Mazda something-or-other".

"Good," said Andy, "How's your mom?"

It turns out that The Gamp's mom and Andy's mom are best friends. And that me knowing The Gamp is just a coincidence. The way I understood it from Andy was that The Gamp's mom was happy that Andy and I were going to Boston, and visiting her son. She thought it would make him tidy up his house. From seeing all the candy wrappers and loose change and dust on the floor, I guess she was wrong.

The Gamp told Andy his mother was fine, then showed us around his *huge* apartment. He had a nice sized living room with Spaghetti Western posters hung neatly around the room, a kitchen with more junk food than Evan, my bass player, could ever *dream* of, a nice sized office/guest room and a huge bedroom. And he lived there all himself. Andy and I were jealous.

I was also jealous of his *Red Dwarf* video collection. *Red Dwarf* is this television show that's on in England, and completely rules. It's really funny, and chicks just don't dig it. Just like Slayer. It's a guy thing.

Eventually someone mentioned food and we talked about going out to eat. The Gamp asked what we liked, and Andy started rattling off all those nice restaurants in Boston. I just said "I want to go to a Sambo's or something."

Andy then informed me, as my lawyer, that there hasn't been a Sambo's around for over twenty years, and that family restaurants were now named "Denny's" and "Perkins."

I told him that the next thing you'd know was that they'd make South Carolina take down the confederate flag.

We then went and ate at Ground Round, then came back to The Gamp's where Andy went over his briefs. Which was good, because mine have little smiley faces and light bulbs on them.

While Andy studied the next day's case, The Gamp showed me his senior thesis he just completed the year before in college. The Gamp had studied Oceanography, and had written a thesis called "Development of an acoustic tracking system for Harbor Porpoises—'Phocoena-Phocoena' in the vicinity of gillnets."

When I asked him why he was showing it to me, he showed me his "thank you" list which included "Handsome Dick Manitoba, the handsomest man in Rock 'n' Roll."

"Bet'cha never seen his name on something like this, huh?" asked The Gamp.

"He'd be very impressed," I told him.

"What are you guys talking about?" shouted Andy from the other room. We both weren't sure if he'd meant to yell.

"The development of an acoustic tracking system for Harbor Porpoises - 'Phocoena-Phocoena' in the vicinity of gillnets," I explained to my lawyer.

"Oh," said Andy, "well, when you get done talking about swimming mammals, let's talk enraged primate."

So the rest of the evening was spent preparing for the deposition of the chick at Houghton-Mifflin that was to be taken the next day, as well as discussions about how The Gamp worked for "A Secret Military Industrial Complex Doing Top Secret Weapons Work."

General Tso was also briefly touched upon.

It seems that in Boston, they call him General Gau. Or perhaps General Gau is an enemy of General Tso, and they aren't the same person. Well, whatever the case, it seems they both make the same chicken at Chinese restaurants in New York City and Boston. The Gamp figures General Tso drew a line through Connecticut, where he and General Gau would split the Chinese food territory. So General Gau gets to root for The Red Sox, and Tso, The Yankees (or Mets, if he's a pussy).

Then there are The Dumplings. Andy and I both knew they were called Potstickers in San Francisco, but were surprised to hear The Gamp tell us that they were called Peking Ravioli in Boston. We figured that maybe the British still owned the city, as it seemed as stupid as London. But when The Gamp then told us of Crab Rangoon, we knew Boston was even beyond stupid. Probably retarded, if not brain-dead.

The next morning we awoke really early, just to finish up on the preparations. As I ate fudge-filled Keebler cookies, and drank black coffee, The Gamp told me about how he downloaded "The Snoopy" song, as performed by Metallica, on Napster. An MP3 internet site. He told me that he hoped Metallica wouldn't sue him about The Snoopy song. Andy told him if they did, he'd defend his friend.

With hugs and goodbyes all around, Andy and I then made our way through the rainy streets of Boston to make a monkey out of Curious George.

* * *

"Sorry we're late," I said to The Houghton-Mifflin chick and her lawyer, as we entered the conference room, dripping wet, "we couldn't find a fucking place to park."

"Yes," said The Houghton-Mifflin chick, "It's very difficult to park here in Boston. Glad you could make it."

But she wasn't. In fact, I'd wager that she was very, very unhappy to see us. We were the thorn in her lion's paw. Davey to her Goliath. Hell, I'd venture to say we were a razor sharp kirby. And I bet her ass was hurting just about now.

The fact that we were now facing the third or fourth lawyer they hired for the case was proof. It seemed no one wanted to stick with this case. Well, except for us. And the case is very, very simple.

It goes like this. I applied to the patent and trademark office for the word mark "Furious George." The reason? So other bands would have to stop using a name I thought of first, and I heard a movie of the same name was being made. Then Houghton-Mifflin objects to my trademark of the word mark, saying that my use of their trade dress (red and yellow colors) plus my use of "a monkey" destroys the "wholesomeness" of Curious George. Then they go and file a huge motion for summary judgment saying I'm destroying their poor little trademark, and profiting from their multi-million-dollar-a-year enterprise. To date, Furious George is in the hole for about ten grand. And that's with *no* legal expenses. Just regular punk rock band shit.

So that's the case—Houghton-Mifflin Vs. George Tabb. They are seeking to destroy my word mark trademark. Now, remember, I said "word mark" trademark. I am in no way trying to register a monkey or any colors. Just the words "Furious George". Two words. And the word "Furious" is different than "Curious". So what if there are monkeys and special colors on past Furious George records. It's got *nothing* to do with the "word mark", Furious George. *Nothing*. Something Houghton-Mifflin should have thought about before they began spending all this money "defending" their pussy monkey books.

Anyway, the deposition begins, and Andy starts asking all these questions that seem stupid to Ms. Houghton-Mifflin, who is the Vice President In Charge Of Special Marketing, blahblahblah. The more stuff he asks, the more she sighs, and answers him like he's an idiot.

But take it from me—Andy Krents is no idiot. And neither was Columbo. The strategy they both employed was the "rope" one. The one that says, if you give them enough, they'll swing from it.

So Andy gave them plenty.

And the Bitches of Beastdick ate it up.

I really can't go into all the details, as I'm not a lawyer and don't know what I can and can't legally say about the deposition, but I can tell you that both women had pretty nice racks, and it's a shame that nice breasts are attached to, well, *that*.

At the end of the hearing, after a steady stream of questions that lasted over two hours, Andy finally got to that "one more thing" part. And he said it just like Columbo.

When they asked what it was, Andy asked them to re-read my trademark application. The same application Ms. Houghton-Mifflin, the Vice President In Charge of Special Marketing-yadayadablowjob told us she couldn't read earlier, because, "I'm not a lawyer," to which Andy responded "neither is my client, he's a punk rocker, yet he managed to fill it out."

Ms. Ho reread the thing. Andy asked her, from what she read on the trademark application, what his client was seeking to register.

And she had to answer it. Answer what was circled as plain as day on the form. What I've been yelling about for two years now, and her fucking stupid monkey-spanking corporation has been fighting me on with all their might.

She had to answer that I was seeking the Word Mark only.

And since it is *only* the word mark, no monkey, no trade-dress, the likelihood of confusion issue, which they have been pushing all along, really does come down to the letter "F" and the letter "C."

With another great Columbo accent, Andy said "Thank you very much," then packed up his briefcase and left the room with the noose dangling just low enough for the chicks to slip around their necks. Instead, they followed him out of the door.

As I packed up my stuff into my "Um Lammer Jammy" backpack, I asked the old lady court reporter what she thought of the whole thing.

"Very entertaining," she said as she smiled uncontrollably.

I reached into my pocket and gave her a Furious George sticker.

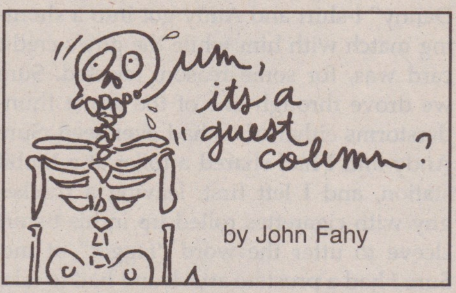
"Oh, my grandchildren will love this," she told me.

"Really?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said with a widening smile, "and they'd probably like you too, Mr. Furious. And that's with an 'F'."

Endnotes:

1. The Gamp is getting married just about...now!!! Congrats to my great friend and his lovely bride! You guys rule!!
2. The new Ministry album is so anti-Iraq war it rocks my world. So is the last Slayer album. Now comes Sebastian Bach's (you know, the girl from Skid Row) new album, Angel Down. Very Good, Very Wood, Fryer Tuck, and Robin Byrd. In other words, it rocks. Like a modern day Judas Priest meets Guns 'n' Roses. Wait! The girl singer from Guns 'n' Roses is on this too! No wonder! Yay!!!
3. Lots of new and cool video games are out now for the holidays. I've previewed the new Castlevania for The PlayStation Portable and it's damn fun. Old Skool! Zelda: The Phantom Hour Glass for the Nintendo DS and Halo 3 for the Xbox 360 are must haves. Actually, I like Zelda more. Fuckin' punk rock pirates! Yeah! Then there's the sports titles from EA...all very good. Games include NBA Live, Fifa 08, and even Tiger Woods 08 for the Mac! Wow! Now I can waste more time not working! Woo Hoo! Seriously, if you like sports, EA makes the best games of this genre. Period. Then there's Call Of Duty for the DS....eh...not so hot. Also not so hot is the new Sims game for kids on the DS - go to Animal Crossing...best game of this type. And if I haven't mentioned it before, Medal of Honor: Airbourne, rocks. To the last level, which is way too hard...but way cool!!!
4. I am very sorry to hear about Lance Hahn. He will be sorely missed. R.I.P.


um, its a guest column?

by John Fahy

Apathy, Atrophy and Capital

"We can't slow it down or shut it off. This machine's got a mind of it's own and it's not in control of itself..." —Celebrity Murders, "Learning to Love Capitalism"
"This is capitalism and it's killing us all." —Old Sarum, "Couches, Capitalism"

Recently in the letters pages of this magazine I got into some kind of argument/pissing contest with some people on the whole MySpace issue and beyond that, the commercialization of punk and hardcore. Let's get at it.

Let me start out by saying that I have a lot of friends that are on "the space." Some of my favorite bands are on there too. That doesn't mean I'm still not going to call it out as unacceptable. This is a counter-culture, and taking advantage of a corporate social networking site is about as non-punk as it gets. You're not smashing the state when the state is hosting your mp3's. Rupert Murdoch enjoys your obedience and the obedience of politicians the world over.

MySpace is part of Rupert Murdoch’s NewsCorp, and Rupert Murdoch is arguably one of the most dangerous men in the world. Republicans and Democrats in the US clamor for his approval because he controls substantial media via television, radio, newspapers, and now the internet. In the 2000 US presidential election, Gore and Bush fought to get Murdoch’s backing and Bush won Murdoch’s favor because he thought Bush would return favors to Newscorp. Fox News TV and radio promptly went hard to work stirring up the idiots of America, and Bush won the election. In the General Election in the UK, Conservatives tried to win Newscorp’s approval and lost. Murdoch’s papers went to work with stories and opinion pieces that were complimentary to the corporate-friendly Labour party and Tony Blair won another election. Soon after, Bush and Blair put together a war that continues to put hundreds of thousands of poor people into the morgue. In Australia, Murdoch owns all of the national newspapers except one. He also owns media in China, where Chinese government media pundits will slam the US, while here at home, Murdoch’s Fox is the loudest, idiotic, neo-con propaganda mouthpiece which many Americans believe espouses true, ‘patriotic’ journalism. Murdoch sells both viewpoints, because nations, wars, or ideas don’t matter; he only gives a fuck about the money.

Is this the brand name you’re going to place above your band, label, zine etc? Your rants about feeling alienated, your songs about the tragedy of war? Is this the conclusion of all our yesterdays?

Because of my views on MySpace, some people in the letters section accused me of being some Crimethinc-er who accepts only immediate revolution, or of being a scene elitist who thinks everything isn’t DIY enough. These ideas are horseshit; some people love to put words in your mouth when you threaten their comfort. I understand that corporate cooperation is inevitable in this life, unless we take the Ted Kacsynski route. I don’t give a shit what compromises people make in their own lives, but I’m not about to accept any from institutions that claim to be part of a counter-culture. It’s too easy to do things DIY, and more importantly, I feel we owe it to ourselves and the punks who have given us examples of how to do what we want to without compromising ideals. Apathetic punks want to tell me that because I personally don’t overthrow the state, I should give up and get on the internet like everyone else, so that their leisure-time activities stay safe. Sorry, not going to happen. Other people accused me of wasting time on the DIY issue when there are so many important menaces to fight against, like our increasingly totalitarian government and the expanding grip of corporate control. This is an argument that has some merit, and this is why the area between the two viewpoints is where I stand.

A lot of punks get into this shit for totally aesthetic reasons, most of us, probably. The music, rebellious attitude, and possibility of danger draw people in. That doesn’t mean they’re going to pick up guns and fight the government or the IMF. It is important though, that we take a stand against those institutions and others, and that it is wholly evident that in this scene we support the demise of those institutions. It’s equally important that we stand against corporate influence here so we can lend credibility to those sentiments. This is literally the least we can do. Stop the fucking infiltration of dirty money in punk, and call out every motherfucker who practices business in a shady way. And taking something for free from big business is still compromise. They put their stamp on you, and you lend your credibility to them. This is punk, it’s the one place that should be 100% fucking free of that shit. We make this community to be free of it. There is no real rebellion in what we say or play if how we do it is compromised. Releasing 7”s, putting out zines, doing labels and distros by independent means...none of that is going to change the world. But we will be an example to be proud of, and we can harness that energy and use that ethic and bring it further into our lives. Practicing independence, honesty, and transparency are not commonplace in the business of the real world. This is the one place where we have to demand that fucking standard. DIY is a stand against the fucking brutal current of capitalism, however small. Fucking irrefutable.

My friend Karen gave me the OLD SARUM song quoted above on a mixtape. It’s fucking killer. What made it really stick out besides the song being awesome is that the lyric quote runs through my head constantly when I read the news. Capitalism has completely beaten our system of supposed participation, our democracy is little less than a joke. We vote all day long with our dollars and we know that our vote every few years for politicians means a lot less than that. Every time you win in this life, someone else loses. That is competition. That is capitalism. We read horrifying stories and wonder what’s wrong with the world. We wonder why we continue to hurl ourselves, this planet and everything on it toward oblivion via global warming because capitalism isn’t ready for a big change quite yet, like changing fuelling sources, and other harmful tools of commerce. We know that we could all stop it tomorrow by simply not doing things that harm the environment. But we’re not ready yet either, our comfort has too firm a grip on us. We are, as ever, complicit. Artie takes the view in the CELEBRITY MURDERS song also quoted above that capitalism is a force we should accept as a monster and get by how we can. I think the choice we ultimately face is, are we jaded and giving in, or are we going to stand against what is fucked in this life? “Get busy living, or get busy dying...”

If this is punk, if this is rebellion, this is the first place to stand up for ourselves against the practice of fucking people over for money. If you are a DIY record label, band, distro, stand up and say so, and say *how*. We should be proud of our business ethics. If someone calls you out, prove them wrong. Witch hunts, rumor-mongering, finger-pointing, and Gotcha! politics are tiresome, but at the end of the day, if you do the right thing, everyone knows it, at least anyone who matters. Over the last few years I’ve seen more shady shit going on in punk rock, and less opposition to it. I think you probably have too. Does punk look more to you like a real threat, or a priveleged kid’s hobby? These things don’t worry me because I just think they’re morally nauseating, there are definite selfish reasonings on my behalf as well.

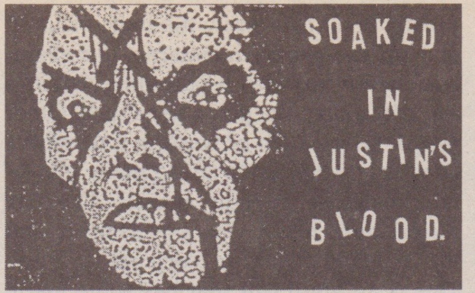
If you’re like me, you probably are kind of a fuckup in one way or another. Usually socially, to start with. You can’t sit around and talk about politics, sports, careers, et al. and feel comfortable. You don’t agree with mainstream opinion. You hate the life most live. You need some other outlet to voice your frustration with life, and you need a different kind of people to share it with. This is what is lost when we sell out. However cozy we make punk rock for consumption, we give in our right to be free of the influence we try to escape. This is the comfort that I don’t want to give in, and that is for selfish reasons. I need it, and less selfishly, so do you.

“The murders among us are the killings and mutilations of ideas by the corporate music industry...the murderers are the liars that feed you their boring excuses every chance they get: 'better advertising,' 'wider distribution,' 'this is the only way to get your message across'...don't believe the cop-out for a second; their medium is profit at all costs."

"...And the murders among us continue." —Sam McPheeters, Adam Nathanson. January 1990. *Murders Among Us* compilation

ENDNOTES:

1. Last time I wrote in the endnotes jokingly, "don't support those boners at Drugged Conscience Records." My friend Chris is the single boner behind Drugged Conscience and he definitely deserves your support. I was just trying to repay him for some pranks he got over on me while we lived together, like hiding shit such as sex toys of mysterious origin and severed bird legs he found outside in places like my bed. Chris just released awesome 7"s by DEAD FRIENDS, GOMEK, and is working on a tape by Pennsylvania's DEAD RADICAL, which is fucking all-out-fast-attack blitzkrieg. Me, Chris, and two of our friends also put out a 7" by long island grindcore weirdos BUCKSHOT FACELIFT. Get all of this shit from him: Drugged Conscience Records, 5140 Tamarind Ridge Drive, Naples, FL 34109 or www.druggedconscience.com
2. Check out everything my friend Joe has released with What The Fuck Happened To Tapes? Records! www.flwebwizzard.com /wtfhttrecords , or you can get a copy of his zine, *Seven Inches to Freedom*, for a buck postage or trade, at: SITF, 2163 Hoople St, Fort Myers, FL 33901. Issue 5 is out and rules, Joe has some awesome, funny reviews, tips on record hunting, an article on HELLNATION, a CIVIC PROGRESS interview, and a lot more of the same great shit that's usually in there. I have a column in there too and a thing in it about M-BLANKET's discography.
3. The best new records I bought or received are: LOADED FOR BEAR/ BIZARRE X split LP/CD, CULT RITUAL 7" on Burrito Records, HOMBRINUS DUDES 7" on On The Warpath Records, and the split 7" my friend Nevin just released, SOFY MAJOR/HER BREATH ON GLASS.
4. If you want a mixtape with killer songs like the OLD SARUM one I mentioned, write Karen at 49 Winterhalder Drive / Zeeland / MI / 49464 and throw in a zine, mixtape, or a buck postage for a copy of her zine, *Mixtapers Do It Better*.
5. John Fahy, 15011 Lakeside View Drive, apt. 2402, Fort Myers, FL 33919


SOAKED IN JUSTIN'S BLOOD.

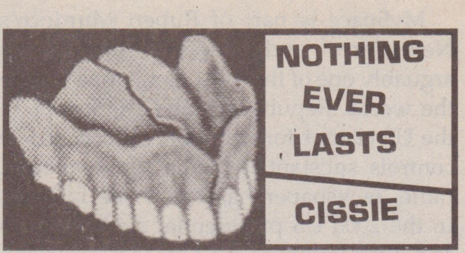
What Happened to No Idols?

I had been thinking a lot about this subject before Martin started talking about how it's time to wage a war on all the ex-punks, talking heads, and go-to-guys. These fools that will probably take to their grave the view that punk died the day they turned their back on it. The turkeys that the rest of the world deems the foremost authority on *our* culture—those delusional wind-bags out there that have spent more time in front of the camera talking about punk than they actually spent being punks. It's getting really hard for me to accept this sensationalization and iconification of something that was started (by their account) to discredit this whole concept of "rock stars" and "celebrity," and to show that anyone can do it. They don't care about us and in their eyes we probably don't even exist. Understand that I love the music and I cherish the network that was put in place by all of their hard work, but in all honesty, I'm sick to fucking death of hearing about "how things were."

To reflect back on something that I touched on in my review of the Motionless In White CD; every generation thinks that every one before and every one after "doesn't get it." Besides ticket sales and personal taste, Elvis, The Beatles, the Pistols, Black Flag, and (as much as I hate to say it) Marilyn Manson all have one thing in common—they were outsiders that zeroed in on whatever it was that kids were craving and struck a fucking nerve in everyone else that "didn't get it." That's why these bands were so effective. It's also a matter of time and place. And now, this is our time and this is our world. Do you want to spend whatever time we have wallowing in some sort of nostalgic mire? I know I sure as hell don't. So fogies, how does it feel to be among those that "don't understand"?

* * *

I'd also like to add that I'm still listening to the Ecoli and Bullets In EPs, Polish punk rules, Portland has tastier burritos than SF, and holidays are depressing and stupid. I finally got an *MRR* email address. It's justin@maximumrocknroll .com—which is where you can write to tell me I can have your unnecessary copy of the LSD *Jast Last* EP.



Things have been pretty hectic around the *MRR* compound lately. A lot of the workspaces are moving and in a few days, I should have my own room. I have to admit, I can't wait to have privacy again. I have yet to feel settled here, which sometimes makes it hard to think and process everything. Other than that, SF has been great and I am enjoying life at *MRR*. I've had a hard time thinking of what to write this month. Being that I am unsettled, I am going to write about the good ole comforts of food, music, and punk rock.

Ever since I found out that I would be moving to San Francisco people have been saying, "I bet you're going to eat a lot of burritos." This is an odd statement to me because there is so much good food in SF—why would I waste my time eating burritos? I don't even really like burritos. OK, I can acknowledge that the soyrizo burrito at Papa Lote is pretty damn good but overall I find burritos annoying to eat and kind of gross. Sandwiches are a far superior food. They don't fall apart as easily as burritos. Sandwiches made with baguettes are the best. I'm a firm believer that you can put anything on a baguette and it will taste good. One of the best sandwiches I've ever made included five-layer nachos on a baguette. I've thought about putting pasta on a sandwich but I have yet to execute this idea (I've also thought about making pasta tacos and while we're on the subject tacos are better than burritos too). If ya must know, I've yet to eat a real Mission-style burrito since I've been in town and I don't feel like I'm missing out on anything. Jay's Cheesesteak has been getting a lot of my business because their BBQ seitan sandwich is possibly the best food in existence, or at least in the five-block radius surrounding *MRR*. I can see myself eventually getting burned out on it—I think I've eaten at least 30 sandwiches from there since I've moved here, but I will forever associate it with my first few months of living in SF.

Chronic Disorder (the early to mid-'80s Connecticut hardcore band) is something else I think I will always connect with my early *MRR* tenure. I've slept on listening to their first LP for years. I remember my interest being piqued when I read that it was reminiscent of Code of Honor but I never got around to seeking it out. It is indeed cut from a similar cloth as Code of Honor but it has a wilder quality and the mellow songs on the first Chronic Disorder LP are some of the best of their kind. For awhile, I was listening to this record so much that Martin started to grow concern for me and suggested other melodic hardcore bands that I could investigate to broaden my scope but honestly, I'd rather being listening to Chronic Disorder. Actually, I've been introduced to a lot of great bands of yore since I've been here but I think that's the topic of a future column.

Other than Chronic Disorder I've been playing lots of Post Regiment and 13th Floor Elevators. I guess they qualify as old favorites but they've sounded really great as of late, specifically the first Post Regiment LP and *Easter Everywhere* by the Elevators. I recently heard tale that there is a big Polish festival scheduled for some time in 2008 in which all the old bands are reuniting. Usually I am not a fan of reunions but if Post Regiment ever plays again anywhere in the world, rest assured that I will be there. Please quote me on that in the future. I'll never get to see 13th Floor Elevators but I got to see Roky twice while living in Austin. I saw him on his birthday in 2006 and a few months later at a street fair in downtown. That show was crazy because all sorts of local riff-raff were present and a lot of random families came out for an evening on the town. I'm sure many of these people were unaware of the legend that is Roky Erickson but they were rocking out nonetheless. It was cool until some weird, random old drunk dude tried to dance with me. The people I was with thought that was hilarious but I don't like when people invade my personal space so I tossed an empty, crushed beer can at the dude and he reacted by doing the same to me. In retrospect, it was pretty funny.

In miscellaneous punk entertainment news, there's a new book (*Punk Is Dead, Punk Is Everything*) and a new movie to keep a watch for (*You Weren't There*). We recently received an advance copy of the book *Punk Is Dead, Punk Is Everything*. The same folks responsible for *Fucked Up and Photocopied* compiled it. A few people have complained that it seems like it's full of the rejects from *Fucked Up and Photocopied* but I have to disagree. It looks just as good as the old book but it covers much more ground. While most of the book still concentrates on the '70s and '80s, this installment has sections focusing on Japanese punk, metal, anarcho punk, and modern punk. While I think there is room for more depth and overall improvement in these sections, it is still a step in the right direction. In an ideal world this will not be the last book in the series and future versions will include artwork from Nick Blinko in the "Crass punks" chapter and the '90s-and-later punk section will get even more coverage. I have already spent several hours looking at *Punk Is Dead, Punk Is Everything* and I'm sure I will spend many more. *You Weren't There* is a movie concerning the early Chicago punk scene. 1300 people attended the opening night event in Chicago and I really wish I could have been there. I have yet to see it so I am championing it based on the praise I have heard from others and the excellent trailer. Apparently, the movie covers the scene right from the beginning into the '80s and has tons of archival footage. I guess the end goes into the standard "punk's no longer relevant" kind of diatribe that a lot of old farts like to hide behind but everyone is claiming that beyond that, it is a better movie than *American Hardcore*. Anyway, *Maximum Rocknroll* is planning to sponsor a showing of *You Weren't There* somewhere in the Bay Area so if you live out here keep your eyes opened for flyers and other propaganda.

THREE CHORD POLITICS

chris hubbard

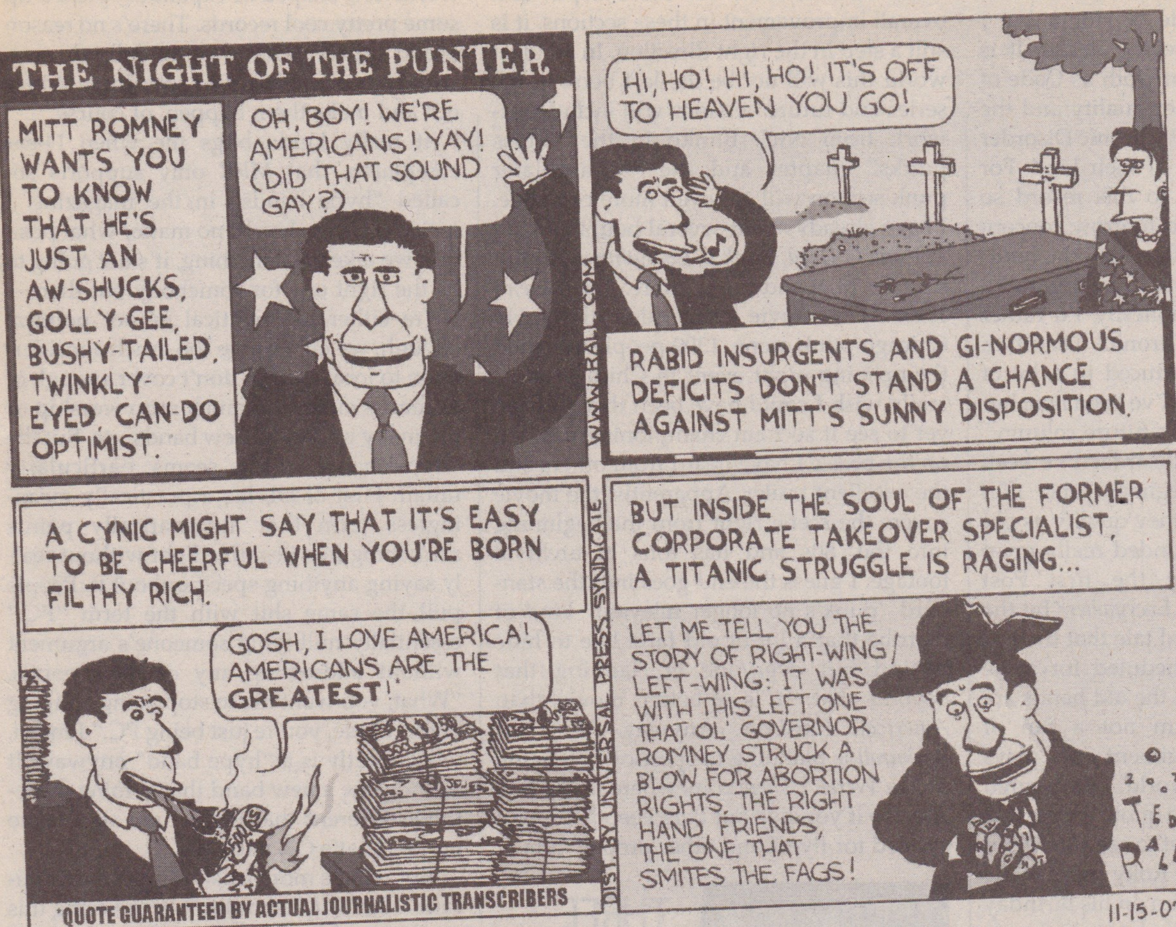
One of the reasons I got into punk in the first place was because I wanted something different, something more. In a wider sense, different from the mainstream culture that seemed to value wealth over happiness, self-interest over altruism, beauty over ugliness; specifically, a music and community that was different from the typical disposable fake bullshit that ruled the airwaves (and still does). While in many respects, the angst I felt back in my teens has changed or gone away (to be replaced by other worries, of course), I still have a need to search for *something more* from this culture in which I'm so involved. Punk rock has given me so many invaluable experiences already—I've travelled places I'd never have otherwise visited; met many likeminded people with whom I shared something in common; forged lifelong friendships; had my mind blown countless times by a bands' music or lyrics, live or through my stereo or walkman; had my worldview shaped or expanded; picked up some pretty cool records. There's no reason I can't expect punk to continually do so—with my commitment to seek these things out and make them happen, of course.

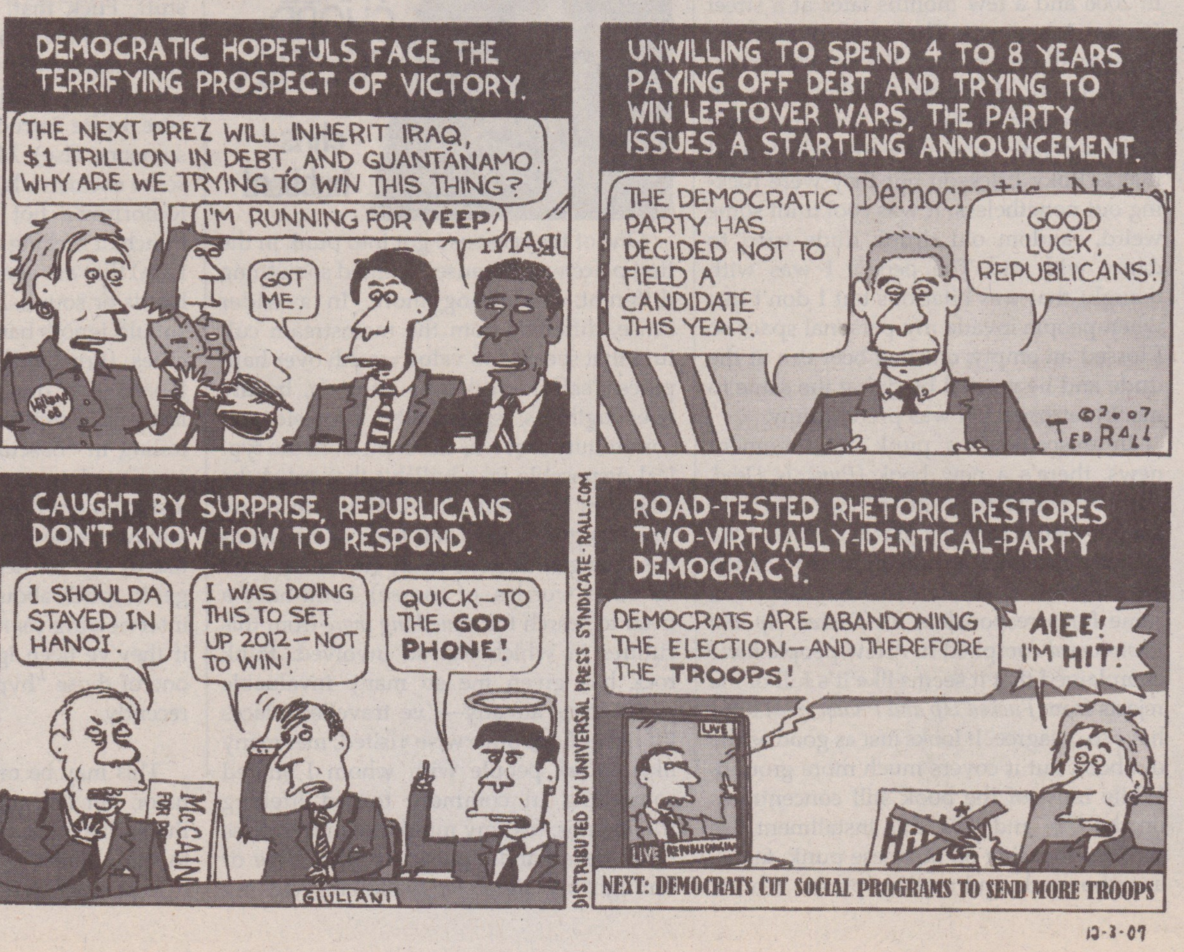
It really kinda bugs me when I hear complaints that *MRR* only supports so-called "hype bands" in the magazine. I mean, on some levels, no matter what position we take on something, it's not going to be the right one for somebody out there—we're either too political or not political enough, we either give too much consideration to local stuff or don't cover enough of it, there's either too much retro worship or too many unknown new bands, etc. But the "hype band" thing seems particularly unfair. First of all, it's a practically meaningless term that automatically paints something in a negative light without really saying anything specific about it. People pull the same shit with the term "PC," essentially nullifying someone's argument without addressing any of their points. "What, you want me to stop being a raging bigot? Dude, you're just being PC." I mean, what exactly is a "hype band" anyway? It sounds like a new band that's doing something different that people are starting to notice. That's OK with me.

But what's more frustrating is the implication that *MRR* shouldn't be covering this stuff. Fuck that! I mean, I'm doing this because I love music, I love punk, and I especially love to write about and turn people on to cool shit that I'm into (same as I love to be introduced to great music by someone else). *MRR* isn't out to establish some exclusive hipsters-only monopoly on tomorrow's hot trends—we're mostly a bunch of fucking music nerds (well, at least I am) that are genuinely excited about new bands or sounds. OK, I'm *not* saying *MRR* should ignore bands that aren't from "hip" cities (Portland) or countries (Sweden, Japan), that don't have ex-members from last year's popular band, or that have been toiling in "obscurity" because they're not connected to the scenester network. I'm just saying we seek out what we like, and anything else would be insincere. I'd also like to say: we need more contributions, so get in touch about doing a scene report or interviewing *your* favorite band, especially if they've been ignored so far in favor of one of those "hype bands" we've covered recently.

* * *

This may be my final column as coordinator, but I'm gonna refrain from doing a thanks list (or more temptingly, a "no thanks to these bums"), 'cause I'm still gonna be here as much as ever. See ya 'round...

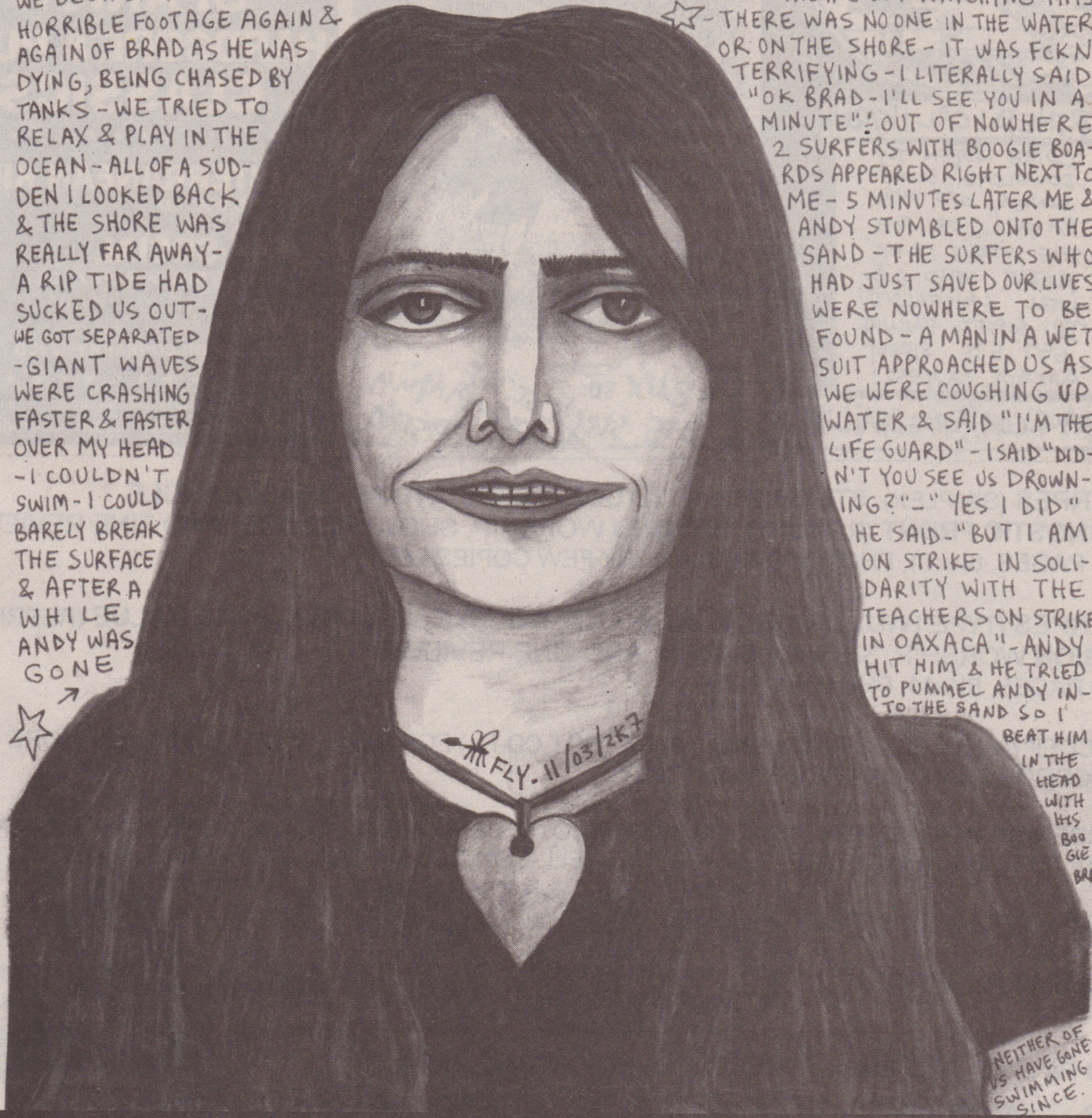

THE NIGHT OF THE PUNTER
MITT ROMNEY WANTS YOU TO KNOW THAT HE'S JUST AN AW-SHUCKS, GOLLY-GEE, BUSHY-TAILED, TWINKLY-EYED, CAN-DO OPTIMIST.
OH, BOY! WE'RE AMERICANS! YAY! (DID THAT SOUND GAY?)
WWW.RALL.COM
HI, HO! HI, HO! IT'S OFF TO HEAVEN YOU GO!
RABID INSURGENTS AND GI-NORMOUS DEFICITS DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST MITT'S SUNNY DISPOSITION.
A CYNIC MIGHT SAY THAT IT'S EASY TO BE CHEERFUL WHEN YOU'RE BORN FILTHY RICH.
GOSH, I LOVE AMERICA! AMERICANS ARE THE GREATEST!*
*QUOTE GUARANTEED BY ACTUAL JOURNALISTIC TRANSCRIBERS
DIST. BY UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE
BUT INSIDE THE SOUL OF THE FORMER CORPORATE TAKEOVER SPECIALIST, A TITANIC STRUGGLE IS RAGING...
LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY OF RIGHT-WING/LEFT-WING: IT WAS WITH THIS LEFT ONE THAT OL' GOVERNOR ROMNEY STRUCK A BLOW FOR ABORTION RIGHTS. THE RIGHT HAND, FRIENDS, THE ONE THAT SMITES THE FAGS!
©2007 TED RALL
APOLOGIES TO ROBERT MITCHUM
11-15-07


DEMOCRATIC HOPEFULS FACE THE TERRIFYING PROSPECT OF VICTORY.
THE NEXT PREZ WILL INHERIT IRAQ, $1 TRILLION IN DEBT, AND GUANTÁNAMO. WHY ARE WE TRYING TO WIN THIS THING?
I'M RUNNING FOR VEEP!
GOT ME.
IRAN
UNWILLING TO SPEND 4 TO 8 YEARS PAYING OFF DEBT AND TRYING TO WIN LEFTOVER WARS, THE PARTY ISSUES A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY HAS DECIDED NOT TO FIELD A CANDIDATE THIS YEAR.
Democratic Nation
GOOD LUCK, REPUBLICANS!
©2007 TED RALL
CAUGHT BY SURPRISE, REPUBLICANS DON'T KNOW HOW TO RESPOND.
I SHOULDA STAYED IN HANOI.
I WAS DOING THIS TO SET UP 2012—NOT TO WIN!
QUICK—TO THE GOD PHONE!
McCAIN FOR PRES
GIULIANI
DISTRIBUTED BY UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE · RALL.COM
ROAD-TESTED RHETORIC RESTORES TWO-VIRTUALLY-IDENTICAL-PARTY DEMOCRACY.
DEMOCRATS ARE ABANDONING THE ELECTION—AND THEREFORE THE TROOPS!
AIEE! I'M HIT!
LIVE
LIVE REPUBLICAN
NEXT: DEMOCRATS CUT SOCIAL PROGRAMS TO SEND MORE TROOPS
12-3-07

PEOPS

LAST YEAR (NOV. 2K6) RIGHT AFTER BRAD WAS KILLED I WAS SORT OF FLIPPED OUT & DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF - I WAS STILL IN A STATE OF SHOCK & GREIF & I FELT THE NEED TO GO TO WHERE BRAD HAD BEEN & TO MEET THE PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN AROUND HIM WHEN HE DIED & WHO SAW THE WHOLE THING - IT WAS A REALLY DANGEROUS TIME TO BE IN OAXACA - THERE WERE ARMORED POLICE VEHICLES & FEDERALES PATROLING THE STREETS WHO DISSAPPEARED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE JUST IN THE 2 WEEKS THAT WE WERE THERE - WE WERE GATHERING FIRST HAND WITNESS TESTIMONIES ON VIDEO FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INVESTIGATION INTO BRAD'S MURDER - ON THE LAST DAY WE HAD TO TAKE A BUS TO PUERTO ESCONDIDO - BECAUSE THEY WERE PULLING GRINGOS OFF BUSES HEADED TO MEXICO CITY - WE HAD 6 HOURS IN ESCONDIDO BEFORE OUR BUS WOULD TAKE US TO THE AIRPORT - I WAS WITH ANDY STERN (A BRILLIANT PHOTOGRAPHER & ACTIVIST & BRAD'S BEST FRIEND) WE DECIDED TO GO SWIMMING - AFTER AN INTENSE 2 WEEKS OF HIDING OUT WATCHING THIS HORRIBLE FOOTAGE AGAIN & AGAIN OF BRAD AS HE WAS DYING, BEING CHASED BY TANKS - WE TRIED TO RELAX & PLAY IN THE OCEAN - ALL OF A SUDDEN I LOOKED BACK & THE SHORE WAS REALLY FAR AWAY - A RIP TIDE HAD SUCKED US OUT - WE GOT SEPARATED - GIANT WAVES WERE CRASHING FASTER & FASTER OVER MY HEAD - I COULDN'T SWIM - I COULD BARELY BREAK THE SURFACE & AFTER A WHILE ANDY WAS GONE

- THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE WATER OR ON THE SHORE - IT WAS FCKN TERRIFYING - I LITERALLY SAID "OK BRAD - I'LL SEE YOU IN A MINUTE" - OUT OF NOWHERE 2 SURFERS WITH BOOGIE BOARDS APPEARED RIGHT NEXT TO ME - 5 MINUTES LATER ME & ANDY STUMBLED ONTO THE SAND - THE SURFERS WHO HAD JUST SAVED OUR LIVES WERE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND - A MAN IN A WET SUIT APPROACHED US AS WE WERE COUGHING UP WATER & SAID "I'M THE LIFE GUARD" - I SAID "DIDN'T YOU SEE US DROWNING?" - "YES I DID" HE SAID - "BUT I AM ON STRIKE IN SOLIDARITY WITH THE TEACHERS ON STRIKE IN OAXACA" - ANDY HIT HIM & HE TRIED TO PUMMEL ANDY INTO THE SAND SO I BEAT HIM IN THE HEAD WITH HIS BOOGIE BRD

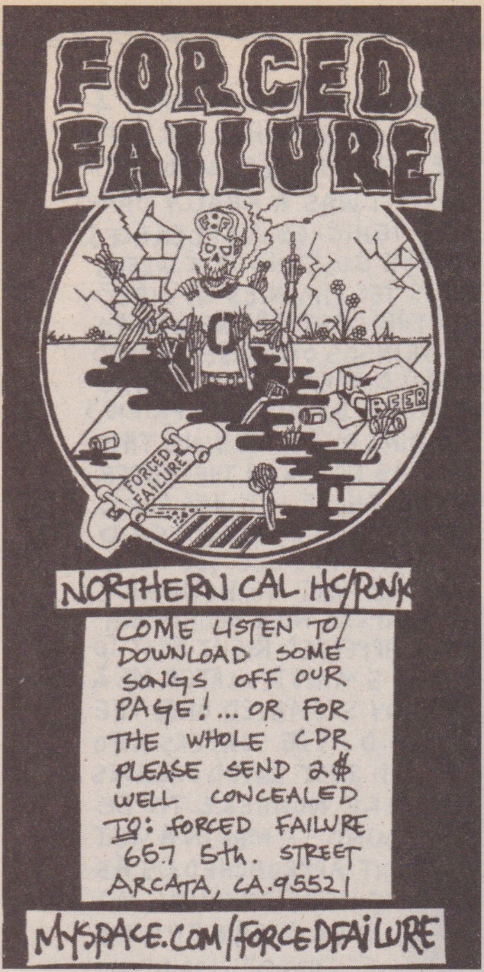


NEITHER OF US HAVE GONE SWIMMING SINCE.

Dyan aka Glass - 11/03/2K7

I first met Dyan in NYC in the late nineties when she was hanging out & traveling a lot with my friend Brad Will - they spent a lot of time in South America helping out with indigenous struggles (among many other places & activisms) - I did this portrait while Dyan was back in NYC Briefly for the one year memorial of Brad's death - in late October of 2K6 Brad was shot & killed by Mexican police in Oaxaca as he was filming the teachers' protests for indymedia - (you can now understand the irony of the above story) - we were all pretty devastated by this - Dyan is currently working on a book about her travels with Brad & the work that they did leading up to his eventual murder - if you want to find out more about Brad & the continuing struggles that he actively supported go to www.friendsofbradwill.org - Dyan is pretty much stuck in the Bay Area for now & looking for a place to live for a while for herself & her dog - you can contact her at glass@riseup.net.

To contact Fly email: fly@bway.net (put MRR in the subject so I know its not spam!) - currently you can get Fly Zines at www.microcosmpublishing.com - look for Dog Dayz #1 & #2 - PEOPs Zine #3 - & the big PEOPs book (published by Soft Skull) - for snail mail: Fly PO Box 1318 Cooper Stn NYC NY10009 USA - website is: www.bway.net

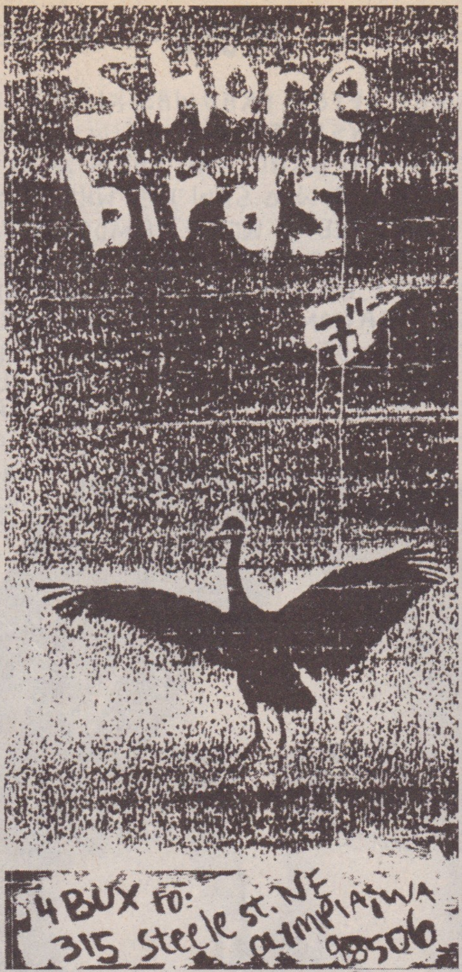


FORCED FAILURE

NORTHERN CAL HC/PUNK

COME LISTEN TO/
DOWNLOAD SOME
SONGS OFF OUR
PAGE! ... OR FOR
THE WHOLE CDR
PLEASE SEND 2$
WELL CONCEALED
TO: FORCED FAILURE
657 5th. STREET
ARCATA, CA. 95521

MYSPACE.COM/FORCEDFAILURE



Shore birds

4 BUX to:
315 steele st. NE
olympia wa
98506

L'Odi Social. Foto Xavier Mercadé

SPANISH
HARDCORE & PUNK
CLASSICS

SUBTERRANEAN KIDS
"EARLY DAYS" CD

L'ODI SOCIAL
"COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY" CD *OUT SOON*

HHH
"COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY" 2xCD *OUT SOON*

USA Distribution stickfiguredistro.com
www.bcoredisc.com | bcore@bcoredisc.com

HERPES (SIMPLEX): **STUBBORN ATTITUDE, TRICERATOPS, BRAIN HANDLE, AGNOSTIC FRONT** (REPRINT), **BEYOND** WORSHIP, SHOW, RECORD, AND ZINE REVIEWS
(64 PAGES, 8½x11, PHOTOCOPIED) – VERY FEW COPIES LEFT!

HERPES (TYPE TWO): **DRY-ROT, IRON AGE, DOUBLE NEGATIVE, FACE VALUE** (REPRINT), **VISION** WORSHIP, SHOW, RECORD, AND ZINE REVIEWS
(60 PAGES, 8½x11, PHOTOCOPIED)

I ACCEPT ONLY ZINES AND DEMO TAPES (**NOT** CD-Rs) FOR REVIEW BECAUSE I BUY MORE RECORDS THAN I CAN REVIEW ALREADY.

ORDERING INFO: $2 PER ISSUE OR $3 FOR BOTH. SEND A U.S. POSTAL MONEY ORDER (MADE OUT TO ROB DREWRY, **NOT** HERPES) OR WELL-CONCEALED CASH TO THIS ADDRESS:

1131 NORTH HIGH STREET
APT. 301
COLUMBUS, OH, 43201
USA

GET

NO PAYPAL, JUST EMAIL: GET.HERPES.NOW@GMAIL.COM

HERPES

MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #296 COMPILED BY ARIEL CELESTE AND JUSTIN BRIGGS

MUSLIM PROFILING IS ON THE TABLE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES—
Civil rights advocates criticized plans by the Los Angeles Police Department to map the city's Muslim communities, calling it racial profiling. The LAPD's counter-terrorism bureau plans to identify Muslim enclaves in order to determine which might be likely to become isolated and susceptible to "violent, ideologically based extremism," said Deputy Chief Michael P. Downing.

We want to know where the Pakistanis, Iranians and Chechens are so we can reach out to those communities," said Downing, who heads the counter-terrorism bureau. Downing said the plan is still in its early stages, but the LAPD wants to work with a Muslim partner and intends to have the data assembled by the University of Southern California's Center for Risk and Economic Analysis.

Downing testified about the plan before a U.S. Senate committee on Oct. 30. In his testimony, Downing said his bureau wanted to "take a deeper look at the history, demographics, language, culture, ethnic breakdown, socioeconomic status and social interactions" of the city's Muslim communities. There are an estimated 500,000 Muslims in Los Angeles, Orange and Riverside counties.

Recently, several Muslim groups and the American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California sent Downing a letter expressing "grave concerns" about the program. "Singling out individuals for investigation, surveillance, and data-gathering based on their religion constitutes religious profiling that is just as unlawful, ill-advised and deeply offensive as racial profiling," said the letter. It was signed by representatives of the ACLU of Southern California; Muslim Advocates, a national association of Muslim lawyers; the Islamic Shura Council of Southern California and the Council on American-Islamic Relations. The plan "basically turns the LAPD officers into religious political analysts, while their role is to fight crime and enforce the laws," said Hussam Ayloush, head of the Los Angeles chapter of the Council on American-Islamic Relations, who signed the letter.

However, another group, the Muslim Public Affairs Council, is considering working with the LAPD on the project. "We will work with the LAPD and give them input, while at the same time making sure that people's civil liberties are protected," said Salam al-Marayati, the council's executive director.

RUN AWAY, THE RAY-GUN IS COMING!

From an article by Michael Hanlon dailymail.co.uk

"Where do I put my finger? There ... OK? Nothing's happening ... is it on?" "Yes, it's on. Move your finger a bit closer." "Er ... ow! Ow!" Not good. I try again. "Owww!" I pull my hand away sharpish. My finger is throbbing, but seems undamaged. I was told people can take it for a second, maximum. No way, not for a wimp like me. I try it again. It is a bit like touching a red-hot wire, but there is no heat, only the sensation of heat. There is no burn mark or blister. Its makers claim this infernal machine is the modern face of warfare. It has a nice, friendly sounding name, Silent Guardian. I am told not to call it a ray-gun, though that is precisely what it is (the term "pain gun" is maybe better, but I suppose they would like that even less). And, to be fair, the machine is not designed to vaporise, shred, atomize, dismember or otherwise cause permanent harm. But it is a horrible device nonetheless, and you are forced to wonder what the world has come to when human ingenuity is pressed into service to make a thing like this.

Silent Guardian is making waves in defense circles. Built by the U.S. firm Raytheon, it is part of its "Directed Energy Solutions" program. What it amounts to is a way of making people run away, very fast, without killing or even permanently harming them. That is what the company says, anyway. The reality may turn out to be more horrific. I tested a table-top demonstration model, but here's how it works in the field. A square transmitter as big as a plasma TV screen is mounted on the back of a Jeep. When turned on, it emits an invisible, focused beam of radiation - similar to the microwaves in a domestic cooker - that are tuned to a precise frequency to stimulate human nerve endings. It can throw a wave of agony nearly half a mile. Because the beam penetrates skin only to a depth of 1/64th of an inch, it cannot, says Raytheon, cause visible, permanent injury. But anyone in the beam's path will feel, over their entire body, the agonizing sensation I've just felt on my fingertip. The prospect doesn't bear thinking about. "I have been in front of the full-sized system and, believe me, you just run. You don't have time to think about it - you just run," says George Svitak, a Raytheon executive. Silent Guardian is supposed to be the 21st century equivalent of tear gas or water cannon - a way of getting crowds to disperse quickly and with minimum harm. Its potential is obvious.

In Iraq, there was a situation when combatants had taken media as human shields. The battalion commander told me there was no way of separating combatants from non-com-

Story continued from previous page—

batants without lethal force," Mr Svitak tells me. He says this weapon would have made it possible because everyone, friend or foe, would have run from it. In tests, even the most hardened Marines flee after a few seconds of exposure. It just isn't possible to tough it out. This machine has the ability to inflict limitless, unbearable pain.

What makes it OK, says Raytheon, is that the pain stops as soon as you are out of the beam or the machine is turned off. But my right finger was tingling hours later - was that psychosomatic? So what is the problem? All right, it hurts, but then so do tear gas and water cannon, and they have been used by the world's police and military for decades. Am I being squeamish?

One thing is certain: not just the Silent Guardian, but weapons such as the Taser, the electric stun-gun, are being rolled out by Britain's police forces as the new way of controlling people by using pain. And, as the Raytheon chaps all insist, you always have the option to get out of the way (just as you have the option to comply with the police officer's demands and not get Tasered). But there is a problem: mission creep. This is the Americanism which describes what happens when, over time, powers or techniques are used to ends not stated or even imagined when they were devised. With the Taser, the rules in place in Britain say it must be used only as an alternative to the gun. But what happens in ten or 20 years if a new government chooses to amend these rules? It is so easy to see the Taser being used routinely to control dissent and pacify—as, indeed, already happens in the U.S.

And the Silent Guardian? Raytheon's Mac Jeffery says it is being looked at only by the "North American military and its allies" and is not being sold to countries with questionable human rights records. An MoD spokesman said Britain is not planning to buy this weapon. In fact, it is easy to see the ray-gun being used not as an alternative to lethal force (when I can see that it is quite justified), but as an extra weapon in the battle against dissent. Because it is, in essence, a simple machine, it is easy to see similar devices being pressed into service in places with extremely dubious reputations.

There are more questions: in tests, volunteers have been asked to remove spectacles and contact lenses before being microwaved. Does this imply these rays are not as harmless as Raytheon insists? What happens when someone with a weak heart is zapped? And, perhaps most worryingly, what if deployment of Silent Guardian causes mass panic, leaving some people unable to flee in the melee? Will they just be stuck there roasting? Raytheon insists the system is set up to limit exposure, but presumably these safeguards can be over-ridden.

Silent Guardian and the Taser are just the first in a new wave of "non-lethal" weaponry being developed, mostly in the U.S. These include not only microwave ray-guns, but the terrifying Pulsed Energy Projectile weapon. This uses a powerful laser which, when it hits someone up to one and a half miles away, produces a "plasma"— a bubble of superhot gas—on the skin.

A report in New Scientist claimed the focus of research was to heighten the pain caused by this semi-classified weapon. And a document released under the U.S. Freedom of Information Act talks of "optimal pulse parameters to evoke peak nociceptor activation" - i.e. cause the maximum agony possible, leaving no permanent damage. Perhaps the most alarming prospect is that such machines would make efficient torture instruments. They are quick, clean, cheap, easy to use and, most importantly, leave no marks. What would happen if they fell into the hands of unscrupulous nations where torture is not unknown? The agony the Raytheon gun inflicts is probably equal to anything in a torture chamber - these waves are tuned to a frequency exactly designed to stimulate the pain nerves. I couldn't hold my finger next to the device for more than a fraction of a second. I could make the pain stop, but what if my finger had been strapped to the machine?

Dr John Wood, a biologist at UCL and an expert in the way the brain perceives pain, is horrified by the new pain weapons. "They are so obviously useful as torture instruments," he says. "It is ethically dubious to say they are useful for crowd control when they will obviously be used by unscrupulous people for torture." We use the word "medieval" as shorthand for brutality. The truth is that new technology makes racks look benign.

BEER RUNNERS' FLOUR TRAIL: A RECIPE FOR TROUBLE

From msnbc.com

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—

Two people who sprinkled flour in a parking lot to mark a trail for their offbeat running club inadvertently caused a bioterrorism scare and now face a felony charge. The sprinkled powder forced hundreds to evacuate an IKEA furniture store.

New Haven ophthalmologist Daniel Salchow, 36, and his sister, Dorothee, 31, who is visiting from Hamburg, Germany, were both charged with first-degree breach of peace, a felony. The siblings set off the scare while organizing a run for a local chapter of the Hash House Harriers, a worldwide group that bills itself as a "drinking club with a running problem." "Hares" are given the task of marking a trail to direct runners, throwing in some dead ends and forks as challenges. The Salchows decided to route runners through the massive IKEA parking lot.

Police fielded a call just before 5 p.m. that someone was sprinkling powder on the ground. The store was evacuated and remained closed the rest of the night. The incident prompted a massive response from police in New Haven and surrounding towns. Flouring the road from coast to coast

Daniel Salchow biked back to IKEA when he heard there was a problem and told officers the powder was just harmless flour, which he said he and his sister have sprinkled everywhere from New York to California without incident. "Not in my wildest dreams did I ever anticipate anything like that," he said.

Mayoral spokeswoman Jessica Mayorga said the city plans to seek restitution from the Salchows. "You see powder connected by arrows and chalk, you never know," she said. "It could be a terrorist, it could be something more serious. We're thankful it wasn't, but there were a lot of resources that went into figuring that out.

BLACKWATER'S RUN FOR THE BORDER

From Salon.com

SAN DIEGO—

There are signs that Blackwater USA, the private security firm that came under intense scrutiny after its employees killed 17 civilians in Iraq in September, is positioning itself for direct involvement in U.S. border security. The company is poised to construct a major new training facility in California, just eight miles from the U.S.-Mexico border. While contracts for U.S. war efforts overseas may no longer be a growth industry for the company, Blackwater executives have lobbied the U.S. government since at least 2005 to help train and even deploy manpower for patrolling America's borders.

Blackwater is planning to build an 824-acre military-style training complex in Potrero, Calif., a rural hamlet 45 miles east of San Diego. The company's proposal, which was approved last December by the Potrero Community Planning Group and has drawn protest from within the Potrero community, will turn a former chicken ranch into "Blackwater West," the company's second-largest facility in the country. It will include a multitude of weapons firing ranges, a tactical driving track, a helipad, a 33,000-square-foot urban simulation training area, an armory for storing guns and ammunition, and dorms and classrooms. And it will be located in the heart one of the most active regions in the United States for illegal border crossings.

While some residents of Potrero have welcomed the plan, others have raised fears about encroachment on protected lands and what they see as an intimidating force of mercenaries coming into their backyard. The specter of Blackwater West and the rising interest in privatizing border security have also alarmed Democratic Rep. Bob Filner, whose congressional district includes Potrero. Filner says he believes it's a good possibility that Blackwater is positioning itself for border security contracts and is opposed to the new complex. "You have to be very wary of mercenary soldiers in a democracy, which is more fragile than people think," Rep. Filner told Salon. "You don't want armies around who will sell out to the highest bidder. We already have vigilantes on the border, the Minutemen, and this would just add to [the problem]," Filner said, referring to the Minuteman Project, a conservative group that has organized civilian posses to assist the U.S. Border Patrol in the past. Filner is backing legislation to block establishment of what he calls "mercenary training centers" anywhere in the U.S. outside of military bases. "The border is a sensitive area," he said, "and if Blackwater operates the way they do in Iraq— shoot first and ask questions later — my constituents are at risk."

A spokesman for the U.S. Customs and Border Protection denied there are any specific plans to work directly with Blackwater. And Blackwater officials say the complex would be used only for training active-duty military and law enforcement officials, work for which the company has contracted with the U.S. government.

But statements and lobbying activity by Blackwater officials, and the location for the new complex, strongly suggest plans to get involved in border security, with potential contracts worth hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, Blackwater enjoys support from powerful Republican congressmen who advocate hard-line border policies, including calls for deploying private agents to beef up the ranks of the U.S. Border Patrol. Lawmakers supporting Blackwater include California Rep. and presidential candidate Duncan Hunter — who met last year with company officials seeking his advice on the proposal for Blackwater West — and Rep. Mike Rogers of Alabama, who is sponsoring a bill to allow private contractors such as Blackwater to help secure U.S. borders.

When questioned at a public hearing with the Potrero planning group on Sept. 13 about Blackwater West, Brian Bonfiglio, a Blackwater spokesman, said, "I don't think there's anyone in this room who wouldn't like to see the border tightened up." Blackwater currently had no contracts to help with border security," Bonfiglio said, but he emphasized that "we would entertain any approach from our government to help secure either border, absolutely." Bonfiglio was responding to questions from Raymond Lutz, a local organizer who opposes the new complex. (Lutz recorded the exchange and posted video of it on Oct. 12 at CitizensOversight.org.) Lutz also asked Bonfiglio if Blackwater West would be used as a base for deployment of Border Patrol agents. "Actually, we've offered it up as a substation to Border Patrol and U.S. Customs right now," Bonfiglio replied. "We'd love to see them there."

Ramon Rivera, a spokesman for the U.S. Customs and Border Protection in Washington, denied Bonfiglio's claim that the agency is entertaining an offer to use Blackwater West as a substation. "I think that's just Blackwater trying to sell themselves," Rivera said.

In fact, Blackwater has been selling itself for direct involvement in border security at least since May 2005, when the company's then president, Gary Jackson, testified before a House subcommittee. Jackson's testimony focused on Blackwater helping to train U.S. Border Patrol agents and included discussion of contracts theoretically worth $80 million to $200 million, for thousands of personnel. Asked by one lawmaker if his company saw a market opportunity in border security, Jackson replied: "I can put as many men together as you need, trained and on the borders."

The company has turned to powerful allies on Capitol Hill for support, including Hunter, the ranking Republican on the House Armed Services Committee and a longtime proponent of tougher border security. Joe Kasper, a spokesman for Hunter, confirmed to Salon that Blackwater officials sought guidance from Hunter on getting Blackwater West approved for Potrero. Hunter met with Blackwater officials in May 2006, at which time Hunter recommended the firm contact Dianne Jacob, the county supervisor responsible for Potrero and one of five supervisors who would vote on countywide approval for Blackwater West. Blackwater officials then met with Jacob in May, and in June the company submitted its proposal to the county, where it now must go through an approval process.

Rep. Filner says Potrero residents have complained to him that Hunter also brought pressure locally for Blackwater West. "People in the area told me he called the landowner [of the proposed site] to urge him to sell [to Blackwater]. I don't know that he did, but it wouldn't surprise me," says Filner. "That's what people in the area are saying." (Hunter has ties to Potrero, which used to be part of his congressional district; after a redestricting in 2001, Potrero became part of Filner's district, which borders Hunter's district.)

Spokesman Kasper denied that Hunter called the landowner, whose identity remains unclear. But Kasper also said that Hunter "supports Blackwater and other private security contractors in Iraq, and he supports the training facility in Potrero."

One specific concern Potrero residents have raised with relation to Blackwater West is the high risk of wildfires in their part of the county — a danger on display the last two days as Potrero has been ravaged by fire along with other parts of Southern California. Blackwater has in fact pushed as a selling point that the complex would be a "defensible location" during wildfires. But opponents, including Jan Hedlun, the only member of the Potrero Planning Group opposed to Blackwater West, foresee dan-

Story continued from previous page—

ger rather than a safe haven. As Hedlun wrote in a recent editorial in the San Diego Union-Tribune, "residents state they would not flee to a box canyon with one access point and an armory filled with ammunition and/or explosives."

Ever since illegal immigration became a top issue for the Bush administration and lawmakers on Capitol Hill, there have been growing calls for the U.S. to bring private security companies into border enforcement. In September 2006, the conservative Heritage Foundation in Washington released a policy paper titled "Better, Faster, and Cheaper Border Security," which urged Congress and the president to beef up forces as fast as possible. "In particular," the report said, "private contractors could play an important role in recruiting and training Border Patrol agents and providing personnel to secure the border." Late last month, one of the report's authors hosted a symposium in Washington for an updated discussion on the topic, for which Rep. Rogers — a proponent of both Blackwater and DynCorp International, another private security contractor with personnel in Iraq and Afghanistan — was the keynote speaker.

On June 19 of this year, during a House subcommittee meeting titled "Ensuring We Have Well-Trained Boots on the Ground at the Border," Rep. Christopher Carney, a Democrat from Pennsylvania, acknowledged "it's no secret that CPB [Customs and Border Protection] as a whole lacks the manpower to fulfill its crucial mission." Robert B. Rosenkranz, president of the government services division of DynCorp, presented a plan for putting 1,000 DynCorp employees at the border in 13 months, at a cost of $197 million.

In May 2006, the Bush administration had called for a sharp increase in manpower, at least with the existing federal force. President Bush then signed a bill into law on Oct. 4, 2006, to boost the number of U.S. Customs and Border Patrol agents on the ground by nearly 50 percent, from approximately 12,300 to approximately 18,300, by the end of 2008.

But even such an ambitious increase would do little to stop the flow of illegal immigrants, says T.J. Bonner, president of the National Border Patrol Council, which represents most U.S. Border Patrol agents. Bonner, himself a field agent in east San Diego County, told the House subcommittee in June, "Realistically, there is no magic number of Border Patrol agents required to secure our borders and even if there were, it would certainly be much higher than the 18,000 proposed by the administration."

Scott Borgerson, a fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations who specializes in homeland security, says it makes sense that U.S. companies would try to position themselves to fill gaps in national security with lucrative private-sector solutions. "If I was running a company doing private security, it's definitely what I would do," he says of Blackwater's plan to locate near the border.

In an Oct. 15 article in the Wall Street Journal, Blackwater CEO Erik Prince said that the company now sees the market diminishing for the kind of security work its employees have done in Iraq. He said that going forward the company's focus "is going to be more of a full spectrum," ranging from delivering humanitarian aid to responding to natural disasters. But priorities for the Bush administration, including immigration and border security, could also figure into Blackwater's plans — as Salon reported recently, the company's skyrocketing revenues during Bush's presidency are accompanied by the firm's close ties with influential Republicans and top Bush officials.

Blackwater spokeswoman Anne Tyrrell said that the notion of Blackwater vying for lucrative border security contracts is "merely speculation," and noted that the location for Blackwater West is close to San Diego's military bases, a major training market for the company. "But hypothetically," Tyrrell added, "if the government came to us and needed assistance with border security, we'd be honored."

Borgerson says there is a role for private contractors in helping keep the United States safe. "But certain jobs belong to trained U.S. government officials — men and women in uniform who have a flag on their sleeves," says Borgerson, who was a Coast Guard officer for 10 years. "You recite an oath that says you will defend — not Congress, not the president, not even the people — but the Constitution. You don't sign that oath when you go to work for Blackwater."

Bonner, of the U.S. Border Patrol, remains skeptical about Blackwater getting involved, and he says others in the upper ranks of the Border Patrol are opposed to private contractors working alongside them. He sees potential problems with both training and patrolling. The much higher pay likely offered to private agents, for example, would threaten an already difficult-to-retain federal force. "It will entice people to jump over to the other side," he says, "especially if they don't have a long-term career in mind." Bonner also says it is crucial to have a single training curriculum, and a single chain of command, to help ensure effective and lawful operations. "This is a bad idea from so many perspectives," he says of potentially privatizing the force.

The issue may be linked to broader problems the U.S. is currently facing with national security. "If we weren't allocating a tremendous amount of our resources in Iraq, we wouldn't have to outsource to companies like Blackwater," Borgerson says. While securing the U.S. borders is an important priority, he adds, "I feel we shouldn't outsource our sovereignty."

MEXICAN CONSULATE ATTACKED IN NYC

From anarchistnews.org

Explosives rocked the Mexican Consulate shattering windows and waking neighbors, nearly one year to the day since gunmen sympathetic to the Mexican ruling party assassinated anarchist activist and American independent journalist Brad Will. The murder of Brad Will sparked weeks of protest in his home of New York City. Demonstrators occasionally got unruly and left the exican consulate on East 39th Street damaged.

NYPD detectives have reviewed surveillance cameras from the area and believe that a lone man in his 20s hurled two small home made grenade-like explosive devices at the consulate building around 3:30 am and left the scene on a bicycle. The attack has been compared to a 2005 attack at the British Consulate. Windows were broken but no one was injured in either incident nor have police made any arrests or named any suspects but at least one local anarchist was questioned by the FBI in connection with the 2005 bombing.

Though the early morning explosions were heard by a number of nearby residents police were not called until more than five hours later when consulate workers arrived to discover the broken windows on the building's first and second floors. The building will remain closed throughout the weekend.

BAY AREA ALL OILY, AND IT'S NOT FROM A LACK OF SHOWERING!

By MARCUS WOHLSEN
Associated Press
SAN FRANCISCO—

Tides predicted to peak shortly after Thanksgiving could wash sticky, thick balls of oil off beaches and spread them to places previously unaffected after a cargo ship hit a bridge this month, spilling 58,000 gallons of fuel. Most of the oil floating on the water has already washed up on beaches or was recovered by cleanup teams by early last week, according to an environmental study of the spill, federal and state officials said Sunday. More than 16,000 gallons of oil had been collected, and another 4,000 gallons had evaporated by Sunday, according to a statement issued by the Coast Guard and wildlife officials.

The agencies' environmental report said that tar balls could persist in the San Francisco Bay through the end of the month. As sand begins sticking to the globules of oil, they may begin to sink, the report said.

The freighter Cosco Busan struck the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge in heavy fog on Nov. 7. Federal prosecutors are doing a criminal investigation of the spill. Officials are focusing on the actions of the ship's pilot and crew.

The lasting effects of the spill on Bay Area ecosystems was underscored Sunday when a dead bird covered in oil was recovered on a beach south of San Francisco that had been cleaned and reopened on Friday. The number of oiled birds found dead or that died after being taken to rescue centers has neared 1,400, while the total number of birds blackened by the spill topped 2,000. About 18 beaches and piers remained closed over the weekend while cleanup crews worked to recover more oil before the onset of higher tides. The agencies' analysis said there was a "slight chance" that some oil could reach as far as Ano Nuevo, a pristine wilderness coastline more than 40 miles south that hosts the world's largest mainland breeding colony for the northern elephant seal. "A few scattered tar balls" could also end up near the Farallon Islands, a wildlife refuge about 26 miles off the coast, if strong winds over the next week push the oil out to sea, the report said.

SCIENTISTS CREATE "FEARLESS" MOUSE

From pinktenacle.com

A team of University of Tokyo researchers led by professors Hitoshi Sakano and Ko Kobayakawa have announced they have genetically engineered a mouse that does not fear cats, simply by controlling its sense of smell. By tweaking genes to disable certain functions of the olfactory bulb—the area of the brain that receives information about smells directly from olfactory receptors in the nose—the researchers were able to create a "fearless" mouse that does not try to flee when it smells cats, foxes and other predators

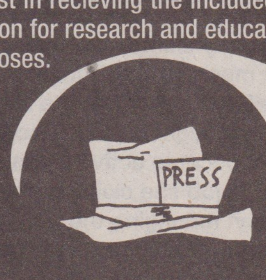
In studying the genetically modified mouse, the researchers have concluded that the evasive behavior exhibited by mammals when they smell predators may be genetically hardwired into the olfactory bulb from birth, and not learned through experience as commonly believed. The research suggests that the mechanism by which mammals determine whether or not to fear another animal they smell—and whether or not to flee—is not a higher-order cerebral function. Instead, that decision is made based on a lower-order function that is hardwired into the neural circuitry of the olfactory bulb. However, in other experiments, the researchers demonstrated that mice with impaired olfactory functions can also be taught to fear their predators

According to Professor Sakano, the research indicates that behavior in the mammalian brain is determined both by instincts coded into the genes and by "associative circuitry" that allows responses to be learned through the environment.

The results of the research, which are to be published in the November 8 online edition of the British science journal Nature, are expected to help scientists better understand the structure of the brain's neural circuitry responsible for processing information about the outside world.

FAIR USE STATEMENT:

This Magazine contains copyrighted material the use of which has not always been specifically authorized by the copyright owner. We are making such material available in our efforts to advance understanding of environmental, political, economic and social justice issues, etc. We believe this constitutes a 'fair use' of any such copyrighted material as provided for in section 107 of the US Copyright Law. In accordance with Title 17 U.S.C. Section 107, the material is distributed without any profit to those who have expressed prior interest in recieving the included information for research and educational purposes.



SCORES DIE IN SUDAN FEVER OUTBREAK

From Aljazeera

Rift Valley Fever has killed 92 people in Sudan since reports of an outbreak surfaced a week ago and it is still spreading, the World Health Organisation (WHO) says. The UN body has started holding daily meetings to monitor the spread of the disease, which has no effective human vaccine and can kill as many as half of those who contract it.

A WHO spokeswoman said the latest figures showed 314 known human cases in Sudan, up from 228 reported six days ago, with a death rate of just under 30 per cent.

In its most serious form, which has appeared in Sudan, it can kill up to 50 per cent of people it infects. The disease can also have a devastating effect on livestock. People who work with animals are most vulnerable to the disease, which can spread through contact with contaminated blood or bites from infected mosquitoes.

The UN Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) said it had sent an animal health expert to Sudan to help the government contain any outbreak in livestock. It said Sudan had already reported some animal infections to the Paris-based World Organisation for Animal Health. Khartoum denied making any such report on Wednesday. The ministry of animal resources said there were no confirmed cases in herds despite the outbreak among humans.

Reports in the daily newspaper Alray Alam said a number of Sudan's trading partners, including Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates, had imposed temporary bans on imports and the movement of Sudanese animals over their borders

BORDER PATROL ATTACKS DEMONSTRATORS AS NO BORDERS CAMP CLOSES

From indymedia.org

On the evening of November 11th, participants in the first No Borders Camp on the US-Mexico border dismantled the camp and marched west on either side of what has become a 15 foot wall dividing Mexicali (Mexico) and Calexico (United States), converging on the port of entry to protest the militarized border. The demonstration was peaceful until the US Border Patrol, without giving an order to disperse or other warning, brutally attacked those on the US side with point-blank rounds of pepper-spray pellets, batons, and swarm tactics, leaving several badly injured. This event was the final action of the No Borders Camp, and came after a week of peaceful confrontation and resistance to the border system.

The Border Patrol made three arrests: Steve Murphy, Erik Wackernagel and Juan Ruiz. Murphy and Wackernagel have been released and Ruiz is being held in the Imperial County Jail in El Centro, California. Ruiz is being charged with two counts of assaulting a federal officer and will have his second appearance before the magistrate on November 15th in El Centro. If you would like to donate to the legal fund, use this donate link and specify "No Borders Camp Legal Fund." Further support and solidarity information will be available soon.

More than 500 people participated in the No Borders Camp during the week of November 7-11. Actions during the camp included a rally and march on November 9 at the U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement detention facility in El Centro, CA and a memorial service on November 10 at a cemetery in Holtville, CA where the remains of about 600 migrants who have died crossing the border are buried. All activities during the camp were peaceful and intended to build connections across borders.

FORMER RAMONES MANAGER LINDA STEIN FOUND MURDERED

From an article in the UK Guardian

The career of Linda Stein as a rock manager was brief, and, in purely commercial terms, unsuccessful: she singularly failed to turn the Ramones, the punk band she co-managed between 1976 and 1980, into stars in their native United States. But shortly after the release of the band's debut album, Stein, who has been found dead in her Manhattan apartment, aged 62, made one decision that was to have vast repercussions in rock history: she convinced her co-manager, Danny Fields, that the Ramones should play in England. Their shows at London's Roundhouse and Dingwalls in July 1976 were to have a galvanising effect on the British punk scene, offering irrefutable proof to would-be musicians that energy and originality were more important than technical ability. In the audience were members of the Sex Pistols, the Clash and the Damned.

Stein had strong connections with the music industry for most of her life. The daughter of a Bronx-based kosher caterer, she claimed to have been employed as a dancer on a 1950s television show while still at school. After graduating, she briefly worked as a teacher, then in 1970 met Seymour Stein, who had co-founded Sire Records in the mid-1960s. They married, and a decade later Linda was working at the label: she had also become a regular fixture in US gossip columns, thanks to her friendship with Elton John.

It was through Fields, a journalist on 16 Magazine, that Stein was introduced to the Ramones, a band that opposed virtually every aspect of mainstream 1970s rock. In an era of extravagance and showy musicianship, their songs were short, fast and reductive, while their shows at New York club CBGB were famed for lasting barely 20 minutes. They signed to Sire, and Fields eventually asked Stein to co-manage them.

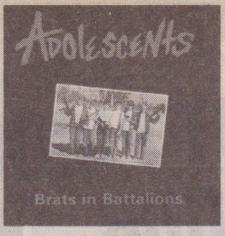
Her instinct that the band would be better received in the UK than America - outside New York, audiences were largely hostile to the band - was proved right. They consistently met with more success in Britain than stateside. Banned in the US, their 1977 single Sheena is a Punk Rocker reached number 22 in the British charts, while they enjoyed a Top 10 hit in 1980 with Baby I Love You.

One, possibly apocryphal, tale that crystallises the importance of their arrival in Britain has a young bass player called Paul Simonon approaching the Ramones before their debut London show on July 4, and confessing that he was considering abandoning his own band because they were not good enough. Guitarist Johnny Ramone allegedly responded: "You don't have to be good, just get out there and play." Simonon duly reconsidered, and his band, the Clash, played their first live show later the same night in Sheffield.

For all their importance and influence, however, the Ramones made a negligible commercial impact in their homeland, despite Stein's best efforts. During her time with the band, her stormy marriage - described by her husband as being "like a rollercoaster, only a good one, like the Cyclone at Coney Island" - finally broke down. She had a brief affair with the Ramones' bass player and chief songwriter Dee Dee, a heroin-addicted former male prostitute. After the band's starring role in the Roger Corman-directed film Rock'n'Roll High School (1979) failed to catapult them to stardom, Stein and the Ramones parted company.

She briefly freelanced as a consultant in the music business, and managed singer-songwriter Steve Forbert and power-pop band the Deal, but changed careers after receiving a finder's fee for taking her ex-husband's apartment to Sotheby's property sales arm.

Unusually, Stein became more famous as an estate agent than she had been as a band manager. Known as "the realtor to the stars", she sold property to Sting, Billy Joel, Bruce Willis, Steven Spielberg and Madonna, another of her ex-husband's signings. Her friendships with celebrities once more made her a fixture in the gossip columns. During an early 1990s property slump, she briefly returned to the music industry, managing a rapper called Lucas. Over the last 12 years, she had fought breast cancer, but had recently become active again as an estate agent, a job she claimed was more difficult than managing the Ramones: "There is no high except the money, which is extremely taxable.


ADOLESCENTS
Brats in Battalions

ADOLESCENTS
"Brats In Battalions"
Red & Clear Vinyl
Remastered
(Limited Edition 1000)

MOTORCYCLE★BOY

Motorcycle Boy
The Original Classic Album
Remastered plus 9 Rare and Unreleased Bonus Tracks
Produced By Sylvain Sylvain of The New York Dolls

D.I.
"Horse Bites Dog Cries"
Blue & White Vinyl
Remastered + A Bonus Track
(Limited Edition 1000)

Rhino 39: A Definitive Collection From L.A. Punk Pioneers. Deluxe 2CD Set. Includes a 16 page Booklet with Rare Photos, Flyers, Liner Notes and Enhanced Video. ***Rare and Unreleased Tracks.***

"two decades later, this retrospective is perfect, with all five early songs, plus an unreleased 12-song 1980 LP—only two of which got rerecorded. "
Jacks Top 40.
Big Takeover #60

HELLBILLYS

HELLBILLYS
"Torture Garden"

KILLROY
25 Years in waiting. A Collection of 15 Oi Classics & Punk Anthems.

BAD SAMARITANS
Re-gur-gi-tate

The Bad Samaritans
"Re-gur-gi-tate"
13 Tracks of Blistering *Hardcore Punk.*
Their 3rd record on the Streets 3/20
Featuring members of Jugheads Revenge
US Tour on the way..

Coming Soon:

The Dickies **"Idjit Savant"**
and **"Dogs From The Hare That Bit Us"**
2 Great records on 1 CD
The Mormons
"Statement Of No Statement"
In Stores NOW!!

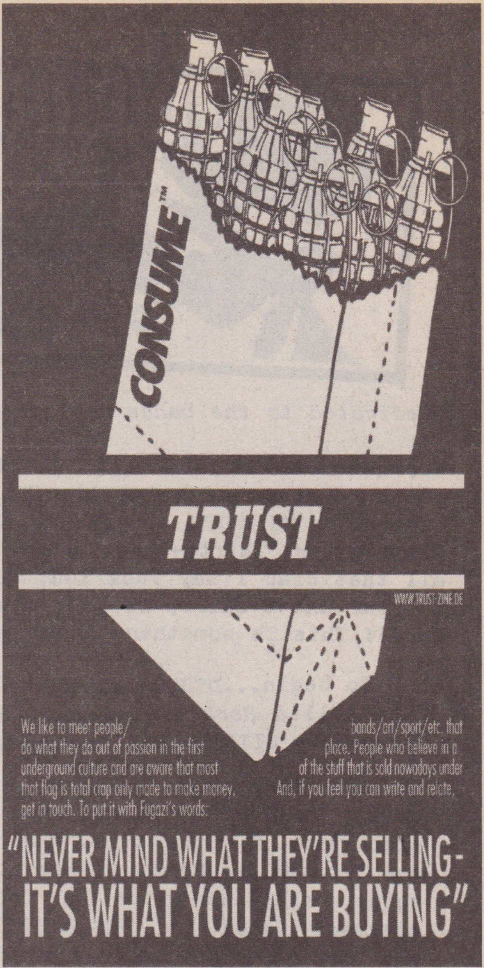
All these titles Available at your Favorite Record Stores, Mp3 Sites and Online Stores..

Distributed By: *Sounds of California, Revolver, Carrot Top, Hep Cat, Collectors Choice, Choke, Get Hip, Interpunk and Scratch (Canada).*

www.myspace.com/nickelanddimerecords

NICKEL AND DIME RECORDS.
PURVEYORS OF FINE PUNK ROCK SINCE 19XX

www.nickelanddimerecords.com



TRUST

WWW.TRUST-ZINE.DE

We like to meet people/bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING-
IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

CPC GANGBANGS
THE CONFUSERS

CPC/THE CONFUSERS split 7"

VICIOUS CYCLE

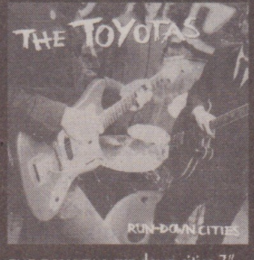
VICIOUS CYCLE neon electric 7"

C.C.S.s
PUNKCORE/PUNKWHORE$

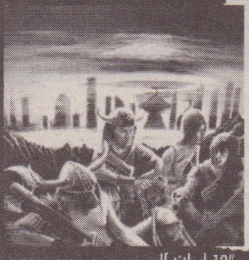
CCSS punkcore/punkwhores 7"

HOMOSTUPIDS

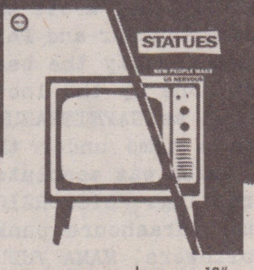
HOMOSTUPIDS the edge 7"


THE TOYOTAS
RUN-DOWN CITIES

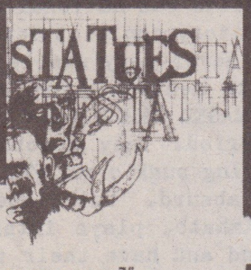
THE TOYOTAS run-down cities 7"



DEMON'S CLAWS self titled 12"


STATUES
NEW PEOPLE MAKE US NERVOUS

STATUES new people repress 12"



STATUES are go 7"

NEW RELEASES FROM
RADIO081
RECORDS

RADIO081 RECORDS | 802 STE-URSULE | TROIS RIVIERES, QC | G9A 1P1 | CANADA

RADIO081RECORDS.COM | MYSPACE.COM/RADIO081RECORDS

SOMETHING ABOUT PUNK ROCK IN ECUADOR

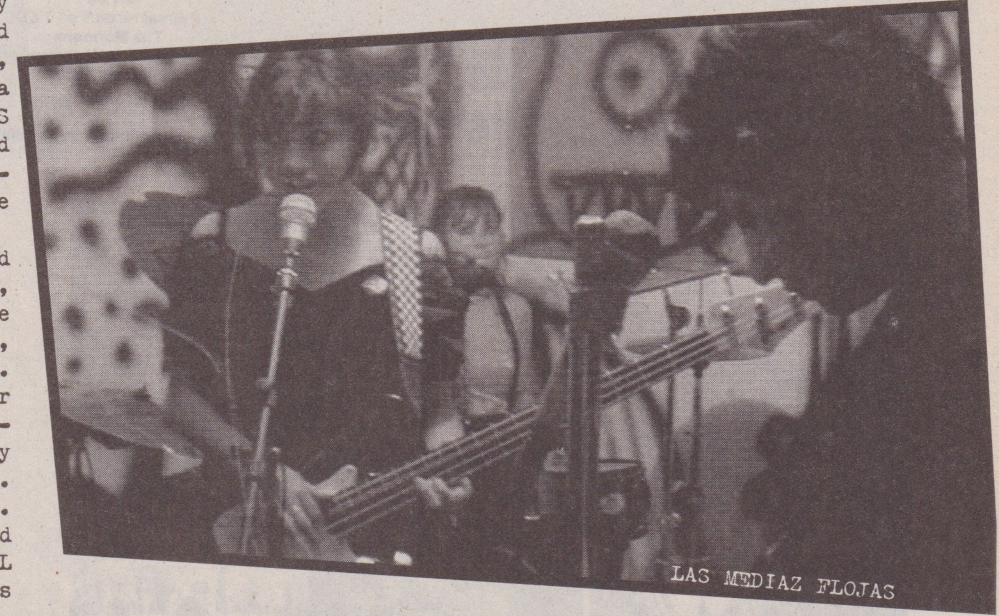
By Francisco Castellanos.

(Dedicated to the bands mentioned in this article).

New generations just want to fit in, they don't want to provoke anymore. They want to look like a rebel, instead of being it. They want to shout to the system "This is the way I am, accept me," instead of "I don't accept you, fuck you." MTV picked up the exciting part of it and packaged it for their gains. Thirty-years ago being punk was the worst thing one can do. Now, being punk is *cool*. To all that crap I say Fuck You; to your *attitude*, to your mouth full of shit, to your A in a circle, to your Che t-shirt, to your chain dance, to your lazy band who expects others to do something...*Fuck You!!!* This is something about punk rock in Ecuador-so take notes for the next *club* meeting.

To begin...DESCONTROLADOS began in Guayaquil in the late '80s during the boom of the so called *Rock Latino*-pop bands from Spain and Argentina, e.g., ILEGALES, HOMBRES G, and SODA STEREO-that dominated the local radio stations. They put out a self-titled 12" EP with four songs of funny, sarcastic punk rock that was very aggressive for the time. The band was fronted by Prema of Argentina, whose relations with the Krishna movement ended the DESCONTROLADOS and his life. Prema was murdered and the *Piedad* EP was released subsequently. DESCONTROLADOS were the last punk band to play.

During the '90s, the underground scene, including all of its genres, was taking root. Guayaquil gave birth to the first hardcore band, NO TOKEN, which is still active. They were a big influence for everyone. KAOS could also be considered an essential band, and they were the first band to release a 7". In Quito there was PUTEADA GENERAL. They never recorded anything and only played a few shows. MORTAL DECISION, who also still plays, is now more of crossover band.


LAS MEDIAZ FLOJAS

Ruido de Odio & Pesmenben IV

In these cities bands became faster and louder with the original grindcore and noise bands: 2 SEMANAS CON DIARREA from Guayaquil, BRUTAL MASSACRE, CHANCRO DURO from Quito. In Ambato, we had the HC punk band CONTRAVENTORES that recorded a demo, but unfortunately had a poor reputation because a song of theirs was nationalistic. (They wrote the song during the territory conflict between Ecuador and Peru in 1995.) They were never very stable and finally the band ended. I also have to mention a project done by the local death metal band DAMAGED SKULL (now known as CAFETERASUB) during this time period. They recorded a demo under the name CASISANOS, playing *punk n roll*/HC, which was absolutely hilarious and absurd, but interesting. DISTORSION SOCIAL, also from Ambato, plays intense thrashcore punk. They are still around and have their followers. MAMA VUDU, originally from Ambato, is now settled in Quito. They used to play gigs with death metal and hardcore bands, but sound more like The Pixies, Sonic Youth, And Jesus And Mary Chain. Now they are considered one of the best Ecuadorian bands. An interesting band from Quito was N.CH. With two bass guitars, this noise punk band was influenced by GG Allin, Antiseen, and Jason Butler. They sang very offensive lyrics, and used covers that were offensive for their zine *Zeropunk*. They now have a *nihilist electronics project*.

EDM

In the late-'90s, Quito spawned a bunch of bands, such as SOLUKA FUNK, FUNTAS, ASKO, that were heavily influenced by Colombian punk. However, they were too destructive to continue. In early 2000, other bands, such as LA BESTIA (RIP), JUANA LA LOKA (all females), VIDA HP, RETAQUE, ANONIMOS and ANTIPATICOS, also tried to formulate the Columbian sound. LAS MEDIAZ FLOJAS was a cool and funny, all female punk rock band that was something of an adventure. They played only three times and quit because the singer, Andrea, returned to her home in New Jersey. Hopefully their recordings will be released in the future. By the way, this was the first and only all female rock band from Ambato ever. (For further information including pictures of LAS MEDIAZ FLOJAS, write to lasvisionesdejuan@yahoo.es.)

Nowadays, there is a lot of variety as well as inconsistency in the underground. There are soon to be released recordings of bands like TANQUE (Quito) and EDM (Ambato), which have more of a rock n roll, thrash sound. In Guayaquil the *neo punk* movement, with bands like GOE and AGENTE 86, are playing. And the crust/HC/grindcore bands, lead by independent labels such as Rexistencia Records and Latincore, are active. This all seems good for DIY punk, but sadly, it seems that the scene is dying, not only because of the media's impact, but by those who claim to embrace it and defend it. In the words of the CASISANOS: *"Sissy anarchists, where are you?"*

INFO:

Bands:
EDM: Francisco, P.O. BOX 18-01-0223, Ambato, Ecuador; edm@hotmail.com
CAFETERASUB: www.cafeterasub.com; www.myspace.com/cafeterasub
MAMA VUDU: www.mamavudu.com; www.myspace.com/mamavudu
TANQUE: www.myspace.com/tanque

Labels:
Latincore Records: www.latincorerecords.com
Rexistencia Records: David, P.O. BOX 09 02 368, Guayaquil, Ecuador; rezagad@hotmail.com

Publications:
Correo de Brujas Fanzine: matalote77@yahoo.com.mx
Revista Dogma: www.colectivocentraldogma.com; revistadogma@yahoo.es

Websites:
www.pandecordero.com
www.elrondador.com
www.tocadas.com
www.ecuarock.com

Ruido de Odio

out now on Even Worse records :

TOTAL ABUSE

TOTAL ABUSE

DEMO EP

out next :

Nightstick Justice 7"

Inmates 7"

EVEN WORSE records

www.geocities.com/evenworserecords
noel@outlet.nl
Saenredamstraat 44-2,
1072 CH Amsterdam, Holland

Step Up! Records
Presents Two
Brand New Releases

First Offense
"The Faith to Stand Your Ground"

First Offense
THE FAITH TO STAND YOUR GROUND

11 punk tracks
from these
rock n roll
badguy's.
For fans of
Ducky Boys,
The Cuffs,
Brusiers,
and
Hudson Falcons

Bastards Choir
"Bridges Burn"

BASTARDS CHOIR
BRIDGES BURN

Debut Release from
this great new band
hailing from the
Hoosier State.
Featuring Max of
Hudson Falcons.
For fans of the GC5,
Brassknuckle Boys,
and The Clash

Also Available.......
V/A-"They Can't Shut Us Up"
19 band comp featuring The First Wave,
Squared Off, The Cuffs, The Dig-It's,
Shane Vain & The Village Vandals,
and Guns On the Run
For purchase and info visit:
www.stepup01.com
"Quality Punk Rock n Roll"

TEAR IT UP

threads for the rest of us

Mens & Womens Clothing, Shoes & Accessories

BAND TEES
SOCKS
BELTS
BUCKLES
JEANS
RETRO
DRESSES
WORKSHIRTS
BAGS
SHOES
JEWELRY
SKIRTS
JACKETS
& MORE!

tearitupmemphis.com
895 S. Cooper St. Memphis

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES

THE EAT

THE EAT
IT'S NOT THE EAT, ITS THE HUMIDITY

It's Not The Eat, It's The Humidity
2xCD / 2xLP

Florida's Killed By Death legend unearth rare cassette and 7" tracks, plus a bonus disc of live material! A triumphant return of the "Reissues of Necessity" series.

AKIMBO

Navigating The Bronze
CD / LP

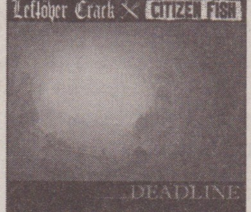
The fifth studio album from Seattle's Akimbo, is their heaviest and most dynamic release to date. Ten songs sure to crumble the walls around your stereo.

ZOLAR X

X Marks The Spot
CD / LP

X marks the spot features all new material (their first since 1981!) of intergalatic glam, power pop, proto-punk, and a touch of metal, all wrapped in their unique space elf aesthetic

LEFTOVER CRACK / CITIZEN FISH



Deadline
LP

UK ska punk legends join NYC's controversy magnets, even covering each other's songs!
LP only, CD on Fat Wreck Chords

THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Live At Oslo Jazz Festival
CD

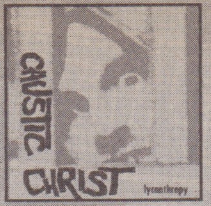
The Swedish conspirators of sound add sax and keyboard to the mix, making a smoking hot live document and showing off a new side of the band.

FOR A FREE MASSIVE CATALOG OF HARDCORE AND PUNK ROCK TITLES, BOOKS, MERCHANDISE AND MORE, WRITE TO

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS · PO BOX 419092, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141 · WWW.ALTERNATIVETENTACLES.COM

HAVOC

P.O. Box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408 | WWW.HAVOCREX.COM



CAUSTIC CHRIST
Lycanthropy LP/CD

Severed head of State
Power Hazard e.p.

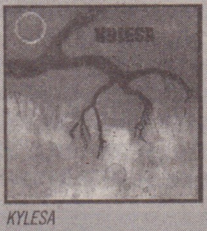
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE
Power Hazard 12"/CD

ModerAT LikviDAtioN
NitAd

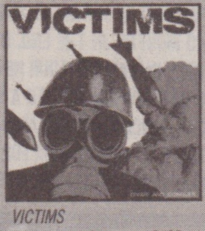
MODERAT LIKVIDATION
Nitad 7"

7" RECORDS:

- DÖDSDÖMD Seven Deadly Sins
- MODERAT LIKVIDATION Nitad
- MODERAT LIKVIDATION Marionett I Kedjor
- MODERAT LIKVIDATION Köttahuve
- THE STATE No Illusions
- FUCKED UP Litany
- VITAMIN X Rip It Out
- RIISTETYT Tuomiopaiva
- RIISTETYT Kahleet
- CAUSTIC CHRIST Government Job
- DESTROY Burn This Racist System Down
- CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE In a Few Hours...
- DAMAGE DEPOSIT Do Damage
- DAMAGE DEPOSIT Straight to the Bottom
- AUS ROTTEN Fuck Nazi Sympathy
- ANY LAST WORDS S/T ep
- AMDI PETERSENS ARME Blod Ser-Mere...
- CODE 13 Doomed Society
- CODE 13 A Part of America Died Today
- CODE 13 They Made a Wasteland...
- MASSKONTROLL Warpath
- H 100s Texas Death Match
- MURDERERS S/T
- NOTA/BROTHER INFERIOR Split
- KAAOS Nukke
- CLUSTER BOMB UNIT Dirty...Weapons
- DS 13/CODE 13 13 Song Split
- DS 13 Aborted Teen Generation
- TEAR IT UP S/T
- CAUSTIC CHRIST S/T
- TAMPERE SS Kuolutt & Kuopattu
- TAMPERE SS SS Sotaa
- PROTESTI S/T
- RIISTETYT Tervetuola Kuolema
- VITAMIN X People That Bleed
- ASSEMBLY OF GOD Submission
- SPITTING TEETH Don't Believe the Hype
- PATH OF DESTRUCTION 1 AM
- UNITED SUPER VILLAINS Escapist



KYLESA
Time Will Fuse Its Worth LP



VICTIMS
Divide and Conquer LP/CD

Kids
S/T 1978 LP

LPS, 12"S, CDS:

- KIDS S/T 1978 LP
- SEVERED HEAD OF STATE Power Hazard 12"/CD
- CAUSTIC CHRIST Lycanthropy LP/CD
- MODERAT LIKVIDATION Never Mind the Bootlegs" CD
- VICTIMS Divide and Conquer LP/CD
- SKITSYSTEM Stigmata LP/CD
- REGULATIONS Electric Guitar LP/CD
- DEAD STOP Live for Nothing LP
- SKITSYSTEM Grå Värld Svarta... LP/CD
- SKITSYSTEM Enkel Resa Till... LP/CD
- VICTIMS In Blood LP/CD
- REGULATIONS S/T LP/CD
- MARTYRDÖD In Extremis LP/CD
- RIISTETYT 2000-2005 CD
- KYLESA To Walk a Middle Course LP
- SKITSYSTEM Allt E Skit LP
- CAUSTIC CHRIST Can't Relate LP/CD
- CODE 13 Discography CD
- DS 13 Killed by the Kids LP/CD
- HOLDING ON Just Another Day LP/CD
- KAAOS RIISTINAULITTU Kaaos LP
- MISERY The Early Years CD
- NINE SHOCKS TERROR Zen... LP/CD
- RESTARTS System Error LP/CD
- TEAR IT UP Taking you Down... 12"/CD
- WOLFBRIGADE Progression... CD
- VITAMIN X Bad Trip LP/CD
- VITAMIN X Down the Drain LP/CD
- DESTROY Discography CD
- FROM ASHES RISE Nightmares LP
- FROM ASHES RISE/VICTIMS LP/CD
- WOLFBRIGADE D-Beat Odyssey 12"EP

GROUP B LPS/CDS:

- KYLESA Time Will Fuse Its Worth LP
- RAMBO Bring It! LP/CD w/bonus DVD

$12 ppd LP/CD in the US and $14.50 Can/Mex by air, and $20.50 air world.

To read complete descriptions, listen to mp3s, view our t-shirt selections, or to order online, visit www.havocrex.com.

TO ORDER: send cash or money orders payable to Havoc Records (no checks!)

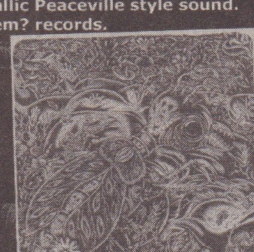
Orders are sent via media mail in the US.

POSTPAID PRICES: 7"records: $4.50 USA, $6 Can/Mex, $7.50 overseas. LPs: $10 USA, $12.50 Can/Mex, $18.50 overseas. CDs: $9 USA, $9.50 CD Can/Mex $11.50 overseas.

SHOGUN RECORDS

FILTHPACT
STEP ON IT

STEP ON IT/ FILTHPACT 7"
SOI: 6 raging tunes by this band from Hungary. Fast almost grindy stuff that would appeal to the Deep 625 maniacs.
FP: 4 songs by this Scottish band. D-beat all the way, with a rather metallic Peaceville style sound. Co-released with Problem? records.



CROWPATH /SUBMERGE 7"
C: The Swedes deliver a long epic sludgy song, not typical of their usual sound.
S: 3 songs of their original High On Fire X Disclose mix. Screened artwork by Blanquet. Co-released with TTDMRT, Abstraction, Up To Eleven.

SACRED
SHOCK

SACRED SHOCK 7"
From Texas, Iron Age / Hatred Surge members make some Born Against X Battalion of Saints. The 6 song demo was good, now hear it on vinyle. Cover screened by TTDMRT.

Shogun records - 2, rue de la Colinette - 51110 Bourgogne - France - shogunrecordings.com

Records are €4,50 PPD in Europe, €6,00 PPD world. Wanna trade? Get in touch.
Not so old: SUBMERGE "La Quête Du Profit" CD-R **** SICK TERROR / THE GENTLE ART OF CHOKIN' 7" (repressed soon) **** STRONG AS TEN 7" **** DISCORDE "démo 1996" CD-R
Up next: LOST BOYS - EP 7" **** STRONG AS TEN / LOST BOYS 7"

HEAD

THE COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY 1992-1997

HEAD - HEIL HEAD! CD

COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY 1992-1997
OUT NOW ON EVIL CLOWN RECORDS
31 GREAT SONGS! 50 GREAT MINUTES!

DISTRIBUTED / AVAILABLE THROUGH
GET HIP • GONER • INTERPUNK

EVILCLOWNRECORDS@YAHOO.COM
MYSPACE.COM/HEADSEATTLE
PO BOX 9144 SEATTLE WA 98109

KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO

I REMEMBER FONDLY THE FIRST TIME I HEARD MENTION OF KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO. THE NAME SORT OF MADE MY IGNORANT AMERICAN ASS CHUCKLE, BUT FROM THE FIRST MOMENT THE NEEDLE MET VINYL, THE PURE SAVAGERY AND RECKLESSNESS OF WHAT I WAS HEARING CANCELLED OUT ANY SHRED OF COMEDIC VALUE. WITH TWO EPS, A SPLIT, AND AN LP UNDER THEIR BELT THE BAND HAS MORE THAN CEMENTED THEMSELVES AS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND FRESH HARDCORE ACTS OF MODERN TIMES.

INTERVIEW AND INTRODUCTION BY JUSTIN

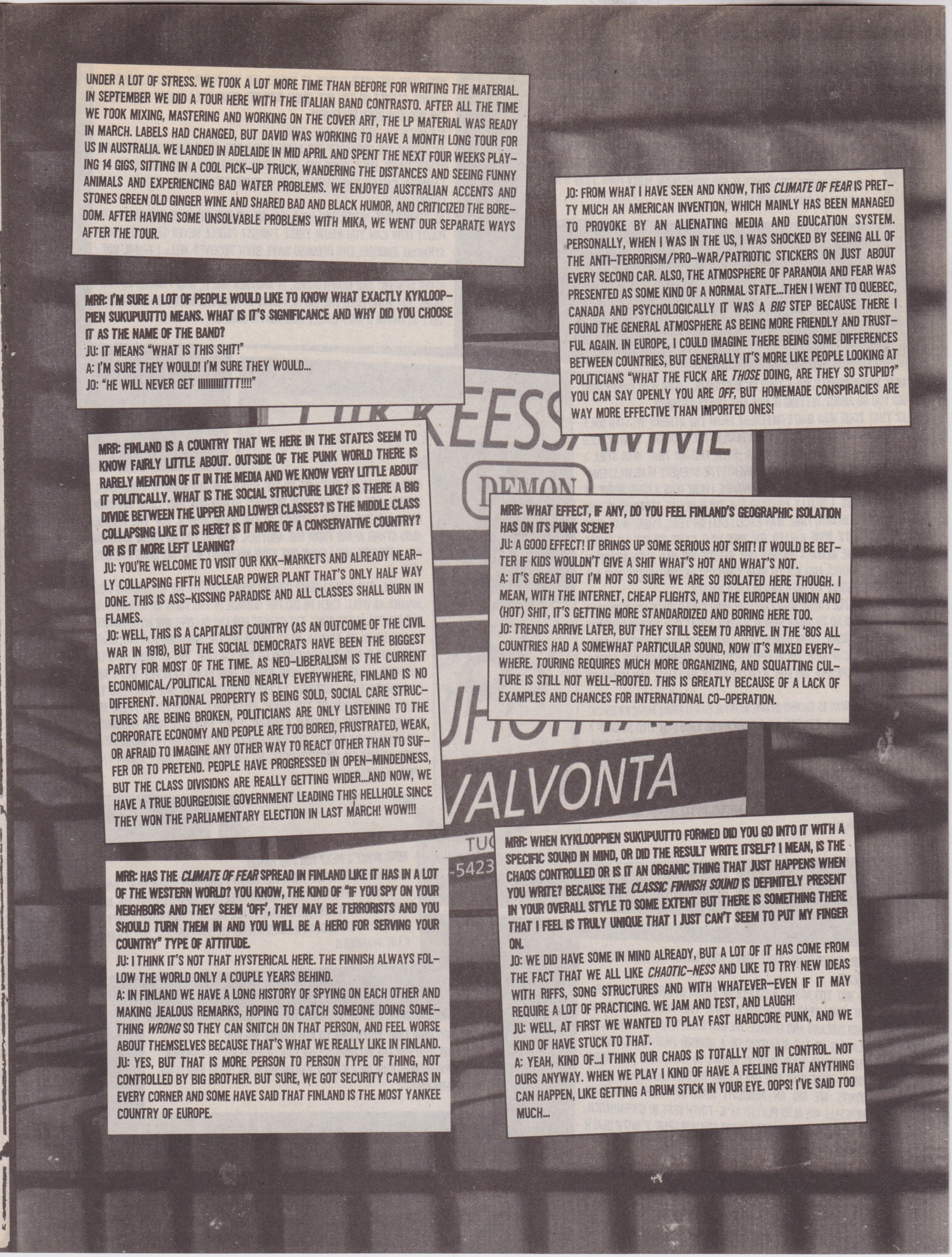
MRR: FIRST, HOW ABOUT TELLING US WHO'S IN THE BAND, WHAT THEY DO AND GIVE A BRIEF HISTORY OF KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO IF YOU CAN. IS ANYONE IN ANY OTHER BANDS BESIDES KS?

JUHANA: ME, JONNE AND ANTTI AT THE MOMENT. I ALSO HAVE A NOISE OUTFIT GOING ON WITH MY FRIEND.

ANTTI: BESIDES KS I PLAY IN A BAND CALLED FRIVOLVOL, IT'S MORE CONTROLLED CHAOS THAN KS IN A WAY. I WAS ASKED TO PLAY IN KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO TWO YEARS AGO AND HAD MY FIRST PRACTICE ON A PLAYGROUND, SITTING ON A SWING WITH JUHANA AND TRYING TO GET SOME KIND OF GRIP OF THE RIFF FROM "3. MAAILMANSOTA TÄSSÄ JA NYT!"

JONNE: I SMASH DRUMS IN THIS ONE AND I PLAY BASS IN A SORT OF *JAPCORE* BAND CALLED SELFISH. HISTORY: IN THE AUTUMN OF 2003 MY OLD BAND HAD SPLIT UP AND I WANTED TO START SOMETHING NEW. I ASKED JUHANA IF HE'D LIKE TO START A BAND WITH ME. WE SHARED SOME IDEAS AND HOW WOULD IT BE. MIKA WAS ALSO AT THE SAME GIG WE WERE AT ON THAT NIGHT, AND JUHANA PROPOSED HIM TO BE THE VOCALIST. I HAD TALKED WITH JUHA FOR SOME YEARS ABOUT MAKING A BAND TOGETHER, AND HE WAS INTERESTED IN JOINING SO HE BECAME THE BASSIST. BY MID MARCH 2004 WE HAD WRITTEN NINE SONGS, RECORDED AND PUT THEM OUT AS A DEMO, WHICH WE RELEASED ON TAPE, CDR AND ON OUR WEB PAGES. THEN WE SWITCHED OUR PRACTICE PLACE FROM A DODGY FACTORY TO A COAL CELLAR AND PLAYED OUR FIRST GIG. I WAS GOING TO LEAVE TO GO TO SWITZERLAND FOR HALF OF A YEAR, SO WE HURRIED A BIT AND REHEARSED 10 NEW SONGS AND RECORDED THEM WITH FOUR OLD ONES IN OCTOBER. JUHA WAS NOT WELL DURING THIS TIME, AND COULD ONLY BE IN THE STUDIO FOR ONE DAY, SO JUHANA AND I HAD TO PLAY SOME OF THE BASS TRACKS. IN DECEMBER WE HEARD HE HAD DISAPPEARED. EARLY 2005 WAS SPENT FIGHTING WITH THE COVERS, AND OUR STRANGE ENGLISH LABEL ORGANIZED A LITTLE TOUR. WE HOPED THAT JUHA COULD BE FOUND!! IN THE BEGINNING OF APRIL WE PLAYED ITALY, SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE, AFTER ONE LITTLE PRACTICE IN A CHRISTIAN YOUTH CENTER IN MILANO, WITH A SUBSTITUTE BASSIST. TWO WEEKS LATER JUHA WAS FOUND DROWNED IN A LAKE. WHEN I RETURNED TO FINLAND, WE HAD A PLAN TO DO A SPLIT EP WITH THE DANISH BAND DEATH TOKEN. SINCE THE EP WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUT IN THE SUMMER, WE WROTE, PRACTICED AND RECORDED THE MATERIAL IN TWO MONTHS. IN THE END, IT REALLY DID, BUT A YEAR LATER! WE ALSO DID A COMPLEX TOUR HERE IN MAY WITH OUR NEW FRIENDS THRASH BRIGADE FROM MILANO WHO WE GOT TO KNOW IN FEBRUARY. KS HAD A SUBSTITUTE BASSIST AND ANDREA FROM THRASH BRIGADE ON VOCALS, SINCE MIKA HAD ALSO ENDED UP IN THE HOSPITAL DURING THE SAME WEEK! I WENT TO THE US AND CANADA FOR THREE MONTHS TO PLAY ANOTHER TOUR, GET DRUNK AND RELAX. DAVID WHO CO-RELEASED THE SECOND EP, OFFERED US AN LP DEAL AND AN AUSSIE TOUR! WHEN I GOT BACK, JUHANA HAD MADE A NIGHTLY DRUNKEN DEAL IN A PARK WITH ANTTI TO BECOME OUR NEW BASSIST. IN OCTOBER THRASH BRIGADE HAD BOOKED 10 GIGS FOR US AROUND ITALY, AND IT WAS A GREAT TIME! SINCE WE HAD A CHANCE FOR AN LP, WE PRETTY MUCH CONCENTRATED ON THAT THROUGH THE WHOLE OF 2006, AND WE STILL ENDED UP HAVING TO HURRY AND BEING

PROPRIETA PRIVATA
DIVIETO DI PASSAGGIO



UNDER A LOT OF STRESS. WE TOOK A LOT MORE TIME THAN BEFORE FOR WRITING THE MATERIAL. IN SEPTEMBER WE DID A TOUR HERE WITH THE ITALIAN BAND CONTRASTO. AFTER ALL THE TIME WE TOOK MIXING, MASTERING AND WORKING ON THE COVER ART, THE LP MATERIAL WAS READY IN MARCH. LABELS HAD CHANGED, BUT DAVID WAS WORKING TO HAVE A MONTH LONG TOUR FOR US IN AUSTRALIA. WE LANDED IN ADELAIDE IN MID APRIL AND SPENT THE NEXT FOUR WEEKS PLAYING 14 GIGS, SITTING IN A COOL PICK-UP TRUCK, WANDERING THE DISTANCES AND SEEING FUNNY ANIMALS AND EXPERIENCING BAD WATER PROBLEMS. WE ENJOYED AUSTRALIAN ACCENTS AND STONES GREEN OLD GINGER WINE AND SHARED BAD AND BLACK HUMOR, AND CRITICIZED THE BOREDOM. AFTER HAVING SOME UNSOLVABLE PROBLEMS WITH MIKA, WE WENT OUR SEPARATE WAYS AFTER THE TOUR.

MRR: I'M SURE A LOT OF PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT EXACTLY KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO MEANS. WHAT IS IT'S SIGNIFICANCE AND WHY DID YOU CHOOSE IT AS THE NAME OF THE BAND?

JU: IT MEANS "WHAT IS THIS SHIT!"

A: I'M SURE THEY WOULD! I'M SURE THEY WOULD...

JO: "HE WILL NEVER GET IIIIIIIIITTT!!!!"

MRR: FINLAND IS A COUNTRY THAT WE HERE IN THE STATES SEEM TO KNOW FAIRLY LITTLE ABOUT. OUTSIDE OF THE PUNK WORLD THERE IS RARELY MENTION OF IT IN THE MEDIA AND WE KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT IT POLITICALLY. WHAT IS THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE LIKE? IS THERE A BIG DIVIDE BETWEEN THE UPPER AND LOWER CLASSES? IS THE MIDDLE CLASS COLLAPSING LIKE IT IS HERE? IS IT MORE OF A CONSERVATIVE COUNTRY? OR IS IT MORE LEFT LEANING?

JU: YOU'RE WELCOME TO VISIT OUR KKK-MARKETS AND ALREADY NEARLY COLLAPSING FIFTH NUCLEAR POWER PLANT THAT'S ONLY HALF WAY DONE. THIS IS ASS-KISSING PARADISE AND ALL CLASSES SHALL BURN IN FLAMES.

JO: WELL, THIS IS A CAPITALIST COUNTRY (AS AN OUTCOME OF THE CIVIL WAR IN 1918), BUT THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS HAVE BEEN THE BIGGEST PARTY FOR MOST OF THE TIME. AS NEO-LIBERALISM IS THE CURRENT ECONOMICAL/POLITICAL TREND NEARLY EVERYWHERE, FINLAND IS NO DIFFERENT. NATIONAL PROPERTY IS BEING SOLD, SOCIAL CARE STRUCTURES ARE BEING BROKEN, POLITICIANS ARE ONLY LISTENING TO THE CORPORATE ECONOMY AND PEOPLE ARE TOO BORED, FRUSTRATED, WEAK, OR AFRAID TO IMAGINE ANY OTHER WAY TO REACT OTHER THAN TO SUFFER OR TO PRETEND. PEOPLE HAVE PROGRESSED IN OPEN-MINDEDNESS, BUT THE CLASS DIVISIONS ARE REALLY GETTING WIDER...AND NOW, WE HAVE A TRUE BOURGEOISIE GOVERNMENT LEADING THIS HELLHOLE SINCE THEY WON THE PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION IN LAST MARCH! WOW!!!

MRR: HAS THE *CLIMATE OF FEAR* SPREAD IN FINLAND LIKE IT HAS IN A LOT OF THE WESTERN WORLD? YOU KNOW, THE KIND OF "IF YOU SPY ON YOUR NEIGHBORS AND THEY SEEM 'OFF', THEY MAY BE TERRORISTS AND YOU SHOULD TURN *THEM* IN AND YOU WILL BE A HERO FOR SERVING YOUR COUNTRY" TYPE OF ATTITUDE.

JU: I THINK IT'S NOT THAT HYSTERICAL HERE. THE FINNISH ALWAYS FOLLOW THE WORLD ONLY A COUPLE YEARS BEHIND.

A: IN FINLAND WE HAVE A LONG HISTORY OF SPYING ON EACH OTHER AND MAKING JEALOUS REMARKS, HOPING TO CATCH SOMEONE DOING SOMETHING *WRONG* SO THEY CAN SNITCH ON THAT PERSON, AND FEEL WORSE ABOUT THEMSELVES BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT WE REALLY LIKE IN FINLAND.

JU: YES, BUT THAT IS MORE PERSON TO PERSON TYPE OF THING, NOT CONTROLLED BY BIG BROTHER. BUT SURE, WE GOT SECURITY CAMERAS IN EVERY CORNER AND SOME HAVE SAID THAT FINLAND IS THE MOST YANKEE COUNTRY OF EUROPE.

JO: FROM WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND KNOW, THIS *CLIMATE OF FEAR* IS PRETTY MUCH AN AMERICAN INVENTION, WHICH MAINLY HAS BEEN MANAGED TO PROVOKE BY AN ALIENATING MEDIA AND EDUCATION SYSTEM. PERSONALLY, WHEN I WAS IN THE US, I WAS SHOCKED BY SEEING ALL OF THE ANTI-TERRORISM/PRO-WAR/PATRIOTIC STICKERS ON JUST ABOUT EVERY SECOND CAR. ALSO, THE ATMOSPHERE OF PARANOIA AND FEAR WAS PRESENTED AS SOME KIND OF A NORMAL STATE...THEN I WENT TO QUEBEC, CANADA AND PSYCHOLOGICALLY IT WAS A *BIG* STEP BECAUSE THERE I FOUND THE GENERAL ATMOSPHERE AS BEING MORE FRIENDLY AND TRUSTFUL AGAIN. IN EUROPE, I COULD IMAGINE THERE BEING SOME DIFFERENCES BETWEEN COUNTRIES, BUT GENERALLY IT'S MORE LIKE PEOPLE LOOKING AT POLITICIANS "WHAT THE FUCK ARE *THOSE* DOING, ARE THEY SO STUPID?" YOU CAN SAY OPENLY YOU ARE *OFF*, BUT HOMEMADE CONSPIRACIES ARE WAY MORE EFFECTIVE THAN IMPORTED ONES!

MRR: WHAT EFFECT, IF ANY, DO YOU FEEL FINLAND'S GEOGRAPHIC ISOLATION HAS ON ITS PUNK SCENE?

JU: A GOOD EFFECT! IT BRINGS UP SOME SERIOUS HOT SHIT! IT WOULD BE BETTER IF KIDS WOULDN'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S NOT.

A: IT'S GREAT BUT I'M NOT SO SURE WE ARE SO ISOLATED HERE THOUGH. I MEAN, WITH THE INTERNET, CHEAP FLIGHTS, AND THE EUROPEAN UNION AND (HOT) SHIT, IT'S GETTING MORE STANDARDIZED AND BORING HERE TOO.

JO: TRENDS ARRIVE LATER, BUT THEY STILL SEEM TO ARRIVE. IN THE '80S ALL COUNTRIES HAD A SOMEWHAT PARTICULAR SOUND, NOW IT'S MIXED EVERYWHERE. TOURING REQUIRES MUCH MORE ORGANIZING, AND SQUATTING CULTURE IS STILL NOT WELL-ROOTED. THIS IS GREATLY BECAUSE OF A LACK OF EXAMPLES AND CHANCES FOR INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION.

MRR: WHEN KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO FORMED DID YOU GO INTO IT WITH A SPECIFIC SOUND IN MIND, OR DID THE RESULT WRITE ITSELF? I MEAN, IS THE CHAOS CONTROLLED OR IS IT AN ORGANIC THING THAT JUST HAPPENS WHEN YOU WRITE? BECAUSE THE *CLASSIC FINNISH SOUND* IS DEFINITELY PRESENT IN YOUR OVERALL STYLE TO SOME EXTENT BUT THERE IS SOMETHING THERE THAT I FEEL IS TRULY UNIQUE THAT I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO PUT MY FINGER ON.

JO: WE DID HAVE SOME IN MIND ALREADY, BUT A LOT OF IT HAS COME FROM THE FACT THAT WE ALL LIKE *CHAOTIC-NESS* AND LIKE TO TRY NEW IDEAS WITH RIFFS, SONG STRUCTURES AND WITH WHATEVER—EVEN IF IT MAY REQUIRE A LOT OF PRACTICING. WE JAM AND TEST, AND LAUGH!

JU: WELL, AT FIRST WE WANTED TO PLAY FAST HARDCORE PUNK, AND WE KIND OF HAVE STUCK TO THAT.

A: YEAH, KIND OF...I THINK OUR CHAOS IS TOTALLY NOT IN CONTROL. NOT OURS ANYWAY. WHEN WE PLAY I KIND OF HAVE A FEELING THAT ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, LIKE GETTING A DRUM STICK IN YOUR EYE. OOPS! I'VE SAID TOO MUCH...

MRR: IS THERE A MAIN SONG-WRITER IN THE BAND OR DO YOU ALL COLLABORATE WITH PARTS?

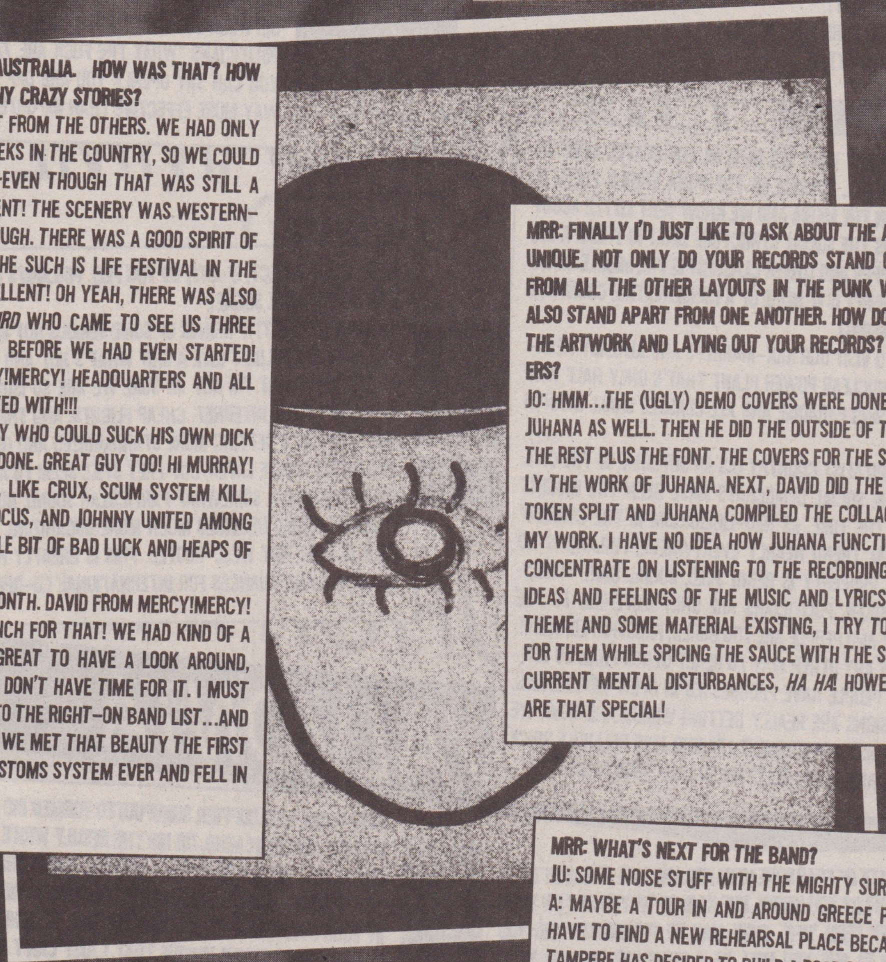
JU: JONNE AND I BASICALLY BRING THE SONGS AND LYRICS TO PRACTICE, AND THEN WE ALL COLLABORATE ON THEM TOGETHER. SOMETIMES IT TAKES AGES TO GET AN IDEA THOROUGH, AND THEN WE DISCUSS IT FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AND DECIDE TO CHANGE IT FOR SOME MORE NOISY PART THAT'S MORE FUN TO PLAY AND SOUNDS BETTER.

MRR: HOW ARE YOUR SHOWS AT HOME? ARE YOU WIDELY ACCEPTED IN THE FINNISH SCENE? DO YOU GET MUCH SUPPORT FROM THE LOCALS? HOW HAVE THE RECORDS BEEN RECEIVED?

A: BASICALLY…YES. I DUNNO…GOOD.

JU: SHOWS ARE PROBABLY THE SAME ANYWHERE. SOME TIMES CLASSIC AND OTHER TIMES THEY SUCK BIG TIME, BUT WE'VE GOT A GREAT VENUE IN TAMPERE CALLED VASTAVIRTA. IT'S A MUST FOR ANYONE VISITING THIS CRAPPY CITY.

JO: THINGS ARE NEVER TOO WILD. I'M AFRAID OUR STUFF IS TOO RISKY TO POGO? HOW CAN YOU KNOW THESE THINGS? PEOPLE NEVER SPEAK TO YOU STRAIGHT ENOUGH! THE RECORDS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED WELL I THINK, BUT IT'S ALL QUITE THE SAME TO ME. IN ONE PLACE THE LP WAS REVIEWED AS BEING GENERIC AND MONOTONOUS, IN ANOTHER ONE IT WAS PRAISED TO THE SKIES. SO…WHATEVER THE GIG IS, PUNKS IN TAMPERE SEEM TO BE ABLE TO ONLY STAND IN A HALF CIRCLE NOWADAYS. BORING!



MRR: YOU RECENTLY DID A TOUR OF AUSTRALIA. HOW WAS THAT? HOW DID YOU GO ABOUT SETTING IT UP? ANY CRAZY STORIES?

JO: THAT TOUR WAS QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS. WE HAD ONLY TWO WEEKS OF GIGS OUT OF FOUR WEEKS IN THE COUNTRY, SO WE COULD SEE QUITE A LOT BETWEEN PLACES—EVEN THOUGH THAT WAS STILL A RATHER SMALL SLICE OF THE CONTINENT! THE SCENERY WAS WESTERNESQUE, OF COURSE, BUT VERY BIG THOUGH. THERE WAS A GOOD SPIRIT OF TOGETHERNESS. I REALLY ENJOYED THE SUCH IS LIFE FESTIVAL IN THE EUCALYPTUS WOODS. THAT WAS EXCELLENT! OH YEAH, THERE WAS ALSO A KIWI CRUSTY DUDE CALLED *BIG BIRD* WHO CAME TO SEE US THREE TIMES, BUT HE ALWAYS PASSED OUT BEFORE WE HAD EVEN STARTED! HEAPS OF THANKS AND YO! TO MERCY!MERCY! HEADQUARTERS AND ALL THE GREAT PEOPLE WE MET AND PLAYED WITH!!!

A: IN NEWCASTLE THERE WAS THIS GUY WHO COULD SUCK HIS OWN DICK AND HE WAS GLAD TO SHOW HOW IT'S DONE. GREAT GUY TOO! HI MURRAY! THERE WERE SOME GOOD BANDS TOO, LIKE CRUX, SCUM SYSTEM KILL, WHITEHORSE, CUT SICK, EUCALYPT, FOCUS, AND JOHNNY UNITED AMONG OTHERS. GOOD PEOPLE, BIG FUN, A LITTLE BIT OF BAD LUCK AND HEAPS OF *BORAT* JOKES.

JO: OH YES! IT WAS 15 SHOWS IN ONE MONTH. DAVID FROM MERCY!MERCY! RECORDS SET IT UP. THANKS A BIG BUNCH FOR THAT! WE HAD KIND OF A HOLIDAY IN THE SAME MIX. IT WAS GREAT TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND, BECAUSE ON NORMAL TOURS YOU JUST DON'T HAVE TIME FOR IT. I MUST ALSO ADD PISSCHRIST AND INSURGENT TO THE RIGHT-ON BAND LIST…AND FUCK, LONG LIVE GREEN GINGER WINE!!! WE MET THAT BEAUTY THE FIRST EVENING AFTER A MOST FUCKED-UP CUSTOMS SYSTEM EVER AND FELL IN LOVE RIGHT AWAY.

MRR: OTHER THAN THAT, HAVE YOU PLAYED OUTSIDE FINLAND MUCH?

JU: NOT TOO MUCH, A COUPLE OF TOURS IN EUROPE THROUGHOUT THE YEARS…ACTUALLY TWO. THE FIRST WAS ITALY, SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE. WE HAD SOME WEIRD EXPERIENCES, PLAYING AT THE SHOOTING OF A HORROR FILM FOR EXAMPLE. THE SECOND TOUR WAS 10 SHOWS IN ITALY. IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME WE'VE PLAYED ANY COVER SONGS. WE DID AN INDIGESTI SONG IN THEIR HOMETOWN VERCELLI. WE ALSO PLAYED AT K-TOWN FEST IN COPENHAGEN, IT WAS A RECORD RELEASE SHOW FOR OUR SPLIT 7" WITH DEATH TOKEN…GREAT GUYS!

MRR: FINALLY I'D JUST LIKE TO ASK ABOUT THE ARTWORK. IT'S INCREDIBLY UNIQUE. NOT ONLY DO YOUR RECORDS STAND OUT AND LOOK DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHER LAYOUTS IN THE PUNK WORLD, BUT THE RECORDS ALSO STAND APART FROM ONE ANOTHER. HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT CHOOSING THE ARTWORK AND LAYING OUT YOUR RECORDS? WHO HAS DONE THE COVERS?

JO: HMM…THE (UGLY) DEMO COVERS WERE DONE BY ME WITH IDEAS FROM JUHANA AS WELL. THEN HE DID THE OUTSIDE OF THE FIRST EP AND I DID ALL THE REST PLUS THE FONT. THE COVERS FOR THE SECOND ONE WERE ENTIRELY THE WORK OF JUHANA. NEXT, DAVID DID THE DRAWING FOR THE DEATH TOKEN SPLIT AND JUHANA COMPILED THE COLLAGE. THE LP WAS ENTIRELY MY WORK. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW JUHANA FUNCTIONS EXACTLY, BUT I JUST CONCENTRATE ON LISTENING TO THE RECORDING AND MIX TOGETHER THE IDEAS AND FEELINGS OF THE MUSIC AND LYRICS. THEN WHEN THERE IS A THEME AND SOME MATERIAL EXISTING, I TRY TO TASTE SOME HIERARCHY FOR THEM WHILE SPICING THE SAUCE WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE BAND, OR MY CURRENT MENTAL DISTURBANCES, *HA HA*! HOWEVER, I DON'T THINK THEY ARE THAT SPECIAL!

MRR: WHAT'S NEXT FOR THE BAND?

JU: SOME NOISE STUFF WITH THE MIGHTY SUR-RUR AND A NEW SINGER.

A: MAYBE A TOUR IN AND AROUND GREECE PERHAPS? SOON WE ALSO HAVE TO FIND A NEW REHEARSAL PLACE BECAUSE OUR LOVELY CITY OF TAMPERE HAS DECIDED TO BUILD A ROAD ON OUR CURRENT ONE. THANKS A LOT WANKERS!

MRR: ANYTHING THAT YOU'D LIKE TO ADD BEFORE WE GO?

JO: THANK YOU FOR THE INTERVIEW!! WE CAN BE CONTACTED THROUGH KYKLOOPPI@GMAIL.COM OR J. KAUKO, PARJALANTIE 94, 54100 JOUTSENO, SUOMI-FINLAND.

hellshock

It's probably safe, though a bit naïve, to assume that after seven years of touring and releasing records, Portland Oregon's Hellshock has become a household name. These flag-bearers of today's crust scene burned through the Bay Area in October and were kind enough to sit down with us and answer some questions.

Interview by Bruce Roehrs, photos by Martin Sorrondeguy.

Hellshock :
Derek: Bass
Hopper: Guitar
Keith: Drums
Dusty: Guitar
Joel: Vocals

MRR: How long has this incarnation of the band been together?
Derek: Dusty joined the band like almost three years ago now?
Hopper: Wasn't it five?
Derek: 2004, so about three-and-a-half years.

MRR: And how long has the core of the band been playing out?
Derek: Since 2000.

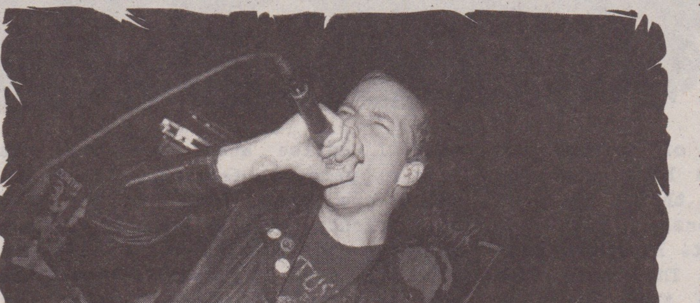
MRR: That's a long fucking time. Most bands don't make it that long.
Derek: Yeah, it was towards the end of 2000.

MRR: Is this the first show of this tour?
Derek: We played Seattle two days ago.

MRR: You are touring with Age from Japan. Obviously, you've got to communicate through the one guy who can translate from English. Their music is fucking amazing–it must be cool to play with them.
Hopper: Yeah, it's awesome. They don't really speak English and they're just kind of shy.

MRR: Are they people that you knew from Japan or did you kind of have a hook-up? How did that come about?
Hopper: Me and Joel met them in Japan when we went there with Atrocious Madness in 2000. We played two shows with them.

MRR: Would you say that your kind of music is better appreciated with bigger crowds in places like Japan or Europe than in the US?
Joel: Yes, I would say so.
Derek: I really think it depends where you play in the US, too. I mean, I love Portland and all, but I'd just rather play somewhere else.



MRR: When you go to a town like Berlin they seem passionate about punk rock.
Derek: Yeah, exactly. Like, Berlin, certain places in Brazil that we played, it was off the hook. And Japan…I mean, I like Portland, too. (laughs) It's not that I don't like Portland; it's just that...
Keith: If we lived in some Japanese city and played as much as we do around Portland.

MRR: Do you play out often at home?
All: No.
Keith: Not in a while.

MRR: When you do play, I would think they come out of the woodwork. Even a band that's very popular with a stunning live show and great records, if they play every week, eventually people get jaded, particularly in the US.
Derek: Yeah, that happens a lot in Portland. They get so...
Joel: Actually, not to go back and kind of contradict that earlier statement about playing other countries as opposed to the US, but it seems to me that the last tour, maybe the last two tours we've had of the US–one with Selfish, and one with

Wartorn-we had a *lot* of people coming out to the shows, and actually a lot of people asking us to come back right away. So I think that it's getting a lot better.
Dusty: I think the more you tour, it just builds.

MRR: You don't want people to just stand in the back just grooming their hair. Those people should stay home.
Joel: Yeah, it's not like they're looking at a gallery of pictures or anything.

MRR: I'm thinking of that one in Oakland-it was called The Padded Cell-and it was pretty much, the dirt road. The place was barely suitable for an auto repair shop. It was really stripped-down and primitive. But the kids went absolutely fucking nuts and they were getting all upside down, and it didn't matter what kind of haircut you had. You could have like the half-mohawk, or the no hair, or the scraggly-ass, dirty-ass Varukers haircut. It didn't matter, you know. They were just going off. And they knew the words, which isn't easy. I mean, that means they had to do a little research.
All: (laughter)

MRR: Because they didn't get it by listening to it on a live show. They had to study the record.
Joel: Sometimes I don't even know the words.

MRR: Your lyrics indicate that you are clearly a political band. The songs that are about war or death or being disenfranchised by society are very grim. Some of it is pretty bleak, and doesn't make you have a whole lot of optimism for the future.
Joel: Yeah, that's not the intent too often.

MRR: Is it one of your jobs as a band to make people think and to inspire them to work towards change?
Joel: I would say I try to keep away from just the purely political spectrum of things because I don't like really listening to someone tell me politically what I should think, or what we should do as a society. So I'd rather just comment on things that I notice about society, like my personal feelings, like situations that I'm involved with friends, with my community, and, more so lately, it's been more just kind of frustration of watching US politics and foreign policy, and just seeing it all. It's like the real kind of horrible joke that it is. If you're looking at Reuters or the BBC World News, as opposed to the US-as opposed to CNN.com and all that crap-it's a pretty different story, and I think that it's really frustrating for me that a lot of people can buy into that and not go beyond their usual borders and kind of see a world view. So I think that it's more of an angry view on society than trying to go into politics, as far as our lyrics.

MRR: Joel, do you write most of these lyrics?
Joel: All but one song.

MRR: Are you writing new material now? Is this stuff as dark and threatening as some of the records that you made before?
Joel: We have three new songs right now, and there are another seven songs that we haven't really worked out as a band yet. But I think it's definitely getting darker.
Derek: Yeah, because he moved away for like a year. He moved to Seattle, so we've been writing brand new songs for an upcoming LP. But, like, commuting from Seattle to Portland, it's easier said than done. Even though, granted, it's only three hours away... He'd maybe come once a month or something, you know? And we have so many songs written that he hasn't even heard yet. So after this tour, we're gonna, you know...He's back in Portland now. He moved back at the beginning of October. So we're gonna start going at it again when we get back from tour, showing him the songs and stuff, 'cause we have like three new songs that he has lyrics for and everything that we're starting to play live.

MRR: You guys have traveled pretty extensively. I didn't know you've been down to Brazil, as well.
All: Yes.

MRR: And what about the rest of the US? Like Boston, New York, Philly?
Hopper: Yeah, there's definitely like a few states...

Joel: Alaska, Hawaii...

Hopper: ...that we didn't see.

MRR: Do punks in the Northeastern United States receive your music as well?

Derek: Yeah, we played several of the Pointless Fests, or like two of the Pointless Fests.

MRR: I remember a lot of bands flew in for that. Totalitär flew out there for one of those, and they're one of the bands that A) I can't believe they're still around, and B) I can't believe they're still so fucking great.

Derek: In my opinion, they've gotten even better.

Derek: They can't go wrong.

Justin: They're still ten years younger than you!

MRR: What are the other towns you're going to on this tour?

Derek: We're playing Bakersfield tomorrow...

Hopper: That will be fun.

Derek: There are three shows in LA.

All: San Diego.

Derek: A record store, a house show, we're playing at a park.

MRR: A house show, those can go either way.

Joel: Oh, it'll be over the top.

Derek: That one's gonna be good.

Hopper: We're doing a similar tour to what we did with Wartorn, except for a few places.

MRR: Didn't you have a small complication when you were driving to Sacramento? You flipped your van?

Joel: Oh yeah, from Oakland...

Hopper: I had a bleeding head.

Derek: The van was a total loss.

Dusty: The tire exploded and we hit the breaks.

MRR: And I can only picture all the equipment and the merchandise bouncing around.

Derek: Nobody really got hurt. We had a broken Gibson guitar, that's about it.

MRR: Did you get to file insurance?

All: We did.

Derek: We all just finally settled, actually. We all did our chiropractic or whatever.

Dusty: They tried to tell me that they didn't even know I was hurt, but they've been paying my medical bills for the last year.

MRR: So the cops probably came, right?

Derek: They came to interrogate us like it was our fault.

Dusty: They were like, "Where was everybody seated?" And we're just sitting here, staring at the van, smoking, and the cop's like, "Where was everybody seated!?" I don't know. I almost got into an arguing match with the guy. I had to be pulled away.

Derek: The police showed up before the emergency people showed up, so it was like the police are no help at all. What are they going to do, treat us? The police aren't really equipped to do that. I just remember this trucker, and he climbed up and he grabbed our roadie Lauren, out first, and I was riding shotgun, and then he pulled me out, then he pulled everyone else out. Wartorn was about five minutes behind us on the road. They were videotaping when they came up on the accident and...

Joel: They didn't see us crash, but they came by.

Derek: So they saw Brian being pulled out by some big dude.

MRR: That's nice that the trucker stopped and helped.

Derek: Well, it was a trucker that pulled us out. A truck pulled in front of us and he pulled us out.

Joel: Obviously, they were a lot more helpful than the police were.

Derek: They wanted to catch us in a lie or something.

Joel: Trying to get the angle for the case, or whatever. Why we flipped the van, rather than if we were all OK.

Derek: So yeah, Wartorn ended up on the scene too.

Hopper: Well, Wartorn wrecked their van while they were getting robbed. They got carjacked.

Derek: Well, it wasn't Wartorn. It was the band they were in before Wartorn. They got carjacked on the way to Minneapolis. They picked up some hitchhikers whose car was on fire on the side of the road, and they picked them up. They were like, "Can we just get a ride to the next town?" And Eric, he's just a nice guy. He's just going to help people out. He always has. And they take them, and all of a sudden, the guy has a knife to the dude's throat-no, he's choking him with a rope or something, and the other guys were holding the other band members back. So he just ate it. He just ditched the car. He crashed into a parked car, and all of a sudden a guitar head came flying from the back of the van and knocked the dude out, the guy that was strangling him.

Hopper: He said the cops were trying to catch him in a lie, and they didn't believe him.

MRR: Oh yeah, I set it up so that I get choked with a rope, and then...

All: (laughter)

Derek: You know, after a hard day's work, I like to unwind by hitting a parked car...

MRR: To get back to your lyrics, Joel, you mention how relationships come and go. In one of the songs, it seems as if some things you experienced mar your confidence in friendships or lovers or some things you've observed.

Joel: That's on "Your World." It's not necessarily a personal experience, but it's just, once again, an observation of what I've seen happen to people and friends. It's just a viewing of what people do when they're either dating or how they treat each other, and it's just kind of disturbing sometimes. It's really frustrating to have to go around each other in these weird games rather than actually communicating.

MRR: You probably knew some people that were just crazy about you in the beginning and now you're like, "What happened to that guy? He was like our number one fan?" Sometimes your faith in humans can be damaged by how unreliable they are.

Derek: Pretty much. There's always new people coming in, but the core people are solid.

MRR: And are some of the older punks still excited about you music? Do they still show up?

Hopper: Some of them are getting back into, actually.

Keith: I think a lot of them actually thought punk died, but it just went underground.

Hopper: Like, I have some friends who've been out of the punk scene for years and they're just getting back into it, and they're realizing that it's just as good, if not better than before.

MRR: That has to make you happy.
Derek: I just think the Portland scene is more rejuvenated. I've lived there for seven years now, and I became jaded and I saw so many other people get jaded. And there are just so many *scenes* and the bullshit clique thing going on. I'm not saying it still isn't there, but it's definitely not as bad as it used to be. There are just so many-like, you got a punk band playing with a crust band or a metal band. There are all these young, new kids forming these amazing bands, and it's definitely rejuvenated the scene with these younger kids forming these bands, and it's bringing people out and going, "Wow!"

MRR: As red-blooded males do you yield to temptation when the testosterone overwhelms you? You're on tour, you've got a beautiful girl at home, you're in love with her, and you don't want her fooling around while you're away. Is that a problem being a rock band on the road?
Keith: You just have to choose what's more important to you. I would be fine without all the bullshit like that.
Joel: I'm pretty trusting in my relationship.
Derek: Well, when I was in a relationship, I didn't really think twice.
Keith: Yeah, we've got other things to do that are more important.

MRR: Are there aspirations in this band that are going to take you to the next level? Are you signing with some label that's going to send you all over the fucking world for eight months?
Derek: We're just being patient. There are certain things about our last couple of releases that we're not necessarily happy about, so we're just kind of taking things slow. We want to do things right this time. We've always been in this situation where we need to rush to do things. We want to record an LP or a 7" and it's like, "Well, we're leaving on tour in two or three days." That's what we've done for so long that it's like now let's just chill. Let's just write songs at our pace, and once we're ready, we'll record 'em.

MRR: When you look back is there disappointment with the way the music was recorded?
Derek: Well, just the production, more than anything. Not the music, just the production overall.

MRR: So you still feel pretty good about the lyrics?
Joel: Well, there're always certain regrets that you have about everything, about the music, about the lyrics, about how you played the show.

MRR: Let's finish this discussion from before. You're going down to Bakersfield, and then three shows in LA, then San Diego?
Derek: (reading off the back of Joel's shirt) It's Isla Vista....
Dusty: The thing is we're playing two shows with Age, and then Age is going to Austin. When they're in Austin, we're doing a house party.
Hopper: We're not playing in Portland with them. They're playing with all the bands in Portland that they wanted to, and we had to kind of step back and let them do that.

MRR: It's probably fun sometimes to just step back and be a fan and stand in the audience.
Joel: A lot less stressful.

MRR (Justin): Why is Hellshock still a band?
Joel: I enjoy it. I think we all enjoy it a little.
Dusty: We keep making plans and doing them.
Keith: We seem to get along together. I guess you could say we're all friends.
Derek: We definitely do, because all we do is rip on each other.

MRR: And that's a sign of affection.
Derek: It really is! Like, we've been together so long that it keeps things fun and interesting. I mean, we don't mean anything bad by it. It's just the way we are with each other. It's a good dynamic.
Keith: We never really have major fights on tour or anything.
Derek: There have definitely been breakdowns, but that's true of any band that's been around for five years...
Keith: We usually just get in fights with other people.
Derek: I guess you could also say that we're still around as a slap in the face to anyone who didn't want us to still be around.
All: Yeah!
Derek: I mean, there are broken Hellshock records on walls in Seattle. There are definite Hellshock haters out there.

MRR: It's better to be hated than ignored.
Derek: Exactly.
Hopper: It's funnier. The press is better.
Derek: I think as long as we're all still having fun, we'll keep doing it.
Hopper: As long as people still keep asking us to do tours that we want to do, and we still want to write records... Another cool thing is that when we started this band, nobody was doing this style. Metal was kind of frowned upon, and mixing it was like, "Who does that?" I think it's fucking awesome that we're still doing it.
Derek: We've played all kinds of weird shows. We're friends with The Epoxies, we've done shows with them.

MRR: Was there metal growing up for you, as well?
Joel: Yeah, I listened to Iron Maiden, Sepultura, just the stuff I could get my hands on. Then later on, Kreator, Destruction, Sodom, that kind of stuff.

MRR: Are Hellshock records selling well now?
Keith: They're kind of out of print. I guess I've been working on trying to get them back in print for the last couple of years.

MRR: Joel, do you think that when you make observations in your lyrics, do think your eventual goal would be some kind of social change in our country, or is it just one man's commentary on our plight?
Joel: It's more just comments on society. I don't see things changing. I guess that makes me kind of an anti-optimistic kind of person.

MRR: It might be called realism.
Joel: A healthy dose of realism.

MRR: Do you guys agree with that?
Dusty: Sometime in our lives we heard something that changed our lives. For us doing this, it could impact some kid the same way.

MRR: If you listen to Black Sabbath sing "War Pigs," it seems like we're still singing about the same fuckin' thing-these warmongers with power controlling the small people like pawns, sending them to their death. It's very frustrating if you are passionate about something, and you hope to get a message to the kids, and you have to wonder, "Is this all I can do?" What about voting, you guys vote?
Keith: No. I disagree with supporting it.
Brian: It's like agreeing with it if you vote.

MRR: What about voting for the Libertarian or the Green Party or something? Is that not viable?
Dusty: I don't think it's a joke, but it would never impact change. The same system that's ruling us in our country has been ruling us for thousands of years. The people we're voting for are relatives of each other....

MRR: Both parties are almost the same.
Dusty: They're identical; they have the same exact agenda.

MRR: A country like Germany, who has a Green Party, a Socialist Party and several others-almost all those parties are represented in their Congress. Even Canada has a socialist party, and they send an official who represents that contingent to vote on those issues. Is it not possible to get better health care, or education if you participate in the system?
Keith: The way we live now, is us trying to cope with society. The whole punk community and what we're involved in is our own kind of separate entity. We deal with the real government and real bullshit as little as possible. Going to work, having to pay rent, having to go through customs and dealing with certain laws that interact with our little circle. I think, personally, if people wanna vote, that's great. I think it might do something for them....
Dusty: Local issues, maybe.
Keith: I don't see anything, even local, that's going to change. Voting for a lesser evil is bullshit.

MRR: ...Once you get worker's rights, an eight-hour day, health care, and a pension, the next thing you know you have the corporate fat cats running it.
Joel: A few comments on all of that... I think that writing music as dark and depressing as it sounds for us is maybe not so much trying to instill that idea that there's no hope for the future. Disillusionment or anger against the system that you're in is most often the greatest way to inspire change. A lot of the founding fathers of America said that having a problem with what's going on in your system and your political beliefs is what makes the country work, so you're wanting to change it constantly to evolve into something different, something better. An important part of writing about and inspiring dark feelings in people is that we're not happy with what things are like. People need to realize that they're not happy with their lives and what's going on around them. That's the first step in doing anything towards positive change.
Keith: It's also thinking for yourself. Most people that vote are voting for people to think for them. You gotta make your own decisions on how you live. Whatever percentage you used, 40-something percent voted, that just shows you that the 50-plus percent that didn't vote have that little faith in our system. The less and less it gets...What are they gonna do when ten percent vote?

MRR: That's exactly what they want.
Keith: I don't think that's the right attitude, giving up. Just giving up on life, "I'm just going to go to work, and go home, go to sleep, have a wife and kids," all that stuff. That's just bullshit. That's stupid.
Derek: There's actually some stuff going on in Portland right now, zoning and development laws...
Hopper: They're designed to be so confusing that nobody votes on those things anyway.
Keith: Portland has awesome laws about urban sprawl. That's why

it's not a huge metropolis. That's why it's really easy and awesome to live in. They're trying to make it sprawl like LA or San Francisco...

Derek: The community and the scene in the Northwest is so good and it's because those laws actually keep everything tight-knit. People live closer.

Keith: There's nowhere in Portland you can't get to in twenty minutes on a bike.

Hopper: In ten years, the population's supposed to double. If they do start having the urban sprawl...Traffic's already getting crazy.

Derek: We've got a smog issue now...

Keith: For sure, [the triumph of money over grassroots organizing] is the whole illusion of the system. What they wanna do is going to happen, regardless. In this country, in general, if you see people starting to challenge the system, those people are gonna be dealt with, really quick.

Dusty: To me, all the faults that are in our system are intentional.

MRR: Do you feel that unions help to provide better health care for working men and women?

Joel: Imagine the union and the political system that we deal with on a daily basis, or very similar structures. Now imagine that the union, on every level of its hierarchy of power, was completely dissolved by a group of people who had their own agenda, and were completely taking it apart from the inside. Everything you tried to do was falling in on itself because of the fact that the system itself is intentionally destroyed. It just wouldn't work anymore. I think that's what we deal with on a daily basis with politics. You can affect change in your workplace. You could do the same thing on a society basis, if everybody wasn't force-fed bullshit on a constant basis and believed in it, inwardly, and voting on a broken system where we're actually voting on the same exact person with the same exact face on a different head....

Dusty: People for the most part are smart and have like-minded feelings. If you focus on a big issue, you're spreading yourself really thin.

MRR: Joel, you mentioned that when you watch the BBC or German TV, they don't have a completely different take on the news.

Keith: It's not the news; it's more like filler.

Hopper: If you even see something that [discusses] something that's actually happening-half the stories are about Cub Scouts getting a cat out of a tree-it's constant bullshit.

Joel: Everybody knows that, but still, "oh, that's fine. This is funny." It's obviously gonna keep going for the rest of our lives, so let's accept it.

MRR: Hasn't the middle class shifted lower and lower, and the super-rich are gaining?

Keith: I think they're testing the threshold.

Joel: I'd like to disagree with a few things about that. A lot of times punks will use terms like "them" and "they," but that's kind of a mistake for people like us, because...I was part of a union in **Portland, Brian was too. With the help of the union, we changed a lot of our benefits, and it really helped us out. The main thing was that, it's not like there's this panel of people sitting around, saying "Well, we'll give them *this* much." You gotta think about people being people. This guy is feeling like,** "The media's gonna see me this way, my business is gonna look this way. I don't *want to* give these people anything." They're pissed that they have to give someone something. They're not like, "that's *profitable* for me..." They're hurt and they're angry, 'cause they're people. It's not a fuckin' devil panel of corporations sitting there, "ha ha ha." People are gonna be fuckin' pissed at this shit. It's not one huge conglomerate. That is the business side of it, but still, it's people involved in it. That's where we're failing to see that it's not just a wall. It's individual people that are involved in this, and they actually feel those repercussions.

Keith: The effect of them losing $10,000 a year, versus us losing $10,000, when that's all we make.

Joel: They're still unhappy about it. That's satisfying enough for me.

MRR: So you won two battles. Do you think rock 'n' roll can affect social change, through the lyrics or a call for blood in the streets?

Keith: I think that if it's big enough to where it's affecting change, then it gets rerouted into popular culture.

Joel: That's true, that's exactly what they're doing.

Keith: It could get to the point where movie stars are saying intelligent, political statements. Some people are, "oh," and other people say "they're privileged..." By the time rock 'n' roll says something like that, you might be at a level where you're too privileged for anyone to care what you're saying.

Dusty: I think that's actually the reason why I think all of us prefer to stay in the underground, as far away from that sort of thing as possible.

MRR: What was the longest tour you guys did?

Derek: Me and Keith have done five months in Remains Of The Day.

Joel: Hellshock did eight weeks.

Hopper: Nine weeks.

MRR: I guess you're not in it for the money.

Hopper: In Brazil there were guys with machine guns pointed at us.

Derek: They were shooting at the police...

Hopper: 'Cause the police were shooting at them.

Derek: I still remember that twelve-year-old kid with an AK-47.

Dusty: He just wanted to sell us drugs. He got a kick out of us, we're all in black. He's laughing at us.

MRR: I have great respect for fully automatic weapons. [laughter] Especially when handled by a twelve-year-old, sometimes their judgment is flawed...

Dusty: Especially when they're huffing ether out of a beer can.

MRR: Any last comments?

Joel: I would like to add in some thanks to a few people: Gus and Mala Sangre, MRR, and everyone who had us stay at their house or set up a show for us.

Punk rock
Garage
Hardcore
And More!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL RADIO

www.maximumrocknroll.com/radio

A new radio show every week...

"Undead Zombie Pope Approved!"

SAME BODIES SAME FACES
MARVELOUS DARLINGS I DON'T WANNA GO TO THE PARTY
SUICIDE
TOTAL ABUSE
SEX PIG
E.P.
RED DONS
86 MENTALITY
FINAL EXIT
TRANZMITORS

STATUES
SAME BODIES, SAME... 7"

MARVELOUS DARLINGS
I DON'T WANNA GO TO:.. 7"

VIOLENT MINDS
SELF TITLED 7" repress

BRUTAL KNIGHTS
LIVING BY YOURSELF 12"

CAREER SUICIDE
ATTEMPTED SUICIDE LP/CD

TOTAL ABUSE
SEX PIG 7"

FUCKED UP
HIDDEN WORLD DOUBLE LP

RED DONS
DEATH TO IDEALISM LP/CD

FUCKED UP
EPICS IN MINUTES CD

86 MENTALITY
FINAL EXIT 7" / CD

TRANZMITORS
SELF TITLED LP/CD

VIOLENT MINDS
WE ARE NOTHING 12"/CD

DERANGED RECORDS | 2700 LOWER RD | ROBERTS CREEK, BC | V0N 2W4 CANADA www.derangedrecords.com
US DISTRO: EBULLITION, REVELATION | CANADA: SCRATCH | GERMANY : GREED | UK : FORTE Digital : Itunes / Napster / Emusic

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING

Even in this modern age, it took about a year after their first LP was released for word about Eddy Current Suppression Ring to really hit the shores of the North America and Europe. They're a band Aussies clamor about, throwing around heavy comparisons like X (the Australian band), the Victims, the Scientists, the Saints. By the time those in the Northern Hemisphere caught on, Eddy Current Suppression Ring's early singles had gone out of print and their debut LP on Dropkick Records was scarce…until a repressing allowed the rest of us to catch up and judge the merit of the hype. The album lived up to the "You gotta hear this" noise and was followed by a heavily anticipated US tour. And by all accounts, the Australians delivered the goods. Great live band to match the excellent records. No doubt their album will make a number of Top Ten lists for 2007 and eyes and ears will be focused on what's coming next from Eddy Current Suppression Ring.

This interview took place with the singer, Brendan Huntley, at a taqueria in the Mission District, just hours before he was due to return to Australia. Brendan returned to San Francisco for a few days of R'n'R after the short US tour. Hopefully they'll be back again soon. Interview by Mark Murrmann, with Mitch Cardwell, Dulcinea, Stacie and Rich from Dropkick Records.

MRR: So why did you abandon your band in America?

Brendan: I just wanted to spend a bit more time away from home.

MRR: And how was your time here in the States? Was it everything you thought it'd be?

Brendan: More. I thought it'd be good, but I wasn't sure how people would take to us, as a band. And it was fantastic. Everyone was pretty friendly, hospitable. That's been nice.

MRR: Are you planning on coming back?

Brendan: Definitely.

MRR: What was the best show, your favorite place you played?

Brendan: For me, the San Francisco show was the best. It felt like Melbourne, but a real quiet version. Because there weren't as many people there when we played. Playing with The Oh Sees and Kelly Stoltz was rad. That and playing with the A-Frames at Emo's was pretty top-notch. They were great. And I liked Goner Fest. It was the biggest audience and everyone was just happy to be there. So that was a lot of fun too. They were all fun in their own little ways, really. Seriously. And actually, DC…I'm going to keep rambling… they were all great.

MRR: What about DC?

Brendan: It was at this place called the Velvet Lounge and it was on a Tuesday night. And the other band just got together, they were made up for the night, just to have a gig. A bunch of people came because Mikey's [ECSR guitarist] girlfriend lives there and she invited them. Everyone was getting drunk and having fun. For a Tuesday night, everyone was pissed. When I say pissed I mean drunk; they were just having a good time.

MRR: Having just moved from DC, I'm sure they probably appreciated having a good show in that city.

Brendan: Yeah, could be. It was a really good night, that one.

MRR: So Goner Fest. A lot of people were there. Were you well received? It was kind of billed as the pinnacle of the tour.

Brendan: Well, because it was a festival and the last show for the tour was the reason it was the pinnacle. New York with the Pissed Jeans was fun too… everywhere was fun, all right? That's my answer. But Goner Fest, everyone was happy. There weren't any jerks there. Everyone was there to party and just see some bands play. It was cool.

MRR: Real basic question—how long have you guys been around?

Brendan: About three years. I guess it was 2003. We played our first gig in 2004. We played two gigs then, one in September, one in October. We stopped for a few months because Mikey went away. Then we started gigging pretty constantly in 2005.

MRR: So have you guys built up a fair following in Australia?

Brendan: Well, it's a nice crowd.

Dulcinea: You were saying you get about 400 people at a show.

Brendan: On a good show, yeah.

MRR: There are a lot of people at that show of you guys on YouTube. But when I saw that clip, the first I thought is, why did you decide to wear gloves when you play live?

Brendan: When we first started making music, we didn't really plan to play shows, at least I didn't. We kept writing more songs and having a lot fun. We had enough for a set and Danny and the rest of the band decided we should play a show just for our friends because we already had the 7" pressed. So they talked me into playing a show and I decided I had to do something for confidence. In primary school I had to do a speech in class. I couldn't handle it and my legs would wobble. I just couldn't do speeches very well. The teacher recommended that I use a pointing stick to gain confidence so the gloves come from that idea. It's like Superman's costume—it's my cape.

MRR: So when you guys started the band, you just wanted to play music and fuck around, and you put out a 7" before you ever played a show?

Brendan: The band started at a Christmas party at Corduroy Records. I'd been working there for about a year just sweeping the floors and pressing records. I was mates with Danny through art and whilst hanging with Danny I became friends with Mikey. Mikey got me the job down there as he was managing the factory and I needed a job. I'd never had too much to do with music before that. I knew what I liked in my subconscious but had no idea that much good stuff existed. So those guys really schooled me on good tunes. Corduroy Records always had equipment down there. Everyone from the party had gone home and Danny and Mike, the brothers, were messing around on the instruments.

Rich: That's a really common thing at Corduroy. The main room has recording equipment set up all the time. Lot of bands cut live to acetate singles in this room. They have a stage and multiple guitars. It was nothing for someone to just jam there.

Brendan: Everybody did it.

Mitch: You guys don't have one of those lathe cutters do you? Do you know what I'm talking about?

Brendan: They have a cutter there but we've never recorded live to acetate, not us.

MRR: Any plans to do one?

Brendan: Corduroy's not a record pressing plant anymore. So when the factory was bought out, the live-to-acetate was never a thing the new owners set back up.

Rich: Although, the place that you guys practice is the cutting room so you could do it there. The Ooga Boogas recorded all of their stuff there.

Brendan: Yeah, but not live to acetate.

Rich: The only thing we would need to do is get Harry in there to get the acetate machine rolling while your practicing.

Brendan: Yeah, that's a good idea—I've wanted to do it.

Rich: Honestly, the novelty has worn off which is why less bands are doing it.

Brendan: Yeah, maybe the novelty has worn off. But I'd still like to do it. Anyway, we got together when those boys were playing their instruments. Danny was banging away on the drums and Mikey on the keyboard with the guitar over his shoulder and it was sounding fun. I had just been dumped by my girlfriend and I was still quite sad about it. I started raving thoughts off the top of my head, just words, sort of free from the mind. Mikey saw that I was singing and the microphone wasn't working so he got me so that I was singing into the built-in microphone on an old tape deck and hit record. We were having a good time and then we had to get going because our friend that was giving us a lift home wanted to go and eat. She held up a sign saying, "I want to leave" so we stopped it at the end of that song which became "So Many Things"—the B-side of the first 7". We left it at that. We listened to it on the way home and thought it was hilarious. I had fun getting all my thoughts off my mind. After that I couldn't stop writing lyrics, so I asked Mikey and Danny if we could do it again and they were keen. We got Brad—a.k.a. Rob Solid—to play bass and wrote a couple more songs. Nick Phillips, the boss of Corduroy Records and the singer of garage rock 'n' roll band Shutdown 66, was one of the first people to hear "So Many Things." He would play it over and over again down there in his little office. I also remember Rich coming down whilst it was playing. I didn't know him too well, 'cos he was quiet and never talked to me. I'd say, "Hey Richard," and he'd say, "Hey mate." That's it. I remember he said it was good and I thought, "Cool, someone else thinks this is good." Our friends thought it was funny too. Nick at Corduroy ended up releasing a 7" record with the three songs, "Get Up Morning," "You Don't Care," and "So Many Things." By then, I just thought I would give it to that girl that dumped me and say "Ha!" I wanted to keep making more though. Eventually, when we played live, it wasn't as scary as I thought.

MRR: This is your first band ever?

Brendan: Yeah, I'm not a musician.

Rich: Funnily though, Danny and Mikey have been playing in bands together since they were kids. Brad's also been in bands with those guys over the years.

Brendan: We all grew up in the same suburb. I didn't meet those guys 'til later. Brad has sung and played guitar in everything from thrash metal to soul. Danny was into hardcore and just about everything else. Mikey has messed around a lot with lots of great instrumental solo stuff. He's into a lot of different music. We all are. They've always done something with music.

Rich: It's weird how they've gone and done tons of bands each and then come back together as friends.

Brendan: It was a group of mates, basically. We all felt comfortable around each other so we kept doing it.

MRR: I think the best music happens that way—people just making music for the fuck of it. How long did it take to make the album after the single came out? How did that come about?

Brendan: We pressed the first 7" around March of 2004 and then we made another single with the songs "It's All Square" and "Precious Rose." We did the third single as a split with Straightjacket Nation. By that time we thought, "Let's record all the songs and then put it out." So we re-recorded everything except for "So Many Things" and "You Don't Care." We did it one day—we went down to Caulfield rehearsal studios with Mikey's equipment. Mikey is a whiz with setting things up. He set it all up in the carpeted room and we went in the night before recording and got the sounds right. The next day we started recording at 11:00 AM and finished at 3:00 PM.

MRR: 15 songs in four hours?

Brendan: Yeah, because Brad had to go to a barbeque and I think maybe Danny had to go to work or something like that. We had to get it done. Two of the songs we recorded didn't make it on the album.

MRR: Is this an Australian tradition, like the X *Aspirations* LP that they recorded in seven hours?

Brendan: Is it? I never knew that.

MRR: You're carrying on a tradition! Does it annoy you when people, especially in the States, compare you to Australia's X since you don't really sound like them?

Brendan: No, I like it because I love X.

Rich: It's actually something that I said originally, that's probably where people picked up on it.

MRR: Well it got people's attention.

Rich: My favorite Eddy Current song is "It's All Square," and when I hear it I think it has an X feel. I don't actually think they sound like X or the Victims or the Easybeats or the Scientists…

Dulcinea: But they have that feel to them.

Brendan: Maybe the vibe.

MRR: To me, I think you don't sound like very many other bands right now, which I think is good and why people like it. But if I had to peg the sound, I think it sounds somewhere in between FM Knives and Ivy Green.

Rich: I've discussed all this with Mikey and his favorite bands in terms of when Eddy Current started are The Monks, The Troggs, and Devo, and if you think about that…

MRR: That makes sense—stripped-down kind of simple sounds.

Rich: Yeah, really simple and sparse. But the people who are into the weird music think they sound like a garage punk band and straight-up garage kids think they're too weird. They don't fit into anybody's idea.

Dulcinea: I think it's weird because when I watched you, I got that Aussie vibe that I figured might be the way it would have been via X or The Saints or something like that, but it wasn't overt. It was kind of a quiet like "Holy Shit!"

Rich: Just because it's like these nonchalant, laid-back guys on stage.

MRR: I think it has a laid-back presence but the music is so intense. That's how I always imagined X. The music is just like getting hit by

a train.

Brendan: I reckon the reason we can't be pigeonholed has something to do with the way the songs are written. There's a mixture of sound and variety of styles and maybe that's why people have a good time at the shows too.

Dulcinea: The guitar sound is insane. I told him last night that it sounds like there's buried mosquitoes stuck in his guitar.

Rich: That has to do with his Goldentone amp. They sound really good if you get one that is in nice condition. When Mikey got his Goldentone...the whole sound is built on that style. He made the bass player get one too. It's got a nice hum to it—it's warm.

MRR: Do you have any more records coming out soon?

Brendan: In July, before we left for tour, we recorded 19 songs over a weekend. We don't know who is going to put it out.

MRR: Are you guys going to work with any Stateside labels?

Brendan: There's been interest but I don't really get into those kinds of conversations. There's a label called White Denim that is run by the singer of Pissed Jeans. He's releasing a two-song 7". His band-mate Brad is helping co-release it—Metropolitan Recluse is his label. It was supposed to be ready for the US tour but the record pressing plant could only get us test pressings.

[Ed. Note: This 7" came out in Oct. 2007, limited to 351 copies]

MRR: Have you toured Australia?

Brendan: We've done a bit of touring, but nothing grueling. We've been as far as Perth but we've only done weekend trips where we'll play three shows. We keep it pretty chill—this US tour was the longest trip we've done.

MRR: So how did you find touring the States versus touring Australia?

Brendan: Well in the States, everything was new. We were playing to new audiences and trying to win them over. It's exciting. We've played to new crowds in Perth but this was a new country, new faces, new venues to play.

MRR: Have you eaten a lot of fast food while you're here on tour? What's your favorite place?

Brendan: We've had lots of fast food. This place is all right [a sit-down Mexican restaurant in the Mission District]. We went to a good hamburger place in Memphis. It's run by this old grandma and she brought out chips and cheap, beautiful hamburgers. That was one of my favorites. It had a good atmosphere. We weren't allowed to cuss or swear because we were told we might be kicked out for that. There's been some great healthy vegetarian restaurants. But the best joint was in a place called Lockheart. Just out of Austin. It was a barbeque beef restaurant. It was over 75 years old and the walls were black with smoke. The meat was real tasty. The atmosphere was just magic. Like something out of a movie.

MRR: Did you do any record shopping?

Brendan: I did more record shopping than ever. It's cheaper and if you want something it's there. It doesn't feel that way back home, but here it's been a goldmine. If I had more money and a bigger bag, I would have bought more.

MRR: Do you think you guys are going to get big?

Brendan: Not big, I think we'll cruise along at the nice pace we're at for now. I was talking with Richard the other day about how you have your time and you have to ride it for whatever it is and not expect anything because if your expectations don't happen, then you get down. Also, we are at a nice little pace right now because it's manageable. Being big could get scary and I don't wanna get like that.

Rich: You'd end up playing festival circuits and not having jobs only the band...

Brendan: It would take away the spirit—we'd have nothing to write about. We got asked to play a big festival on New Year's and we said no because we just wanted to chill out and have a good party.

Rich: *Rolling Stone* had some publicist get in touch with the band. They wanted Brendan to go to an Internet café on tour and answer some questions on a computer—obviously they don't know this guy. He didn't get 'round to it. So they put a photo in and took some answers from an old interview they'd done with another magazine.

MRR: Are bigger music magazines in Australia picking up on you guys or bugging you at all? *Rolling Stone* has gotten in touch with you...

Brendan: Yeah, that would be the biggest.

Rich: Being in *Rolling Stone* would mean two dozen more kids in the suburbs might read about you and pick up your CD. It doesn't really change anything.

Brendan: Being in a smaller magazine might be more important. Definitely. As far as the manageableness, you gotta take it one step at a time and not jump into things. It's like a baby learning how to walk. If you all of a sudden become an adult one day, it might not be as fun. Learning how to walk is the best part. But then you die and move on and have another life.

MRR: It doesn't seem like it's in the realm of impossibility for you guys personally. Not that you're aiming for it but with the sound that you have and the interest, I can see it happening—good or bad.

Brendan: I guess everything has sort of surprised me and at the same time hasn't. It's like "cool, we get to play a festival" and everything has been great.

MRR: I think you have the right attitude.

Brendan: You gotta do it that way or else it goes to your head and you turn into a jerk. I don't want to be a jerk.

MRR: Thanks for the interview.

Brendan: You get to edit it so don't make me look like an idiot.

Rich: You might have done a good job yourself.

Brendan: Make me look smart—put some intelligent words in there for me.

Emo's
Budweiser
SABIAN
Marshall

Martin Sorrondeguy

BASTARD SONS OF APOCALYPSE

For those unacquainted, Bastard Sons of Apocalypse, better know as BSA, hails from the McAllen/Alamo/Brownsville area of Texas, close to the Mexican border. They play a self-defined style of hardcore called "No Charge D-beat Rock 'n' Roll." My first encounter with BSA was at the Chicago Fest in 2005. That night was stressful for them because they were playing their first show outside of Texas in front of 500 people and for reasons still unknown, they were cut short after a few songs. They made up for this disappointment the next night when they blazed through their set unhindered at the Albion House. If memory serves correct, none of them even stopped to catch a breath during their set. I was blown away and luckily since then I've seen them about a dozen times and they've never disappointed. Here's what they have to say. Interview by Cissie Scurlock, photos by Jack Barfield and Martin Sorrondeguy.

MRR: How and when did Bastard Sons of Apocalypse form?

Eddie: BSA formed in early 2004. We had all been in other bands together, but always had some members that couldn't tour. So, we decided to make a band with the four guys that were down for whatever.

Omar: I'm going to say maybe earlier than that, sometime around the fall of 2003 to be exact. We started playing our first shows in early 2004. BSA kind of began as a side band that wasn't very serious at first. All of our other bands broke up and we had more time to focus our efforts on this one.

Javi: Totally shat out of the bowels of the Filthy Fuckers (Alamo, TX)! I kinda remember when Eddie gave me a BSA demo at a show back in '04. I had no idea what they were going for at first, since Filthy Fuckers were more fist-pumpin' and had catchier choruses. I guess that might have been before I had ever even heard Disclose, which I think early BSA takes a huge influence from.

MRR: Some member changes have taken place within the band; can you give us a short rundown?

Eddie: We have only had one line-up change and that was with our guitarist. Our original guitarist, Migas, totally dropped out of the punk scene, so that put us in a bind. We were planning to break up the band, but Fly said our good friend Javi was interested in playing with us. We were a bit skeptical, but after the first practice it clicked.

Omar: Yeah, I remember that first practice. I didn't know Javi that well, but I knew who he was and I was familiar with the other bands he's been in. It went really well and has ever since.

Javi: I like it when people get confused and think Migas is still in the band. We were in Chicago for Southkore Fest last year and some guy, obviously an old friend of the dudes in the band, obviously super hammered, was giving high-fives to Eric, Omar, and Eddie, and when he got to me he kinda took a double-take and said, "Fuck dude, did you cut your hair?" Migas used to have this pretty-boy shoulder-length Kurt Cobain-style haircut.

Fly: Don't forget to mention that Migas also sold my equipment when we got back from tour. He needed money to buy blow and DJ equipment. Poseur. Plus, who wants to be in a band with a guy who does that—sell other people's equipment, I mean?

MRR: You guys started in Alamo, Texas, which is in the Rio Grande Valley part of Texas, and now most of you live in McAllen. I don't know of any other significant bands from that region. Can you give a history of the punk scene there?

Eddie: BSA practiced in Alamo, so it was said we were from there. Me and Migas were the only ones who actually lived there. Everybody in BSA lives in McAllen now except for me. I'm living in Austin now.

Jack Burfield

Omar: For anyone who isn't familiar with the area, the Rio Grande Valley is a long strip of neighboring towns and cities along the Rio Grande River in deep South Texas. Each town is not more than five minutes away from the next one. It's about a three-hour drive if you were to go from one end of the Valley to the other.

Eddie: The punk scene in the Valley is the same as any other place with the exception that bands never get out of there. We still have active bands from the '80s that are great, they have just never toured or recorded for a label. If more bands from the Valley got out, I think people would be impressed.

Fly: Well, also a lot of bands leave to Austin to make it big. They soon come back to the Valley and go back to being preps. The Valley used to have all these great bands back in the day. We got the legends of the Valley, the Fart Blossoms, which was an old punk band in the '80s, grindcore/thrash bands like Catastrophe, Confused, and Nutskab, even a shitload of poppy punk bands like Little Boy Henry, IPM, the Haskels, 5 Foot One, Down and Out, and Inkbag. Inkbag is still around. All the other bands moved to San Antonio or Austin to be rock stars. Good luck. I could mention some of the current punk bands but none of them read or know what *MRR* is, so why bother?

Javi: Confused is still kickin' it. I think they started in the mid-'80s. Right now they're playing some pretty fast stuff. I remember this band, IPM, from high school in 1990; all I remember is that they'd do a Minor Threat cover. The scene was kinda dominated by pop punk up until around 2002 or so. Bands like Inkbag, Yoink!, Charlie Daniels Deathwish, and All Choked Up were pretty much a staple at shows. Fly'd be able to spout off about 4,000 more bands that have started and never played a show. He's probably been in about 3,999 of them. As far as recent stuff happening in the scene, all I really get wind of is metal-core/youth crew shows at the local VFW with the occasional badass band that's on its way to a tour in Mexico.

Omar: Recently, we've had some really good hardcore punk bands come and go. Most all of them break up and don't get really serious about touring or doing anything more than playing locally.

MRR: What's the scene like in the Valley now? Is McAllen where all the action is? Is it a common stop for bands touring the US?

Eddie: McAllen isn't a common stop for bands, but it's been getting better. It's starting to become more of a stop for bands that are touring Mexico. This year we got Pisschrist, Born/Dead, Conversions, I Object, Toxic Holocaust, and Midnight, amongst others, so it isn't that bad.

Omar: McAllen and Brownsville are definitely where we're most organized as far as booking shows go. It's not a common stop yet, but we're working on it. In the future, I'd like to see McAllen get to be an established location common among the DIY network, enough so that touring bands will make the drive from Austin, or if they're going through into Mexico, because they know they're going to get a good show. We've already put up most of the bands Eddie mentioned. Let's not forget Peligro Social along with Severed Head of State and Army of Jesus a couple of years back. Lately, it's been difficult trying to find some spaces to have shows and we've had to pass some of them up unfortunately. One of the main reasons why most bands don't last here is because everybody moves away to a bigger scene. It's Austin's fault, really!

Javi: Brownsville also gets a lot of good shows. Toys That Kill recently played there. The problem with the Rio Grande Valley is that kids move away, so the scene never really grows. It just kinda changes. People get lured out of the Valley to places where there's already an established scene because, let's face it, it's easier to jump into one than to make one. But I do think it's been getting better as of late; kids are getting a little more networked than when I was in high school going to shows.

Fly: I wish more bands would come down to play here but they all complain that it's too far to drive, that they don't have any gas money, wah, wah, wah. La Piovra was gonna come down and play in McAllen but they wussed out. Maybe next time.

MRR: Is there a different culture in Mexican border towns than in the rest of the country? Is there a tense atmosphere as a result of the proximity to the border, like more police surveillance or anything like that?

Javi: Yeah, the cops are the same pretty much as anywhere, but the border patrol is totally nuts. If you're brown, you're pretty much a target. The border patrol here has even pulled over a federal judge because he's Hispanic. I think they've doubled the border patrol force here in the last two years or so. They're crazy. It isn't too oppressive where I live but I can definitely see why it would seem like we're living in an occupied territory. There have also been issues with immigrant halfway-houses down here that some human rights groups have been bringing to light. I don't think we have any big vigilante groups yet, like some parts of the border, but I wouldn't be surprised. Almost everyone here has a Mexican background, so we're more accepting of people that are coming across. There's a decent news site, www.riograndeguardian.com, that reports on border issues from El Paso to Brownsville in English and Spanish.

Omar: I'm not familiar with many other border towns other than here in the Valley but I would assume that there would be a huge population difference with Hispanics being in the majority. As far as the language, Spanish is used a lot here but a lot of broken Spanish called "Tex-Mex" is used here too. You'd be surprised how many of our peers don't speak much Spanish, though. Catholicism is the major religion, influencing traditions, customs, holidays, and politics. Indeed, the atmosphere has become a bit tense with the surveillance on our side of the border. The immigration "issue" has certainly had its effects in our area regarding tougher procedures used by the border patrol with local immigrants. As a result, there's been a lot of local activism going on opposing the detaining of "illegal" immigrants and the violation of their human rights. Raymondville, which is not too far from here, has one of the largest holding facilities in the nation, called "Tent City." Many people are working really hard to prevent the unethical treatment of the detainees inside this place who are now prisoners.

MRR: As residents of a border town, what do you guys think of the proposal being considered by the US Government to build a wall between the US and Mexico?

Omar: It's outrageous and completely fucked up! The consequences of building this "Border Wall" are disastrous and proof enough to seek a better alternative. The damage it will have on our local wildlife will be severe. The migration patterns of many different species of birds indigenous to the area will be disturbed and could possibly lead to their extinction, not to mention the economic effect it will have on the local residents here in the Valley with the taxation the wall will impose. The wall will tear through acres of farmland that stretches for miles, disrupting agriculture and business for local farmers. The idea of a wall between two countries sends the wrong message about liberty, freedom, and democracy.

Javi: My dad's family came from the other side, and my mom's parents were both born in Mexico. Almost everyone I work with was born in Mexico. Our area relies heavily on immigrant labor, from picking fruit to construction work. My whole family comes from migrant workers on both sides; I even remember going to orchards when I was pretty little, so the whole idea of a wall is pretty crazy to us. Bush signed that secure fence bill last year, but I think historically, if you look at the walls that have been erected between different countries or cultures, you'd see that they've been failures. A lot of bullshit has been happening recently in the name of the "war on terror." What worries me is that a wall is going to make it more dangerous for people to come over, so we're going to get more immigrants killed for trying. Enough people have drowned in the Rio Grande, died of heat exhaustion in the back of crowded semis, etc.

Eddie: We don't like that idea at all. If our parents/grandparents

Martin Sorrondeguy

Martin Sorrondeguy

Jack Barfield

hadn't been able to cross into the States years back, we wouldn't be here. Mexican people work as hard as anybody; why shouldn't we be given the chance to live here?

MRR: How much crossover exists between the punk scene in the Valley and the scenes in nearby Mexican border towns? Do punks cross the border from Mexico to go to shows in McAllen or vice-versa?

Omar: Matamoros is the only nearby Mexican border town where a punk scene exists, and it's an hour away from McAllen. The scene there is great and they've got many good punk bands and host awesome shows. More punks from the Valley cross over into Mexico for shows than vice-versa. The process is easier for us and I think punks from Mexico crossing over to the Valley have a harder time getting permission and don't want to deal with all the bullshit. I believe the process may prove to be difficult at times, especially with tougher restrictions imposed by Homeland Security and whatnot.

Eddie: The punk scenes in the Valley and nearby in Mexico don't differ much. They have lots of different styled punk bands, just as we do. We cross a lot to Mexico and play shows there, as they do too. We have a great friendship and help each other with shows as much as possible.

Javi: I do know of kids from Mexico that regularly come to shows over here. Our friends Konflicto from Matamoros have even played in Austin.

MRR: Why do you guys play in Austin so much? Is it really worth the five-hour drive?

Eddie: Austin is like our second home. Wait, I think it's more like our first home since we play here more than we play in the Valley. It is definitely worth it; we have gotten to play with some of the greatest bands in the world here.

Fly: We play in Austin a lot cuz the Valley ain't ready for the D-beat rock 'n' roll. Most metal and MTV-styled emo are super big here.

Javi: I don't think people really dig BSA where we're from; we don't have enough coordinated youth-crew jumps in our sets or dress alike (except that one time we all accidentally wore the same Outraged shirt)! Joking aside, I would like to play a lot more shows down here.

Omar: Austin is just so welcoming and always a pleasure to play. We've made the drive up so many times it feels like nothing really. It's the best city in Texas to be in and we've made many lifelong friends there.

MRR: BSA is undeniably a D-beat band. What is your opinion on the explosion of this genre in the past several years? Do you think it's gotten played out?

Eddie: I think the D-beat trend died a couple years back and I'm glad it did. I think those who are true D-beat rock 'n' rollers will continue, while the trendy crowd will move on to whatever is hip now. D-beat will never be played out. We have too much to say, fury, and heart.

Omar: Well, like with any genre, over time it can eventually become a bit trite. Some of the bands of recent years stand out amongst the rest and bring something unique to the style. Skitkids and Auktion from Sweden, Warcry, Pisschrist, and Invasion from Spain are my current favorites of the genre who are proudly holding the banner high.

Javi: I don't have a studded leather jacket yet, so I don't know if I'm D-beat enough. I used to have a bullet belt but it kept pulling my pants down. I think Fly uses it as a headband now, for when he pumps iron.

MRR: Do you think the topical focus of most D-beat lyrics (war, the system, etc.) is tired, or is it timeless?

Eddie: Timeless, but nothing's wrong with change. The new BSA LP actually has some songs about having fun, life, etc. D-beat doesn't always have to be depressing, but most people do want to talk about the current state of the nation.

Omar: They can be tiresome at times but not if bands continue to try and find more creative means of expressing themselves about these same topics. War, death, and oppressive systems are timeless subjects and will always be a part of life and natural human conflict.

Javi: Yeah, I kinda get bored with those kind of lyrics, but sometimes I like to think that D-beat is the reason we haven't had a nuclear war yet (high-five to Discharge). I like Eddie's lyrics, though.

MRR: Is there any more room for creativity within the genre? Is BSA offering anything new and exciting to the D-beat palette?

Fly: I think we could add some creativity to D-beat but then that would be weird. I feel when you add originality to punk rock it ends up being lame and shitty. This is D-beat not rocket science. If you want some original and creative music, go listen to artsy fartsy emo bands or Clockcleaner.

Javi: Actually, I like to think that we've brought D-beat down a level. No tempo changes, no back-up vocals, just real straightforward. One of my favorite quotes is: "It's D-beat not rocket science."

Eddie: I hope we are. I like to think we created our own style called "No Charge D-Beat Rock 'n' Roll." I personally feel that all D-beat bands sound different. It may be the same formula but you can always add your own style.

Omar: Only in the sense that we don't fit the typical look of most D-beat bands. By "No Charge D-Beat," we mean that we're not sporting the studded leather jackets and charged hair. We're just hardcore punks playing music that we love. As far as style goes, it's all the same shit.

MRR: I heard a rumor that some of you are starting another D-beat band but with Spanish-sung vocals. Can you elaborate on that?

Eddie: It's a project I want to do with Omar, but nothing has come out of it since I have moved. I'm sure it will happen one day, but we will see.

MRR: BSA has played some of the bigger DIY punk fests over the last few years. How would you compare Chaos en Tejas to Chicago Fest to Pointless Fest to Southkore Fest?

Fly: Chaos en Tejas is for the bands that Timmy likes. Chicago Fest is for the hardcore thrashers and SxE dorks. Pointless Fest is for the Tragedy bands and crust bands. Southkore Fest was for the Chicano punks. Southkore Fest was my favorite.

Javi: I've had fun at all of those shows, but I'd have to say Southkore '06 was my favorite. I got real scared when I saw that it was at an arcade, but the venue turned out to be all right. No Slogan, En La Olla, Condenada, and Huasipungo were all super rad. There were so many other bands that I can't remember their names that were pretty awesome too. Oh, and I got my ass kicked at *Mortal Kombat* by a little kid.

Omar: The fests were all great and my hat goes off to all the hard work and to everyone that makes them happen every year. Chaos en Tejas is always a blast. It's right in our backyard and we've had the privilege of playing every year. Chicago Fest was cool but a bit of a bummer because we only played for like five minutes and got cut off or something. Southkore Fest was a lot of fun and it was an amazing experience to be a part of that. It was said that we kind of stood out from the rest of the bands but I didn't see it. I think maybe it's because we were one of the few or only band that didn't sing in Spanish and the style of music we play isn't common among Latino punks. We were asked before if we thought our music targets more of a white crowd as a result of our performance at Southkore and I don't think that's true at all. We've been to Mexico a few times and have always been well received. I think it's just uncommon for Latino punks to play this style of music, maybe.

Eddie: All the fests were fun. We got to play with some of the best bands in the world and got to meet some of the greatest people around. They were all different, yet all the same. Great people, same people, lots of noise. Oh yeah, we actually got to play with Los Crudos at Southkore Fest. That was great!

MRR: Are any of you involved in any other bands or projects that you would like to talk about?

Eddie: I sing for a Spanish punk band called Deskonocidos. We have a demo and are planning to record for some vinyl ASAP.

Fly: TRL is my other band. We just play hardcore that's fast and straight to the point.

Javi: I might be in a band with my friends Chris, Brett, and Logan from Austin, and Fly and I have a youth-crew style band called Pizza Today! All the songs are about being pizza-edge, pizza-posi, and being true to your crew...at the pizza parlor.

MRR: Eddie, what's up with Todo Destruido Discos?

Eddie: That is a label I'm doing with Dru. We're pretty much just releasing records by bands we love. Our first release, Los Monjo is out now. We got records by BSA, the SnotRockettes, and Deskonocidos coming soon. Send me demos!

MRR: What else would you guys like to accomplish as a band? Are there any future touring or record release plans for BSA?

Eddie: We will have our new LP for the West Coast tour in January of 2008. We hope to tour out of the county in the summer and just keep playing and having fun.

Javi: We recorded that record with our friend Stan! I still can't believe we did ten songs in one day. I can't imagine what it would be like to record us for 20 hours straight. It would be like being a kindergarten teacher without ever being able to go home. I would like to see BSA tour Japan and the Far East, maybe.

Omar: We'd like to keep playing and turning out new material for as long as we can until it's time to call it quits. I would definitely like to do some more extensive touring and continue to expand the contacts and friendships with punks all over the DIY network.

MRR: Closing comments, please.

Eddie: We just want to thank Timmy for all he has done for us.

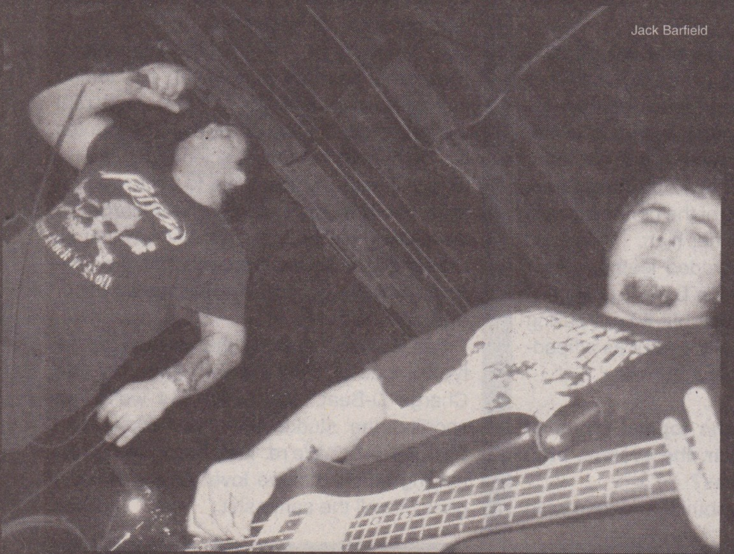
Fly: Stop downloading music and buy records instead of buying coke. It's OK to make mix tapes for your friends who are clueless to bands that aren't on Fat Wreck Chords.

Javi: BSA has made my life a living hell...I love it. Gracias Manolo y familia por llevarnos a Chicago!

Omar: A big thanks to everyone who has ever put us up and helped us out with shows. If you're a touring band in Texas, come and play the Valley! Come and show the kids what's up! Adios!

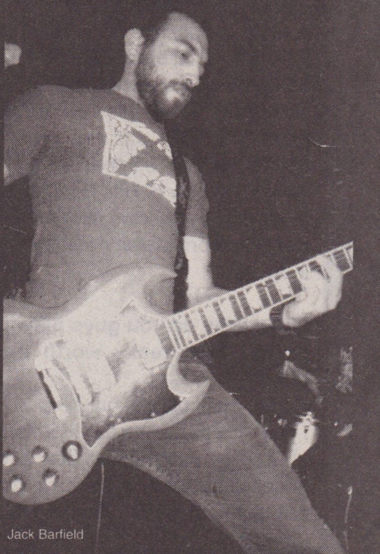
2008 west coast tour dates subject to change:

Jan 2nd Austin, TX
Jan 3rd Phoenix, AZ
Jan 4th LA, CA
Jan 5th SF, CA
Jan 6th Watsonville, CA
Jan 7th Sacramento, CA
Jan 8th Oakland, CA
Jan 9th OFF
Jan 10th Salem, OR
Jan 11th Seattle, WA
Jan 12th Portland, OR
Jan 13th, SF, CA
Jan 14th LA, CA



Jack Barfield

Martin Sorrondeguy



Jack Barfield

The Prosthetics

Winter Tour 08'
january

1 - Albuquerque, NM
2 - Lawrence, KS
3 - St. Louis, MO
4 - Chicago, IL
5 - Minneapolis, MN
6 - Milwaukee, WI
7 - Denver, CO
8 - Salt Lake City, UT
9 - Boise, ID
10 - Portland, OR
11 - Bay Area, CA
12 - Tijuana, MX
13 - Mexicali, MX

THE PROSTHETICS
LIGHTS OUT E.P.

"Lights Out" EP

The first self-released 7" from the Prosthetics, with 6 tracks of raging fast hardcore punk! Put this on your turntable and listen to how we thrash in the desert!

The Prosthetics
COUNT IT!

"Count It" EP

The newest offering from the Prosthetics, this 7" comes on gold, clear, or green vinyl! This features 6 tracks of pissed off hardcore in the vein of Poison Idea!

To order merch and get the latest tour updates, check out:

www.theprostheticsaz.com
www.organizedcrimerecords.com
www.myspace.com/theprosthetics

organized crime records

Finally...the Ruido LP

Ruido s/t LP

Ruido in the "early days" when they were a dual-vocal band with equal parts grind, crust and straight ahead hardcore Songs in Spanish and English including covers of Agnostic Front, 7 Seconds and Fartz. (on Multi-colored vinyl)

THRASH OF THE TITANS II

Thrash of the Titans II LP

THRASH OF THE TITANS 2 LP with RIISTETYT • CONTRASTO ARMISTICE • EL NUDO • 9 SHOCKS TERROR • NAILED DOWN • F.P.O. • VITAMIN X • DERIDE • LETS GROW • VOETSEK • RUIDO • SWARRRM (Multi-colored vinyl)

Other titles available:
Ciril "12 Tales" LP
Ciril s/t CD
Ciril/Armistice split LP
Ciril "Hysteria Driven" LP/CD
Meet The Virus s/t CD
Scarred For Life "Born Work Die" CD/LP
Insult "I Wanna Be A Burn Victim" CD
Lets Grow "Neverending Story" 7"
Larkin "Curse of Our Fathers" CD
Larkin "Alexandra" CDEP
Larkin "Reckoning" CD
Divided Lines "Music to Spazz To" 7"

KNOW RECORDS

LP = $9 ppd USA/$16ppd World
CD = $10ppd USA/$13ppd World
CDEP $7ppd USA/$10ppd World
7" = $4ppd USA/$7ppd World

Know Records
P.O. Box 90579 • Long Beach, CA 90809
www.knowrecords.com
www.myspace.com/knowrecords

MAGNETIC DIVISION
CASSETTE COMPILATION

LIVE FAST DIE
CPC GANGBANGS
WHITE LOAD
WE MARCH
SHOOT IT UP
BRUTAL KNIGHTS*

ALL SONGS EXCLUSIVE!*

Limited to 250 copies!

AVAILABLE AT
BLOODSTAINRECORDS.COM

Killer Underground Community
- Upload pics
- Create a profile
- Send Messages

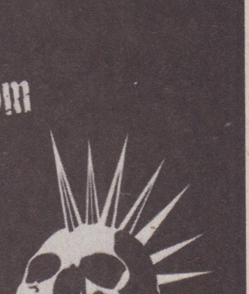
WWW.MOHAWKRADIO.com

"The MohawkRadio Stream rocks the planet 24/7"

1,000's of unsigned bands!
1,000's of Free MP3's!
1,000's of Members

JOIN NOW!
WWW.MOHAWKRADIO.com

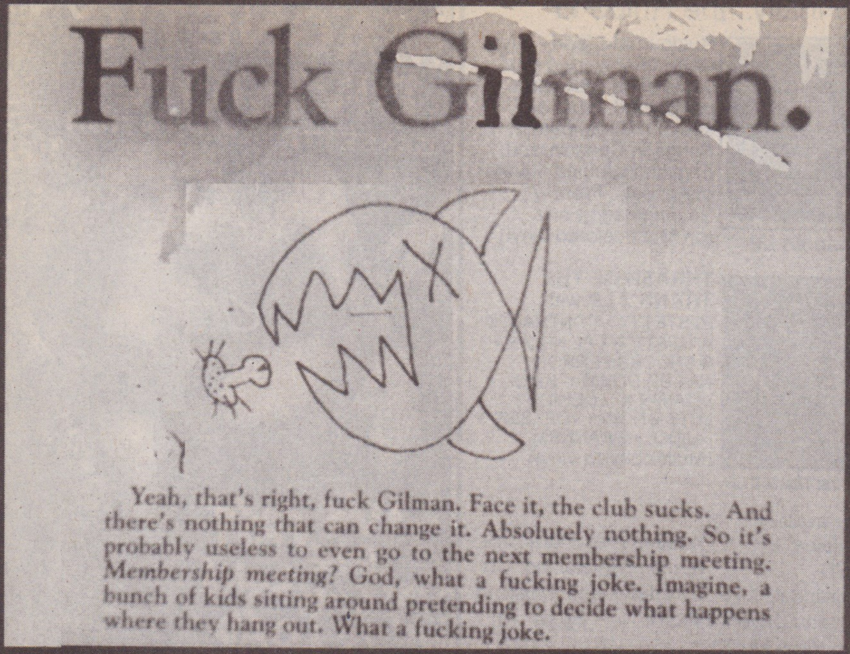
So easy even a hippy could do it!



FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!

Download 1000s of underground bands, FREE!

Come join our cool underground punk, scumbag rock, psychobilly, surf, oi, ska, goth hardcore communtiy, www.MohawkRadio.com



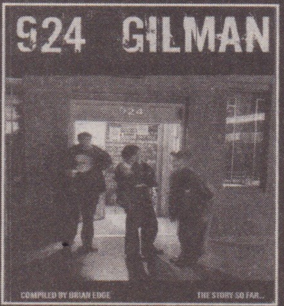
Fuck Gilman.

Yeah, that's right, fuck Gilman. Face it, the club sucks. And there's nothing that can change it. Absolutely nothing. So it's probably useless to even go to the next membership meeting. *Membership meeting?* God, what a fucking joke. Imagine, a bunch of kids sitting around pretending to decide what happens where they hang out. What a fucking joke.

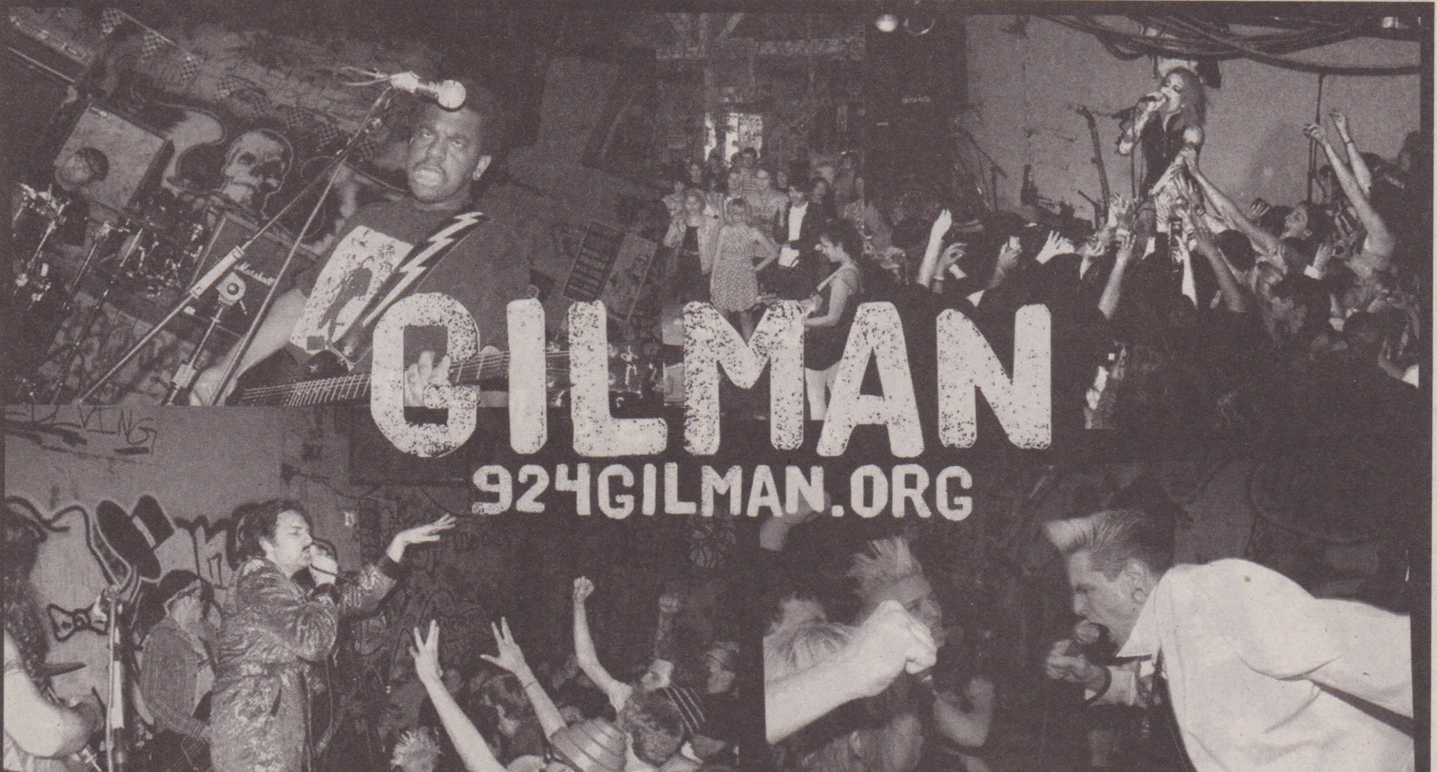
GET THE BOOK!

YOU'VE HEARD OF THE PLACE, NOW FIND OUT HOW IT BEGAN AND HOW IT'S SURVIVED ALL THESE YEARS!

$20 PPD USA, $25 PPD WORLD TO:
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL
POB 460760, SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94146
www.maximumrocknroll.com



"One of the main reasons for the existence of Gilman is to be a vehicle for personal expression. One look at the walls inside, with their countless layers of band names, spraypaint, artwork, tags, stickers, flyers, and absurd commentary will tell you this. It is meant to be a place where anyone can come down, participate, and let their creativity run riot. Although it is often described as being run by a monolithic "collective", Gilman is made up of a diverse collection of individuals. Over and over, I've seen new people get involved, contribute to the club, and grow from the experience. An all-ages, volunteer-run club is vital as an example that young people can control their own cultural interests independent of the dominant mainstream culture." -- Susan S. '00 (excerpt from 924 Gilman book)


GILMAN
924GILMAN.ORG
SERVING OUR COMMUNITY FOR OVER 20 YEARS
2007

CINECYDE

Cinecyde is a name that looms large over the city of Detroit's punk scene. After the burnout of the Stooges and the MC5, there was scant output from the cinders of the high-energy crowd. In 1977, Cinecyde changed that with the release of the Gutless Radio 45 *and haven't looked back. Their sound is a gnarled cross between the aforementioned high-energy proto-punk sound,* Nuggets *gar(b)age punk transistor trash, and the angst and decay of the Motor City.*

If you want to understand them, I suggest you crank "Radiation Sickness" and drive down our decaying freeways, through the smog, past the incinerator belching toxic fumes and past Zug Island which is so toxic that residents continue to flee the area as the genetic outcomes continue to be grim and early deaths more common. Watch our city be boarded up and the violence to the tune of "Don't Push Me."

Their new full length Lezbo Vampires Vs. Al Qaida *carries on what they've always done despite detractors claiming they were done by* I Left My Heart. *This interview was done with Gary via email and stretched over many months due to delays on my behalf.*

Interview by Tony.

MRR: So, if I'm not mistaken, *Gutless Radio* seems to be the earliest, post-high-energy punk record from Detroit. How long were you going before you recorded it and where did you come up with the name? It's very distinct from some of the other band names flying around at the time. Not very straight forward and a bit more thought out.

Jim Olenski and I along with our original drummer, Rodger Wesch, had been in a few bands previously. Cinecyde came together in late 1976. Bassist Clay Albertson joined up soon after. I brought "Gutless Radio" to the band and Jim amped it up another notch. Yeah, it's the first punk rock record out of Detroit, released in the summer of 1977.

The name Cinecyde came from my fascination with the old Film Noir movies of the '40s and '50s. It sounded menacing enough, so that was it.

MRR: Being as this is the Midwest and things move a little slower here were you aware of punk at that point?

Oh yeah. I read about the exploits of the Sex Pistols before there was anything released. I mean, here they are getting fired from several labels, collecting the recording advances and going on their way without having released anything! It was amazing! Swearing on TV and creating incidents, seemed like great fun!

I was so bored with mainstream rock and here these guys had an attitude that at least harkened back to forbidden or rebellious rock and roll. They had my attention. Once we had a chance to buy the 45, *Anarchy In The UK*, as an import, I knew this was the real deal. Along with the Ramones, there was hope for rock and roll.

MRR: Any good confused engineer stories from the recording session?

Our first recording experience was with Don Was (Note: Member of Was Not Was…local *funny funk*, one-hit wonder with the novelty song "Do The Dinosaur," now best known as a producer for lots of

CINECYDE

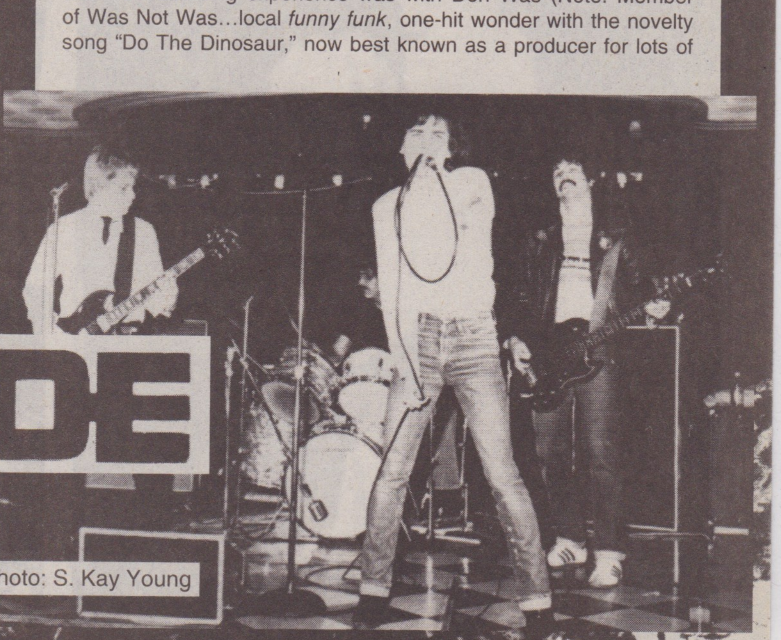


Photo: S. Kay Young

major label artists), known as Don Fagenson at that time. He had a studio in the old Westinghouse building on Trumbull Ave near Wayne State University in Detroit. Row upon row of empty offices; we weren't sure if we were in the right place. We took the freight elevator up to the top floor and followed the microphone snake into the studio. It was an interesting experience, but we were dissatisfied. Meaning no disrespect to Don, I don't think he *got* us.

We then decided to take matters into our own hands. We recorded our early stuff on a Tascam 1/4-inch four-track machine. We would fill up the four tracks and then bounce them down to a second identical recorder, which would open up two more tracks. So things could get tricky. And of course we weren't using the best mics or processing equipment. Our drummer Rodger was interested in this kind of stuff and we all got involved in the mixing process. Going through the process of making it a vinyl record is frustrating. The sound changes and you have to make allowances for that. A great experience though. We did the mastering at the same studio the MC5 recorded their second album.

MRR: How pissed was local radio about the song? And why were you guys so gosh darn angry at the radio? What did Arthur P, famous and obnoxious Detroit radio schmuck, do to you?

Radio sucked. At one time, you could hear the Stooges, MC5, Velvet Underground, the New York Dolls, among others. But radio became very discriminating gatekeepers, filtering out anything that didn't fit their narrow definition of rock. The Ramones got a few spins but that was quickly shut down. You could count on hearing bands like Kansas and Journey. It pissed me off, they were strangling the music and I wanted more. Local radio would have nothing to do with *Gutless Radio*. I didn't expect it any other way.

MRR: Did you attempt to find a label for it or was self-release a foregone conclusion? What was your distribution scenario like at that point?

I really liked the idea of releasing the single ourselves, perhaps that doomed us to obscurity. But I couldn't see a major label releasing "Gutless Radio" or "Rock Meat and The Hard-Ons." Distribution wasn't great. We got it to Bomp Records, a few importers and some indie stores.

MRR: Were you networking with other out-of-state bands like maybe the Gizmos, Pagans, and so on?

mid-1980's

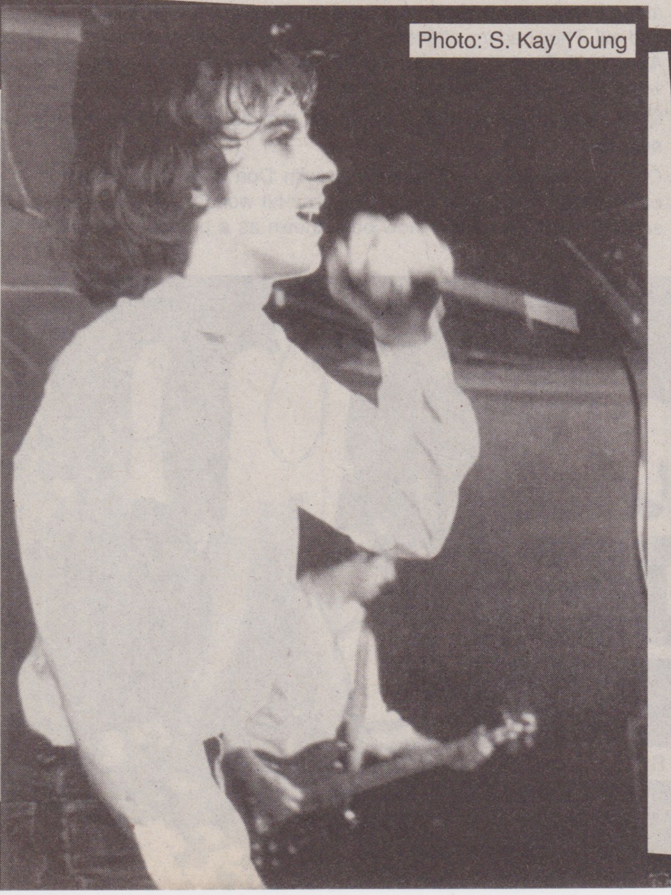


Photo: S. Kay Young

Stupidly, no. We were young and dumb. Now, we're just dumb. But as a Detroit scene developed in early 1978, we were surprised to find others out there who were of a like mind. And yes, we networked with them as much as possible.

MRR: Being as this was a whole new thing, particularly in Detroit, what was the reaction like to your sound/existence? Who else was around at that point beyond the Ivories and Ramrods?

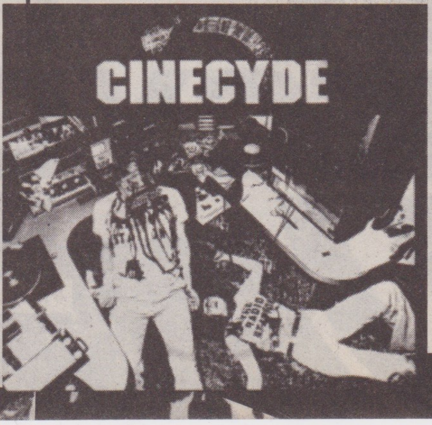
Jumping back to the summer of 1977. Nothing was going on in Detroit. By the fall, a few bands started putting together shows in rundown inner-city theaters. One show was pretty memorable. The Ramrods played in the basement of an old apartment building near downtown Detroit. It was mostly black residents and they seemed shell-shocked by all the crazy white kids and the explosive sound of the band. It was a great time, capped by their song *There's Nothin' To Do In Detroit Anymore*. It seemed we found allies.

In the fall of 1977, it was pretty much us, the Ramrods, Destroy All Monsters, The Mutants, Zooks, and the Reruns. In early 1978 there were many more; the 27, the Sillies, Nikki Corvette, Algebra Mothers, the Cubes, among others. By late 1978, it was an explosion, with a wide spectrum of sound, punk, new wave, sixties pop, experimental.

MRR: So, around the same time the Ivories' *City of Wheels* single appears. What made Tremor become a full-blown label versus a vanity operation?

Being alone in the city and releasing your record is one thing. But discovering a few other bands and being excited by their music, it made me want to do more, to form a label and get some of this stuff out there. The idea of a co-operative label just came to me. It would be a label where we could help each other and get our releases out.

MRR: Your label, Tremor, did some great work documenting what was going on with its various comps like *Mandatory Music, Detroit Defaces The '80s*, etc. Was it just something to do or were you looking at it from a documentary angle? It seems like with releases by everyone from your own band to Ivories to Natasha, Rushlow King Combo and so on that it was. Was the release in 1999 (*Detroit, The Big Ugly*) the final comp? Any plans for any other bands beyond Cinecyde at this point for Tremor?



Thanks. Yes, I was very interested in documenting Detroit. During the 1977-1980 period, there was so much going on. Great songs and we only covered part of it. During the '80s, we put out four compilations. I'm very happy with them, all of which have great artwork from Paul Zimmerman. The last one was *Detroit 1999, The Big Ugly* and was issued in the early '90s. At the time, the cover was supposed to represent a dark future for Detroit where music is banned and these bands were rebels fighting to be heard. OK, so it's a stretch. I would love to make more. We'll see.

MRR: On the *Black Vinyl Threat* you continued the attack via the cover's picture of a massacred DJ in a booth at "The Radio Station" (as the person's shirt reads) and it seems like "Rock Meat and The Hard-Ons" continues where "Gutless" left off. What's the story with "Rock Meat"?

I loved putting that record together! Jim wrote the song "Rock Meat and The Hard-Ons," which directed a lethal threat to the program director, China Jones. Jones controlled the premier rock radio station WABX-FM in Detroit: "China Jones you're next / Your actions mean your death / You dictate at the 'X' / Still gutless like the rest."

I'd say that's pretty ballsy. Yeah, the cover of the EP drove our point home. We had t-shirts printed with the WABX slogan, "The Radio Station." The two DJs wearing these shirts were shown as murdered in the DJ booth. The photo shoot was a riot. It was fun strategically pouring chocolate syrup on the DJs to simulate the black and white blood.

Shortly after its release, we showed up at Bookies Club 870. The girlfriend of China Jones came over and told us that China just fled the building when he heard we were there. She laughed in a disgusted sort of way that told us she was done with him. We had a several other people who knew China Jones tell he us was very disturbed by this disc. Hey, it's punk rock!

MRR: Carrying on the theme of an attack on local radio... My copy of *Positive Action* has a small sheet for a group called Free Radio Now. Not sure if this came with the record. If so, what's the story behind it?

Again, there was a lot of dissatisfaction with radio. At one time it was a place to discover music, but now it was a place to keep music from you. After *Gutless Radio* was released, this organization formed called Free Radio Now. They wanted better radio and organized well-attended protest rallies at the three major rock radio stations. Yes, I invited them to place their flyer in our *Positive Action* EP. The protests were great fun. These guys were serious about making radio change. I would get a laugh though at how my friends, Paul Zimmerman and Jerry Vile (publishers of the pioneering punk-rock magazine *White Noise*) would torment the organizers by asking them, "Where do we get our 'free' radio?"

MRR: So, 1979 hits and all of a sudden everyone has a record out. It seemed, from my review of things from flyers, zines, and records only, that suddenly there was a big scene happening in Detroit. Is that accurate?

Yes, it was an explosion. The scene centered around Bookies Club 870 in Detroit. Lili's in Hamtramack was also a good place to go. The records were all 45s. Dennis Loren helped many of these bands get a picture sleeve. He would design and lay out the artwork or work with band provided artwork. Without him, there would have been very few picture sleeves to accompany these records. He was a little unorthodox to work with though. I remember several times pulling all-nighters trying to get the layout done. Sitting with him, plying him with cigarettes or running out to an all-night store to get him something to drink. Great guy, he's out in LA now.

This 1979 period was completely documented by Mark Norton (of the Ramrods and the 27). His film *Face The Eighties* showed all the bands performing at least one song. There are interviews as well as drunken interludes. It was a two-hour film that had its debut at Bookies. Mark has recently come back to Detroit (he lives in Denver) to film follow up interviews with the people involved. He's also interviewed many of the contemporary band's to get their outlook. He's calling this update *Detroit Punks*.

MRR: Now, the first three records seem to build on intensity and political content, climaxing with *Positive Action* before going for a different sound with *Tough Girls,* which seemed almost Russ Meyer-inspired and had a more '60s garage thing going. I couldn't help but think of the slower stuff on *Black Vinyl* filtered through *Syndicate of Sound's* jangle. Was this a conscious move? It seems as though, on the apex of *loud, fast, rules* hardcore punk the gears ground and the focus shifted.

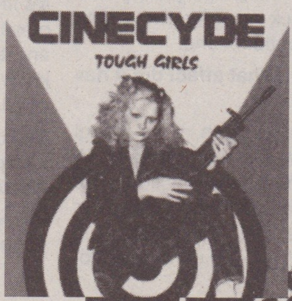
I really like your descriptions! Well, I have a large dose of mid-'60s influence…the Blues Magoos, the Seeds, the Electric Prunes, that kind of thing. "Tough Girls" was more of a pop type of song. Its just part of the spectrum of Cinecyde sound. I went with where the song took me. What surprised me is, Bebe Buell (Liv Tyler's mom) got a hold of the song and recorded a version with Ric Ocasek (the Cars) producing. Bebe and her band performed mostly in New York, where the song became somewhat of a lesbian anthem. I wish I had her number!

MRR: The same year as the *Tough Girls* single your first LP *I Left My Heart In Detroit City* came out. I have to assume reaction was good enough to warrant it. Was there any difficulty with a full length compared to moving the singles? The album seemed to meld the sound of the EP with the stuff on the material previous. Was it a mish mash or were all the songs written just for the album?

Jim put together the cover, needling racial prejudices or was he creating them? I mean, the black shooter walking away from the white victim surely could be taken as the latter. But that was a white woman embracing the other black guy and that was white kids poking sticks at the dead white guy. That brought our meaning home to the title "I Left My Heart In Detroit City."

We found distributors to move copies of the LP, even though in some cases they skated with the goods. There were other issues related to that. I mean, losing a load of money to a distributor who goes out of business puts a serious crimp in keeping the band alive. Some of those records made it over to Europe where many years later, Helter Skelter Records (Italy) re-issued this disc on CD.

In putting together the album, as



April 2002

Photo below: S. Kay Young

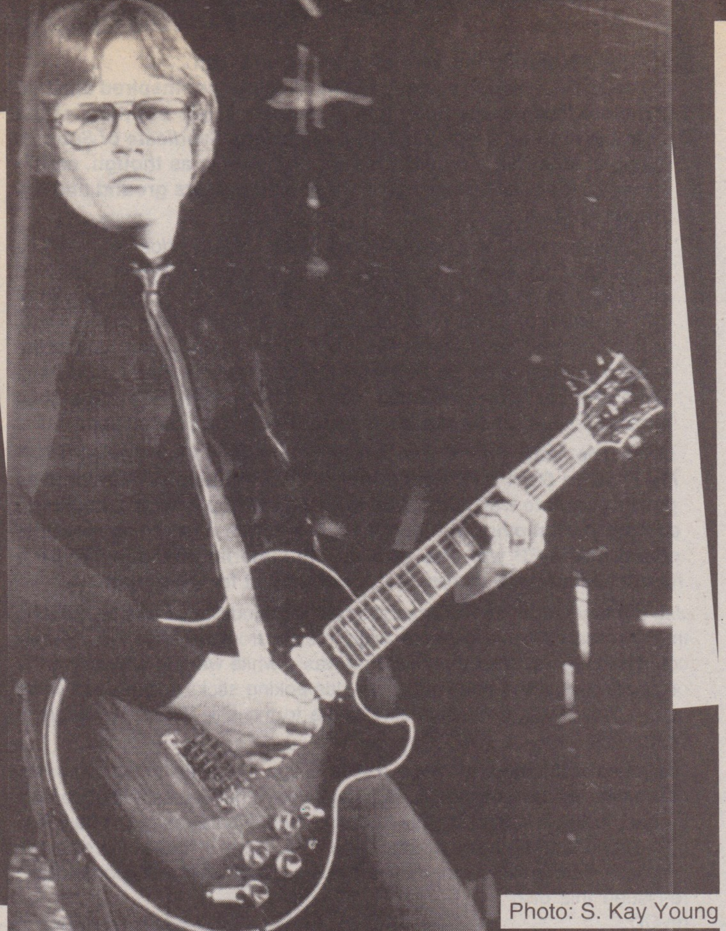


Photo: S. Kay Young

we began, we lost our bass player, Clay, and snagged a still in high scho Chris Girard. We were able to smoothly put together the songs and get ther recorded. By now, Rodger obtained a 1/2-inch 8-track recorder and a bette board, so we could work more efficiently and with a better sound.

MRR: Now in around '81/'82, hardcore hits Detroit. What effect did it hav on you guys? What was your reaction to it?

Hardcore was incredibly intense. One thing I noticed though, if we thougl of ourselves as outsiders, the hardcore kids were the ultimate outsiders. W played a few of the Cass Corridor shows and we got a good reaction, whic made me feel good. Negative Approach was a real standout. I had som meetings and talks down at "The Clubhouse." (Note: after the closing of th legendary Freezer Theater, The Clubhouse was the place to go for hardcor in the Motor City.) In our youthful enthusiasm, some pretty wild stuff was talked about. John Brannon of Negative Approach was a voice of reason.

MRR: So there were some line-up changes (these are the jokes, kids). In the meantime, several albums come out and then silence from the speakers since around 2004 or so? Any new records, tours, bobble-heads, his-and-hers bottle-openers on the horizon?

The '90s were just a series of drummer changes. It was hard and somewhat demoralizing. Some great people to work with, but it was a variety of personal troubles that would cause these drummers to leave. One left town to avoid the shotgun wedding, but came back and got married anyway.

Diane Schroeder was a fan of the band and ended up joining us on drums. She was familiar with some of our songs. We feel she helped re-energize Cinecyde. She's a great person to work with and it's made it easier to move forward with new songs. We issued our *Magnetic Attraction* CD in 2001, *Like a UFO* came out in 2004, and we're just finishing up our next, *Lezbo Vampires vs. Al Qaida*.

Bottle openers? Yeah, our ideas always seem to get us in trouble. When we issued the 7" (later on CD), *Burn The Crack House Down*, we had the idea of issuing matchbooks with that title on it! Chris and I were asked to appear on a Flint, Michigan TV show where the topic was the problem of crack cocaine in that city. It was cool, they used our song as the bumper music between each segment played over video of on the street crack buys. The Flint Chief of Police was on and threatened to arrest us for inciting to riot! I was incredulous and pointed out that songs are stories.

MRR: Tell us a bit about the new album. What can people expect and where can people get it?

Lezbo vampires, fightin' the man, broken relationships, movie themes, controlled societies, ghost stories, drinking songs, fighting songs, yes I'd say just about everything you'd need to complete your existence as a human being. Everyone should hear it as it is one the top CDs of the century! No one's musical education could be considered complete without owning and listening to this disc on a regular basis! Check with your local stores or at www.Cinecyde.com

MRR: "Lezbo Vampires Vs Al Qaida"? Sounds like a political sci-fi horror flick gone wrong…

I was talking with an indie filmmaker and he was telling me about coming up with a new film project. He told me about an angst-filled-introspective-downer look at early adulthood. I said to him, "You should go nuts, go wild…do something like Lezbo Vampires vs Al Qaida." Now I just came up with the title on the spot. He dismissed my idea, but I thought about it and went home thinking, "I'm gonna write me a song."

MRR: You mention the '90s being a tough time and I recall a time where I often heard you were playing at places with oddball lineups and then it seemed you went silent. Lately there's been a revived interest in the band from the more hardcore side of things here in Detroit. What's your take on it? It's obviously not a novelty thing but a genuine interest and admiration and I can't help but wonder what your insight is on it.

Well yeah, you take the gigs as they come. I remember one show; it was a rockabilly crowd. We played great, but it was like they needed permission to respond. After a while, we warmed them up. You mention the interest from a hardcore side. We're surprised, and honored. When it's firing on all cylinders, hardcore strikes me as the sound of unlimited power. We're not a hardcore band, but we were at the birth of punk rock and threads of hardcore are woven into a number of our songs. You know, you look at the punk rock tree and its various offshoots and roots; its all love and its all good. We don't have to be in only one spot.

MRR: You were bootlegged at least once on a *Killed By Death* comp. Did you receive a copy or two at least? What's your feeling about it?

We were also bootlegged on *Brainkillers* where we had the lead off song. It is a compliment, but no they didn't send us any copies.

Photo: S. Kay Young

A friend in Europe let us know about them and sent us a copy of each. I have mixed feelings. I mean they are our songs and we should receive compensation for our work. Also, the notes are wrong. There's no acknowledgement of us as an ongoing band.

MRR: OK. I have to ask…30 or so years later. Why bother?

In the immortal words of John Lee Hooker, "It's in him and its got to come out." We continue to make great music. One of my favorite Cinecyde songs was written by Chris and is "Three Summers" from the *Magnetic Attraction* CD. I'm very happy with the songs on *Like A UFO* "Don't Push Me," "Today The World Will Rock" and "Falling Apart" are a real standouts. Our new stuff "Lezbo Vampires," "Fueled for Action," "Vice Police," "Your Graves Are Already Dug" and "I Won't Break" have had great reactions. They'll be on the new CD. Jim, Chris and Diane are great players and with their songwriting add a counterpoint element to my style.

I continue to be fueled by music that pops into my head. I think those who write songs would agree, many times, music just enters your head. You can be driving a car or walking down the street or washing dishes and if there's silence, songs will just appear. For me, I'll dismiss most of them, but every once in a while it clicks. I write songs for people to enjoy, but I have to enjoy them too. They make great soundtracks as I drive around town or try to accomplish something in a limited amount of time. They help push me.

MRR: I can't help but agree. Watching you live the new songs fit perfectly with classics. The one thing that has always boggled my mind is that people seem to say that your older stuff was so much better and I just don't see it. It's not like exactly the same but it's still obviously the same band. Always makes me think of the people who love a band until they stop writing the same song over and over. Couldn't imagine how people would stay interested if you did.

Well, you know it's all subjective. Someone likes only our older songs? That's great, they're great songs. But we are very proud of our new songs as well. The flame that burns inside of me burns as hot for the new as well as the old songs. Sure, we've had an opportunity to occasionally stretch out and try a few things. I'm happy with what we've done. These are songs with strong themes, songs that can push you a little further.

MRR: As well as being CEO of Tremor you and Jim run Thomas Video? Tell us a bit about it.

Ahhh, Thomas Video. It's a strange movie store with over 40,000 titles. More movies than just about any place you can think of. With our interest in movies, we set about filling it up with an eclectic mix. People come from pretty far away to pick up cult, foreign, classics, documentaries. We're also a big supporter of Detroit and Michigan film. As an independent store in a sea of corporate giants it's always a struggle. So come on down and rent *The Brain From Planet Arous*.

1990's

Photo below: S. Kay Young

Photo: S. Kay Young

MRR: We've talked about how in the past you've stayed here in Detroit but with a new album looming any chance of a tour or at least some out of state action? Have you guys toured before? I only ask because you're one of those bands where people from out of state and out of the country mention your band quite a bit.

Let's go ahead and book it. I'm up for it, they're up for it. Let's spread the Cinecyde love around the country.

MRR: Speaking of the CD, you guys have stuck to that format for some time now. I have to wonder why. It seems to me that vinyl is *the punk rock format*. I know CDs are more portable and utilitarian but it seems as though the sound suffers a bit. What are your thoughts and why the switch?

Wow! That's a big question. There are loads of technical and economic issues tied to this. I love the idea of vinyl and 7"s. With them you can concentrate on a song and connecting songs to people are what it's about. Also, the idea of presenting a couple of songs to the public and then presenting a couple more songs six months later is a really great way to go. You're new and fresh every six months or so. Not out of the public eye for two or three years as it can be between CD releases. Unless you can get a label to issue your stuff, the economics work against you. It just costs more money to issue a couple of songs on vinyl than issuing a full-length CD with twelve to fifteen songs. I mean this comparatively speaking. I'm perfectly willing to hook up with a label to issue a 45 or two. So, I'm not ruling it out, it's just a matter of not having the money to do both.

As for the sound quality, some may prefer the warmer tones of vinyl, but that happens as a part of the manufacturing process. With each step, the sound will change. From the mastering, to the laquer disc or acetate, to the molds and stampers and finally the test pressing, the sound shifts and changes. It may sound good and some may have a preference and I do enjoy 45s, but CDs I've worked on sound the closest to the original master mix tapes.

MRR: With some of the best distribution we've seen in ages it seems like your releases (excluding the releases on Hate) are still tough to find outside the metro Detroit area. Are you guys waiting for people to come to you or have you had distro problems?

OK, we've been the sad sack, rock n roll rip off story. So many bad turns, so much bad luck. Yeah, we'll get some distribution on the new disc. Yes, we can be approached for distribution. Lately, we've sold some of our last CD *Like A UFO* on Amazon. If we can reach some more people, that's good for us.

MRR: Last thoughts?

Thanks very much for the interest in Cinecyde and for the interview. Now go out and convince 50,000 of your closest friends to buy our music!

www.thomasvideo.com/Cinecyde/Cinecyde.html
www.myspace.com/cinecyde

BISHOP19 RECORDS

SUPREME COMMANDER

Alive at Last

SPLIT FULL LENGTH CD
OUT NOW

"Both of these bands bring me back to when I was living on the East Coast in the late '80s and early '90s." - MRR #294

"This singer has one of the best voices in modern hardcore." - SicZine.com

"Think Sick Of It All with a little bit of Comeback Kid and you've got a good idea of what these guys are about." - www.punkrocktheory.com

www.myspace.com/bishop19records
www.myspace.com/supremecommanderdc
www.myspace.com/aliveatlast05

Coughing Up Records

Send personal checks or well concealed cash to:
2333 E. Southern Ave. #2043 // TEMPE, AZ 85282

ALMOST SOLD OUT!

Think Fast - In The Name of Fun Positively pissed. Get ready to circle pit like its 1982. limited hand screened cover

Massgrave/ Warfair? Split 7" these 2 kings of crust punish your ears with 5 brutal songs

dick cheney
bush

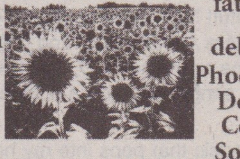
BUSH/ Dick Cheney Split 7" - Early 80s hardcore done right from Brazil and Sweden. limited blue vinyl is almost gone!

Coughing up Blood

Coughing Up Up Blood Copstache 7" Too fat to skate Not too fat to fuck you up with 9 songs that will blow a hole through your head.

Emo punk ala Still Life. Sure to please anyone thats a fan of 1993 Ebullition releases. 25/100 w/ yellow covers.

Speak



Speak - Demo Cassette - $3

JUST RELEASED!

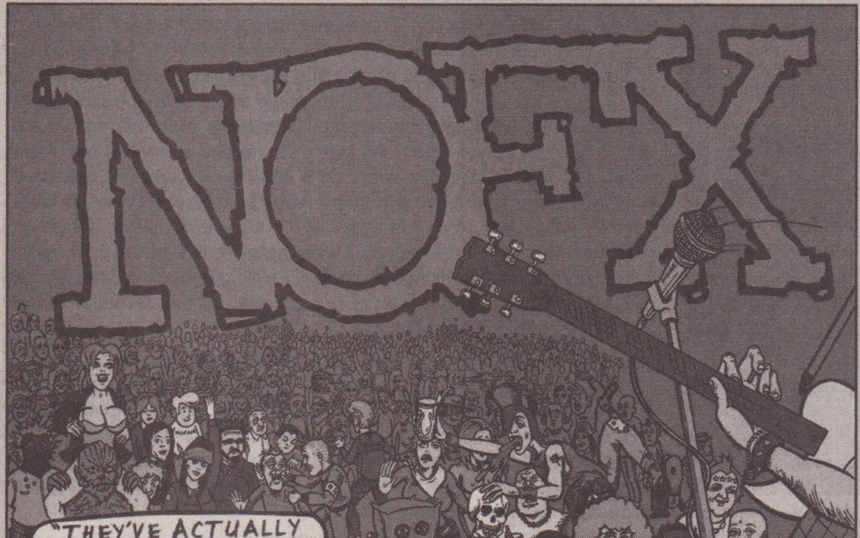
$4 Get Destroyed 7" - Pounding, grinding hardcore that pays homage to the fore-fathers of powerviolence. Hard to believe its their debut release.

GET DESTROYED

Phoenix Thrash Detonation Comp. 7" - Some of the wild west's fastest and most brutal on one record. Songs from Landmine Marathon, Think Fast, Get Destroyed and more! $4

Think Fast - Punch Out For Good EP 7" - A limited pressing of 250 for this one sided record. Coffee stained inserts and hand screened covers are included in each. 50/250 covers w/ blue ink. $5

For t-shirts, mp3s, distro records, tours, and more go to www.thrashattack.com - Paypal accepted. Distro records available: A.N.S. - Heinous 7", In Disgust/Sidetracked - split 7", Ruiner/Day of the Dead - split 7", Tangled Lines/Dick Cheney - split 7", Weekend Nachos - Torture 7", Harm's Way - Imprisoned 7". All for $4 each. Think Fast/Fatality - split 7" for $5. All prices include postage.


NOFX
"THEY'VE ACTUALLY GOTTEN WORSE LIVE!"
FOZ

"WE'VE DEFINITELY PLAYED BETTER" - FAT MIKE

PART PUNK ROCK SHOW, PART COMEDY HOUR, NOFX DELIVER A FORGETTABLE LIVE PERFORMANCE! CHOCK FULL OF GLARING MISTAKES, VERBAL ABUSE, AND INTOXICATED RANTS, THIS RECORDING CAPTURES NOFX AT THEIR BEST AND WORST!

COMPACT DISC & DOUBLE LP
IN STORES NOW!

NOFX.ORG - FATWRECK.COM

PUNCH IN THE FACE

PUNCH IN THE FACE HAS BEEN A STAPLE IN THE CHICAGO HARDCORE/PUNK SCENE FOR ALMOST EIGHT YEARS. THEY HAVE RELEASED A SELF-TITLED EP, ANOTHER EP ENTITLED *DUMB HARDCORE*, AND HAVE RECENTLY RELEASED THEIR LP, *AT WAR WITH EVERYBODY*, THIS FALL ON LENGUA ARMADA RECORDS. THIS INTERVIEW WAS CONDUCTED AT TWO DIFFERENT BARS WITH THE OCCASIONAL INTERRUPTION OF LOUD JUKEBOX MUSIC, BUYING BEERS, A FEW HOMELESS PEOPLE LOOKING FOR CHANGE, AND A BROKEN PINT GLASS FOR EMPHASIS. PUNCH IN THE FACE IS EBRO (VOCALS), DAVE (BASS), JEFF (GUITAR), MARK (DRUMS).

INTERVIEW BY JORDAN ATKINS.
PHOTOS BY MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

MRR: The how, the why, and the when did Punch In The Face form?

Ebro: Well, we came together in 2001. We talked about it in 2000, but didn't play out or really do anything until 2001. And basically, Jeff and I talked about starting something and Dave and our first drummer Jeff Rice also had talked about getting together, so we joined forces.

MRR: What happened to Jeff Rice being your drummer?

Ebro: He imploded like the guy in Spinal Tap.

Jeff: Last time I heard he got into some weird dildo fight in California, but he survived and he is back in Chicago safe and sound.

Ebro: As far as the band, we started out just wanting to play hardcore and we've dragged it out too long.

Jeff: We decided to do something that would change the world. What? I'm serious.

Ebro: Yeah, honestly we just did this band to get an interview in *MRR* and it just took this long for them to recognize us. 2007, this is the year for Punch In The Face.

MRR: Why, Ebro, did you decide to step up from the drums and become a vocalist? Did you find your true calling?

Ebro: I was getting tired of others always taking the spotlight. You know, people like Martin (singer of Los Crudos, Ebro drummed in) would always get in my way and now I finally came out…

Jeff: Of the closet.

Ebro: You can cut that. Yeah, I just wanted to try singing.

MRR: Was it hard to be the frontman after being a drummer?

Ebro: It's very different being kinda hidden in the back and then being the center of attention—along with it came the fame, the money, the girls. You know how it is.

MRR: A lot of your lyrics have an overall theme of being disillusioned about trends in hardcore and such. How do you guys stay motivated to keep playing hardcore? What keeps you guys from giving it up all together?

Ebro: Well, these guys already gave up hardcore a long time ago. Actually, I'm the only one that hasn't given up on hardcore. I write the lyrics, so I'm the only one that gives a shit.

Jeff: Honestly, I'm only doing this for Ebro's sake.

Mark: Me too.

MRR: You only do this band for Ebro?

Jeff: It's a never-ending birthday present. Ebro's mom called me and said that Ebro has "imminent death syndrome" and that he will die any minute, so we do it to keep him alive.

Ebro: Yeah, and when I die, so does the hardcore scene, so…no, I don't know, a lot of the things I have talked about in my previous lyrics are not worldly problems—just stupid shit that I had to say about the hardcore scene and things related to that. I guess being older and still being involved, my outlook is different now than when I was younger. There will always be problems, but I still like the music and I still find a reason to do what we do on a DIY level. I still think that is important.

Mark: It still can be immensely fun at times too.

MRR: What is "dumb hardcore?" Why is that a name of one of your records?

Jeff: Someone wrote about us or said some shit about us being a dumb hardcore band, so we thought it was funny and ran with it.

Ebro: We're probably giving the person who said it too much credit, but we decided to embrace it.

MRR: I have met some pretty dumb bands before and you guys aren't dumb. Is it ironic?

Jeff: What does irony mean? Can you spell irony?

Ebro: I'm too stupid to know…no, we are using it as a way of saying "fuck you" to people who try to dismiss us because we have a different point of view. I'm not trying to have a political agenda or get everyone to follow what I'm saying, so I guess some people see that as being a dumb hardcore band. We were like, "All right, you got us pegged…we are dumb. Do you feel better

K.I.R.K
Poison Idea
SSD
YOUTH OF TODAY
SLAYER

about yourself?"

MRR: So with the name of your band and your new LP being titled *At War With Everybody*, is there anything behind the violent tone or imagery of Punch In The Face?

Ebro: First off, I chose the name of the band as a sort of throwback to old obnoxious punk band names—as a reaction to a lot of the overly long and poetic band names that are around now. I came up with a lot of the violent imagery on our records to turn certain people off—people who were into the bands that I used to be in, because some of those people I will never be able to relate to. This has caused people to say we are dumb and jocks and thugs, which is completely ridiculous if you know any of us. People can think what they want though.

Mark: I'm a thug.

MRR: A DePaul University thug?

Mark: Northwestern thug…moving on up.

Ebro: Ivy League-style thug…what was the question again?

MRR: Do you feel like you might be projecting something you don't want? Have you ever had an instance of people fighting at your shows? I've never seen that happen at any of the shows where I've seen you guys play. Has it been an issue?

Dave: No, not at all. Never has been an issue ever.

Ebro: We're not trying to promote violence. People who have a problem with our art or lyrics or whatever are the kind of people who see any form of aggression as being macho and a non-thinking mentality. I think you can use aggression in a positive way. It can be about being up front and direct, it doesn't have to be about beating the shit out of someone. The title *At War with Everybody* is not trying to be a macho idea—it's mainly feeling alienated from everything around you. Everybody just keeps coming at you with bullshit, which is how I feel on a day-to-day basis.

Jeff: There are tons of bands that use violent imagery on their records. A burned up charred baby is pretty violent to have on a record cover. Those bands are still selling tons of records. If you wear women's pants and have a bullet belt, then it's all right to have someone else's tragedy on your record cover, right?

Ebro: That's the thing, which forms of violence are the acceptable ones to use in artwork? People will point fingers at you without thinking about what they and their friends are doing is pretty much the same thing.

Jeff: Right on, man.

MRR: So you guys are now part of the older scene of hardcore in Chicago that is still around doing shows and being somewhat active. Do you still feel as alienated and disillusioned with life's daily grind, like going to work and trying in your spare time to play in a hardcore band when possible?

Jeff: I love my job. You can't make money playing punk rock.

Mark: Unless you really want to sound shitty.

Dave: Playing in bands or booking shows has never been about paying the bills. I mean, I've never thought of us being able to tour extensively or anything.

Ebro: I do it to have fun, blow off some steam. The older I get the more I see the holes in the pure idea of punk. I have to accept things for what they are and I need to work a job that I might not like in order to pay rent and do things I enjoy. Playing music is one of the ways to try to balance that dissatisfaction one might have with dealing with the daily grind.

Jeff: You can only live in a house with nine other people for so long. You get to the point where you say "Fuck this shit, I really need to get a job." I mean, you still want to be in the band, but you don't want to live with these crusty bums for the rest of your life.

MRR: So Mike Sutfin does most of your art. Who is he and why did you decide to use his art on your records?

Ebro: I've been friends with Mike since the mid '90s. We were in Charles Bronson together and I lived with him for awhile. He's a great friend and an amazing artist. He wants to help us out and he is really into what we're doing.

Dave: I mean, it's always nice to have a friend who's as talented as he is to do something for us, rather than seeking someone out to hire who may not know you or your band. I was really happy with the art for the first EP that he did.

Ebro: He has done a *Star Wars* book, some metal bands records. He did some art for Magic: The Gathering cards.

Mark: The new Pinback record.

Jeff: A lot of skate stuff and he really is into doing skate art. I totally admire him because he followed his dreams. He's living the dream—getting paid good money to do shit he loves. Originally, we wanted Mark McCoy (old singer in Charles Bronson with Ebro and Jeff) to do the art but he wanted four grand to do some abstract painting of transvestites snorting coke off each others' balls. It really didn't suit the theme of *At War With Everybody*…plus Ebullition wouldn't sell it and we would be fucked.

MRR: Why all the *Simpsons* references on the first EP?

Ebro: And hip hop references as well. It was just stuff that I was into using at the time. The titles are a little insight into what I was trying to get across with

PITF

the lyrics. I choose them to illustrate what I was thinking about and hopefully some people get the references.

MRR: Ebro, what happened to your wrist in that amazing show in New York City?

Ebro: We were playing a party that Mark McCoy and Nate Wilson were working for the Cartoon Network, and basically, some bigger bands were playing it and we were asked to play a few songs and get $100.

Dave: We were on tour with Fucked Up and Fourteen or Fight and this after party show offer came up while we were on the road. Since our NYC show was an earlier all ages show with Celebrity Murders, we were into doing it.

Mark: It was at the Knitting Factory at a party for Adult Swim and the Cartoon Network and Rapture played.

Dave: The Rapture show was for the event, but we were asked to play the after party.

Ebro: So when Fourteen or Fight was playing, we took a bunch of the food at the party and threw it at them and kinda fucked the place up a little bit with knocking stuff over. It actually was the most fun I had on that tour because it wasn't a bunch of kids standing around with their arms folded. Kids were dancing and having a good time. Then when we played, I was slipping around on the shit that was on stage and I fell and snapped my wrist pretty bad. I went to the emergency room and the doctors couldn't set it after four hours of trying to get it back into place. A bone just kept popping out over and over every time I tried to get an x-ray done. I had to get back to Chicago to have surgery on it.

Dave: We had to cancel the next two shows and get back to Chicago as soon as possible.

Mark: Two things I remember about this show were Jeff's head getting peed on by a broken pipe and me wearing a Meatwad mask from *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* and not seeing that Ebro hurt himself. I kept playing after he walked offstage.

Ebro: At first I kept singing and thought that I could make it through the show.

MRR: Because you are fucking hard.

Jeff: He actually broke his wrist over some kid's face.

Ebro: It didn't really hurt at first and I kept singing but after awhile with people bumping into my arm, I knew that it was time to go see a doctor. I walked off the stage and they kept playing. I got some ice and a t-shirt to wrap it up. I mean my wrist was in a fucking "S" shape.

Mark: The dude from *Change* zine helped out a lot.

Ebro: Even though I hurt myself, it still was the best show of the tour.

Mark: After we played, Fucked Up played the same song over and over…people going nuts.

Jeff: I think they only really play one song a set. Their songs sound the same anyway.

Dave: I just remember looking over at the Cartoon Network guys looking really excited and security looking really freaked out.

MRR: So you guys have been around since 2001 and preceded a lot of the current trend of retro-style hardcore. Do you feel a part of that scene at all?

Ebro: Honestly, when we did the band I wanted to play music that I grew up listening to, like Poison Idea.

Jeff: R.E.M. and the Smiths.

Ebro: Funny that we pulled it off like that. But really, we didn't think about it that much. We just wanted to play our version of hardcore and not with the intention of having it fit into any scene. Some of that scene is cool, but we all have been in bands long enough to know not to ride trends. We fit into hardcore now, I guess, as much as any other hardcore band. People group us in if they want to, but we aren't trying to play the part. We're just trying to play music we like.

MRR: Since we established that you guys are old…

Mark: Fuck you, I just got carded.

MRR: What is the biggest difference you guys see from when you started playing in bands to playing shows now?

Ebro: You can say more fucked up shit now and no one cares.

Dave: As an observation? I think that way more people are looking at shows more like parties than they did before, at least locally.

Ebro: As far as shows, I think the younger kids are more into dancing and things aren't as uptight as they were in the '90s.

Jeff: People don't realize how PC it was in the '90s. It was very tight in certain scenes. And also how violent some hardcore shows got in other scenes. I don't know—I can't remember the '90s anymore. I don't remember any of the bands we played with—nothing's worth remembering.

Ebro: Chicago is always a little different too. We are not as influenced by what happens on the coasts.

Jeff: I find that shows are less smelly than they were around eight years ago. Back then, man, it was really fucking shitty. Everyone still has a bit of a look or whatever, but I guess the punk scene has learned to take baths. I mean, you have people out of town staying at your house and you are like "You guys can take a shower if you want." They turn it down and I'm like "No, really, take a shower." Kids are still dressing down, but at least they use soap.

Ebro: Kids drop names now of old bands that I've never heard of and I've been into this shit for a long time.

Jeff: I used to walk uphill though ten feet of snow ten miles barefoot just to get the first Cro Mags LP. Now click on a blog and download it and instantly anyone is a Cro Mags fan. So you're down with Killed by Death bands and memorized the complete catalog of Lip Cream. It's cool that it is out there but show some respect, yo. Respect your elders.

Ebro: I'm not trying to sound like a grandpa or something.

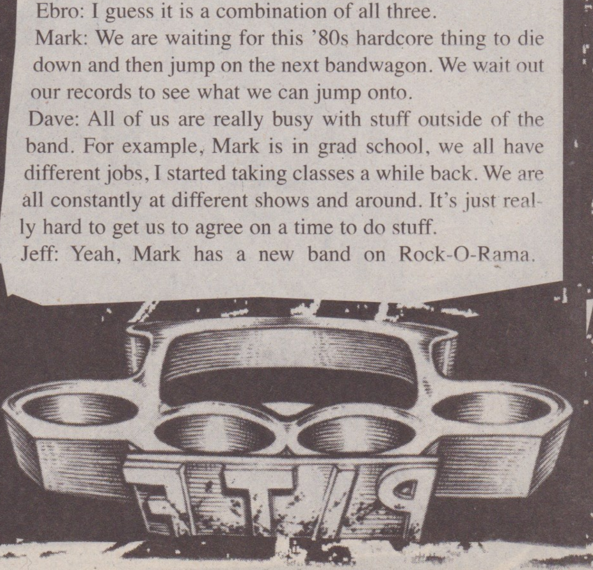
MRR: It seems like it takes you guys several years every time you put a record out. Are you slow? Lazy? Or you just don't give a fuck?

Ebro: I guess it is a combination of all three.

Mark: We are waiting for this '80s hardcore thing to die down and then jump on the next bandwagon. We wait out our records to see what we can jump onto.

Dave: All of us are really busy with stuff outside of the band. For example, Mark is in grad school, we all have different jobs, I started taking classes a while back. We are all constantly at different shows and around. It's just really hard to get us to agree on a time to do stuff.

Jeff: Yeah, Mark has a new band on Rock-O-Rama.



Ebro: Life gets in the way and…

Jeff: You got *The Bachelor* on and can't miss *Dancing with the Stars*. I don't got the time for this shit. Sometimes I laugh at how over-ambitious punk bands are.

Ebro: Like bands that play four times a year, instead of bands that play twice a year like us.

Jeff: Fuck this "Look at me, I'm in a band. I go on tour and put out records."

Ebro: Punch In The Face is so punk, we don't do anything.

MRR: Did you guys ever feel like one of those "all-star" hardcore bands because a lot of you guys were in bands that were very popular before being in Punch In The Face?

Ebro: Yeah, and then reality hit us very fucking quick.

Jeff: No one liked Charles Bronson when we were around and no one still likes MK Ultra before or after we broke up. Dearborn SS was all right except for their singer.

Ebro: I appreciate that people like the bands that I used to be in, but in the end, I'm just another person at a show or whatever, not some "superstar." We've been around awhile and have never considered ourselves to be an "all-star" band. We're just a hardcore band. If people like the band for what it is, that's cool—if not, that's cool too.

MRR: Recently you guys played a great show with Dropdead and hundreds of kids showed up and it was a really fun show. How did it feel to get that kind of reception when you play so few shows a year?

Ebro: It was cool. It turned out really good. We've also played lots of shows with people standing around and staring at us, so you never know what kind of reaction we'll get. When people have a good time and are going off, it turns out good for everyone.

Jeff: It reminded me of older shows, of old shows at Medusa's. And that other place—fuck, I can't remember, I'm too fucking old. Or even one of those awesome shows that were at Fireside Bowl. I like having a stage. I like being above the crowd. Call me crazy. I wanted a balcony dive at that show.

Ebro: I wanted someone to die, then it would have been a good show.

MRR: Like the Chicago Marathon (a cop died running this year)?

Ebro: Yeah, there was too much water supplied at the show.

MRR: Will this inspire you guys to play more or tour? You got the new LP out now.

Ebro: I would like to.

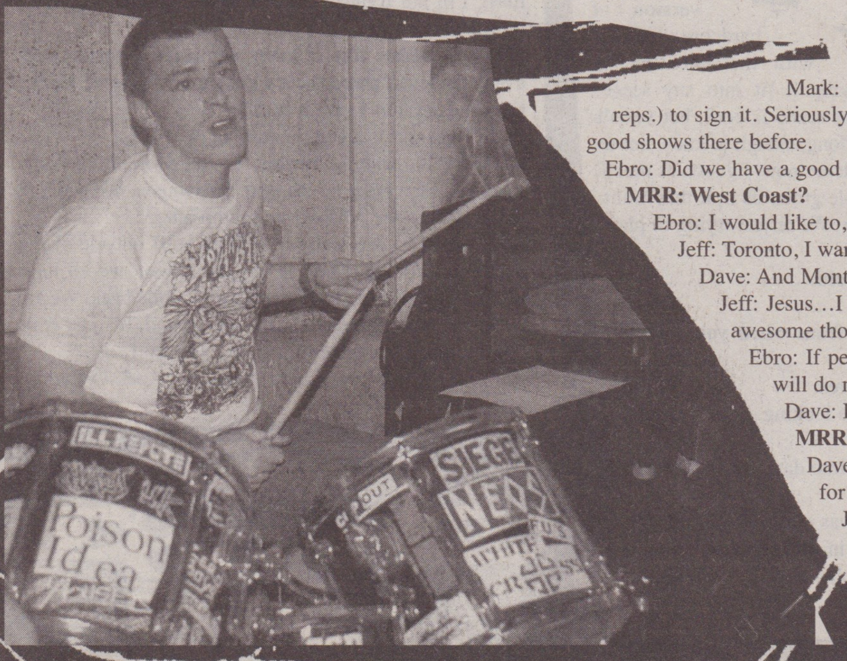
Jeff: You know, people should come to us. Chicago is a great fucking city. We don't need to go all the way to Texas for a show—even though we did (Chaos in Tejas Fest in Austin).

Dave: Even so, I think that we will still have problems even playing a local show, let alone something out of town, because of everyone's schedules.

MRR: Thought about getting a drum machine?

Jeff: Yeah, great idea—yeah, we will play out of town again.

Ebro: If you really want us to play your town, get a petition going with certain amount of signatures.



Mark: And get our Alderman (Chicago neighbor city council reps.) to sign it. Seriously, we would like to play Toronto, Pittsburgh—we have had good shows there before.

Ebro: Did we have a good show in Pittsburgh?

MRR: West Coast?

Ebro: I would like to, yeah.

Jeff: Toronto, I want to play there.

Dave: And Montreal.

Jeff: Jesus…I can't talk to anyone there. Playing with Inepsy there was awesome though.

Ebro: If people ask about playing and there seems to be interest, we will do more shows, but like we said, it's hard to do too much.

Dave: I would love to make it out West.

MRR: All right, this is the end, any last comments?

Dave: I would like to thank *MRR* for the interview and Martin for putting our record out.

Jeff: What issue will this be in? I don't buy this thing anymore…where do you buy it?

Ebro: He can't read it anyway. His cataracts are too bad from being too fucking old!

THE VOIDS

Hailing from Southern California, The Voids play old school style punk rock. With thoughtful lyrics and music, they are a band that the *Maximum Rocknroll* readers should know more about.

Interview by Renae Bryant

MRR: Who currently makes up The Voids?

The Voids are:
Adri (Vocals / Lyrics)
Chris (Guitar)
Mike aka "Cheeseburger" (Drums)
Joey (Bass)
Yoci (Guitar)

MRR: Time flies. It seems like yesterday that your band came out. Give the readers, who may not be familiar with The Voids, a little Void history.

Adri: We formed in 1996 in Southern California. We started playing shows a little after that and have been playing ever since. We mainly play locally but have played in a few states on the west and east coast. We have had many members come and go in the past but the ones that have contributed the most and are a huge part of our history are: Alex aka "Brass" (bass on *Kill a Generation* / early demos), Matt (guitar on *Kill a Generation* / early demos), Social Dave (Guitar on early demos), Mike S. (drums on *Kill a Generation*) and Ruby (bass on *Sounds of Failure, Sounds of Hope*) *Kill a Generation* was originally release in 2002 on Black Noise Records. It was later remixed and released on our current label Dr. Strange records in 2004. *Sounds of failure, Sounds of Hope* has just been released (July 2007) on Dr. Strange Records.

MRR: Tell us about the inspiration for the title *Sounds of Failure, Sounds of Hope*.

Adri: Before we even recorded, I knew this is what I wanted it to be called. I wanted something that reflected all of the songs and somehow *Sounds of Failure, Sounds of Hope* seemed just right. Those two words, "failure" and "hope" in some way, relate to every song on this album. The word failure is a little harsh, but in any kind of situation if we realize and address where we have somehow failed, there is always hope for a change.

MRR: Who did the artwork for the cover and insert? The cover/mirror image reminds me of a punk version of *The Scream*. Was that intentional?

Mike: I did it. Damn what a bummer. That wasn't intentional. Damn that's a shitty movie.

Adri: I never even thought of that. That's a great piece of art. It does kind of portray the same emotion. Mike did the art, but as you can see from his answer above, I guess that was not intentional…and apparently he does not like that movie.

MRR: This is your second release on Dr. Strange, which is known as a store/distributor and for putting out old school punk bands. It's a real tribute to your band that he chose to put your records. How did this come about?

Chris: A few years ago, after the first album was out of print, we were looking for someone to put it out again, and he wanted to do it.

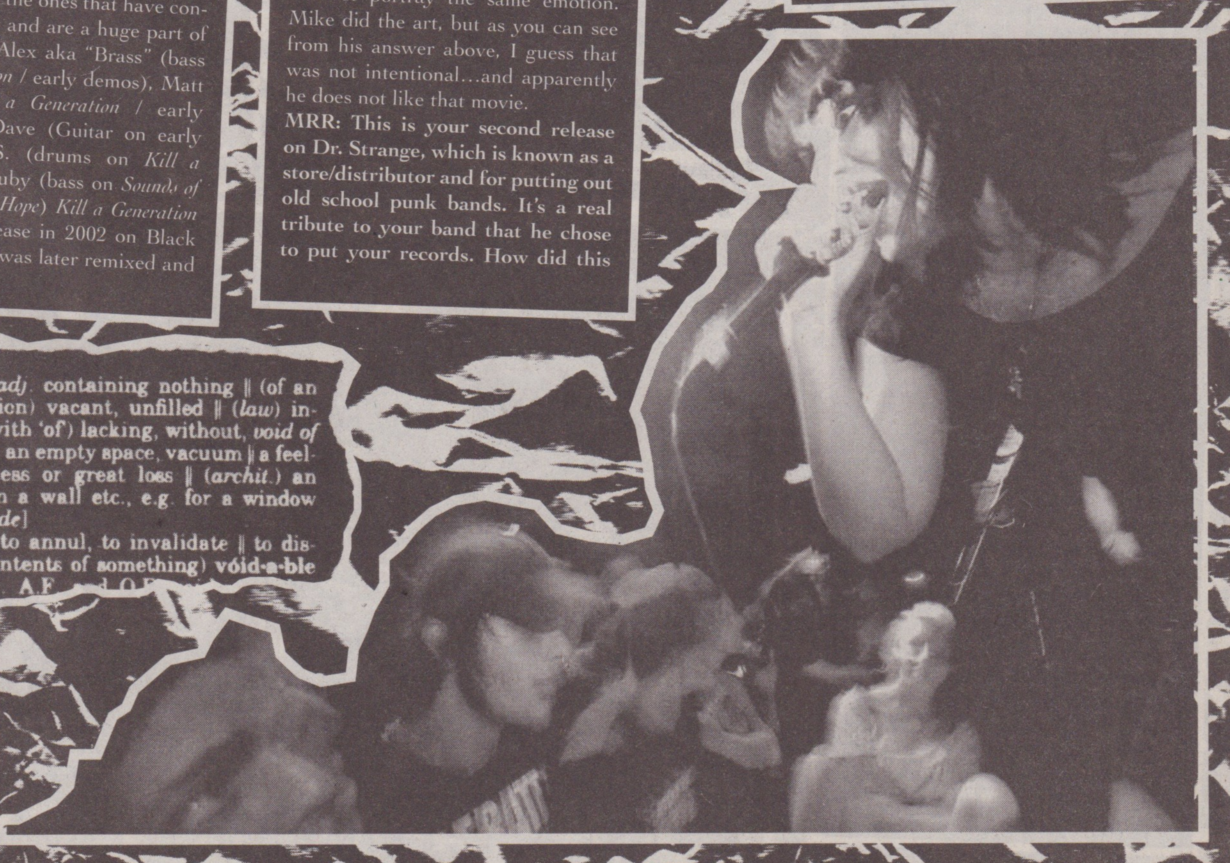
Adri: It is a real tribute—he puts out a lot of great bands. For the second album, we did think about possibly finding someone else to put it out, but when we really thought about it, Dr. Strange is the perfect label for us. He has treated us great, put stuff out when he said it would be out, that's all we can ask for. Dr. Strange has had faith in us, he likes the music and he wants to put it out. That's the label you want to be on.

Mike: Probably because I spend money there. It's down the street.

MRR: You've played some amazing shows in Southern California and the East Coast. Which have been your favorite/most memorable shows?

Adri: No question about it, the most memorable thing for me was when we played a few shows with The Subhumans. I had the worst cold, our van broke down in California on the way to Washington, we got in a car accident, had huge fights about who gets to take the first shower but it was all worth it in the end.

tional system
void (vɔid) **1.** *adj.* containing nothing ‖ (of an office or position) vacant, unfilled ‖ (*law*) invalid, null ‖ (with 'of') lacking, without, *void of good taste* **2.** *n.* an empty space, vacuum ‖ a feeling of emptiness or great loss ‖ (*archit.*) an opening left in a wall etc., e.g. for a window [A.F., O.F. *voide*]
void *v.t.* (*law*) to annul, to invalidate ‖ to discharge (the contents of something) **void·a·ble** *adj.* [partly fr. A.F.



It is always an honor to play with bands that you really love. Everyone was really cool and I had a good time. Definitely one of those unbelievable moments, like, "How is my band playing with this band?"

Chris: Playing with The Subhumans—We had the opportunity to play five shows with them starting in Seattle and ending in Los Angeles. The shows were great and it was really cool hanging out with them.

Mike: When everyone's having *fun*!

Joey: The Showcase in Feb '07...the band hadn't played in a while. The kids were going nuts...bodies flying off the stage left and right!

MRR: I know there are punks all over the globe who would like to see your band live. Do you have any plans to get on the road for a US tour or perhaps go overseas?

Adri: As much as I would like to and even hope that we might, circumstances would have me say that we probably won't be doing much, if any, touring. Some of us are a little older and have jobs that we just can't leave. We might do some very short things, maybe a week or so, but that's about it. I have always wanted to play overseas and although unlikely, I still hold on to that a little. It could happen.

Chris: We have been talking about doing some short touring. Hopefully soon!

Mike: That would be most nice.

Joey: Nothing more that a week or so

Yoci: I hope so! I always wanted to see Europe.

MRR: I read all of the lyrics and am curious, which songs are your favorite?

Adri: "24 Faces" is my favorite. The lyrics are very personal. A few years ago after being diagnosed with Cancer, I spent so much time feeling so defeated, going over my life, unsure if I would live or die. I thought of all the things I have never done or seen, the stupid or mean things I have said, the mistakes I have made and everything I could have and should've done different. I felt like I had somehow failed, everything was falling apart, I was so disappointed in myself. The song reflects the struggle with what this situation made me realize.

Chris: "24 Faces" and "Disconnected"

Mike: "Disconnected"

Joey: "Grasping Hands" and "Romance & Heartbreak"

Yoci: "Disconnected" or "Money and Music"

MRR: Why did you choose to cover "Are You Happy" by Reagan Youth?

Adri: It was a little slower than we usually play, the lyrics fit us and it is a good song. I can truthfully sing the lyrics—I believe them, so I wasn't just singing words.

Chris: We like Reagan Youth and that was a song we could all agree on.

MRR: "Grasping Hands" almost reads as a straight edge/clean and sober anthem. Are any of the members drug and alcohol free? Do you ever feel that alcohol/drugs can fuck up shows and the scene?

Adri: We are not straight edge and I definitely love a drink or a few! But I do have a concern about addiction and how it is a serious issue. I have seen so many people have problems with this in the past and it's a horrible thing. I sometimes feel that some people in bands make excessive drinking or drugs to be something that's cool. Meanwhile there are kids looking up to these people, possibly thinking that's its a good idea, when ultimately there's nothing good about it. I think people that use excessive alcohol or drugs could make the scene look negative and stupid when it is really smart and passionate.

Chris: I do feel that drugs can fuck up the scene. I think their needs to be more of a positive message in punk. Drugs and alcohol can destroy people's lives.

Mike: "I can't even see, man!"

Joey: Alcohol free.....not so much. Stupid people fuck up the scene, not alcohol.

Yoci: Nope! We're NOT sXe.

MRR: This is a question for Adri. Are you completely recovered from the health scare that you had a few years ago. How did it change your life?

Adri: I am a three year thyroid cancer survivor and so far so good. Besides being crazy about every little bump and lump I feel (or think I feel), I am healthy. Cancer changed my life more than I thought it would. I was able to realize what is real about my life because of the situation I was put in. Who was really there for me, and who wasn't there at all. I appreciate what I have a lot more. One of my good friends who I also knew before I was sick once told me that, "Cancer made you not a bitch," which might be very true. It opened my eyes to all the negative things that I knew needed change in my life. I want to be proud of the life that I live . You always know that you can die, any day, any time, but you don't really realize what that means until you actually face that. Overall, even though I would not want to go through it again, what was learned through that experience I would not want to live without.

MRR: Many consider your band to be a political punk band. Are there any issues you feel strongly about these days that you would like to share with the *MRR* readers?

Adri: We have always had this thought about us, but I would not consider The Voids to be a political punk band. Some of the early lyrics that were written by Social Dave are political, but I think my lyrics are more social than anything else. I write about my life experiences, most which are very normal and I think a lot of people can relate to. It's all very honest and real.

Mike: We're a punk band telling people about what goes on here, there, and everywhere in the world and in our lives.

MRR: Now that the new record is out, what are the future plans for The Voids?

Adri: Play some more shows…

Yoci: Conquer the world.

MRR: Final thoughts and contact information?

Adri: Just a huge thank you to everyone that supports what we do. I have had such a good time doing this and have met a lot of great people throughout the years. You can get a hold of us at contacctthevoids@aol.com

Yoci: Playing in this band rules. I've had too much fun so far.

NUCLEARSKULL
"Diy and let it fly"
NUCLEARSKULL
FUCK THE SYSTEM

The Vengeful Legions" EP
$5 ppd usa/overseas $8

NUCLEARSKULL.COM
1101 98th st #6
Bay Harbour
Fl. 33154

SORRY STATE RECORDS
http://www.deadmetaphor.com/sorrystate

INSTÄNGD EP

Instängd – Mitt Svar På Ingenting E.P.

Members of Regulations playing ripping Swedish HC a la Missbrukarna, Headcleaners, etc.

CROSS
LAWS
ANCIENT
RITES EP

CROSSED
EYES
"RATTLED"

Crossed Eyes – Rattled EP

Killer garage/punk from North Carolina... like Circle Jerks mixed with the Buzzcocks and peak-era Screeching Weasel. Totally killer!

DOUBLE NEGATIVE
RAW AGGRESSION EP
NC COMPILATION EP

UP NEXT!!

WRENCH ★ RECORDS

ON THE WRENCH LABEL:

TITLE:	PRICE:
CRISPY NUTS Will 7" (few copies only)	£2.50
HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE Patmos Or Bust 7"	£2.25
LOUDMOUTHS / HOT ROD HONEYS Split 7"	£2.00
RANCID HELL SPAWN Gastro Boy 7" (last few)	£2.75
RANCID HELL SPAWN Teenage Lard 7"	£2.00
RANCID HELL SPAWN Scalpel Party CD	£6.95
REAL LOSERS Go Nutzoid! 7" (last few)	£2.25
REAL LOSERS Time To Lose CD	£6.95
SAVAGE MALIGNANT Lucky 7 7" (last few!!)	£2.75
SEXUAL ABOMINATIONS R'n'r Meat Hook 7"	£2.00
SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. Indicted 7"	£2.25
TRONICS What's The Hubub Bub CD	£6.95

ON OTHER LABELS:

TITLE:	PRICE:
ADAM WEST - Scandinavian Tour 7"	£2.75
CLOROX GIRLS - Double Mao 7"	£2.95
CONTAMINATORS - No Friends 7"	£2.95
DIRTY, THE - Cinnamon 7"	£2.75
EXCITERS, THEE - Dial E For Excitement 7"	£2.75
LYRES - Don't Give It Up Now 7"	£2.75
MAKEOUTS - Worst Band Ever 7"	£2.95
MANHATTAN LOVE SUICIDES - Kick It Back 7"	£2.75
MANHATTAN LOVE SUICIDES - Keep It Coming 7"	£2.75
MARY'S KIDS - Destroy 7"	£2.75
PRISCILLAS - Superhero 7"	£2.75
REAL LOSERS - Gimme Action 7"	£2.75
REAL LOSERS / ILLEGAL MOVERS Split 7"	£2.75
SICK-E'S - Whispers 7"	£2.95

POSTAGE RATES FOR 7" EPs: UK: First copy £1, 20p each extra. Europe: £1.60 first copy, 40p each extra. USA and rest of world: £2.10 first copy, 75p each extra.

POSTAGE RATES FOR CDs: UK: First copy £1, 20p each extra. Europe: £1.80 first copy, 50p each extra. USA and rest of world: £2.60 first copy, £1.40 each extra.

UK Customers- pay by UK Cheque/P.O. payable to Wrench Records. Credit Card orders accepted by PAYPAL (www.paypal.com) – send your payment to **mail@wrench.org**.

WRENCH RECORDS, PO BOX 52638,
LONDON N7 8YD, ENGLAND
Email: mail@wrench.org
Web site & online catalog: www.wrench.org

STRANGE WEAR! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

8 styles Of
Bondage Pants

Bondage Shorts

Bondage Jackets

and More!

www.RAREPUNK.com

www.RAREPUNK.com

Beautiful Clothes For Ugly People

Ask for it by name at your local INDEPENDENT shop or buy it online at the largest site of it's kind!
Stores: we deal direct! Get in touch for Wholesale prices.

SUMMER 2007 »»

WASTED TIME

"NO SHORE" E.P.

BRAND NEW SEVEN SONG 7" E.P.
RIPPING FAST AND VIOLENT HARDCORE . .

GOVERNMENT WARNING

"ARRESTED"

FOUR SONG FOLLOW UP TO THEIR LP.
ADOLESCENTS MIXED WITH GANG GREEN
AND RKL

TIME TO ESCAPE

E.P.

FIVE SONG 7 INCH OF NO B.S. DC HARDCORE
IN THE VEIN OF G.I. MEETS THE FAITH

STILL AVAILABLE: 7 INCH EPs from CARDIAC ARREST, DEEP SLEEP, CLOAK/DAGGER, 86 MENTALITY, SET TO EXPLODE, AND MORE.

CHECK OUT THE GRAVE MISTAKE WEBSTORE FOR A HUGE SELECTION OF HARDCORE PUNK AND MORE NEW RECORDS IN CONSTANTLY ... CHEAP PRICES AND FAST SHIPPING ...

GRAVE MISTAKE RECORDS

P.O. BOX 12482 RICHMOND, VA 23241
GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS@GMAIL.COM
WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

GOING UNDERGROUND RECORDS.com

1822 G. ST.
BAKERSFIELD, CA 93301

OUT NOW:
- CONTAMINATORS LP
- HEARTBEATZ 7"
- SICK-E'S - 7" (RED VINYL)

7"/$5 12"/$10
PAYPAL ADD $1
punxonly@gmail.com

COMING SOON: SICK-E'S - HUMAN SWINE 7"

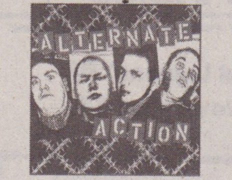
LONGSHOT MUSIC

DISTRIBUTED BY:
SCRATCH - www.scratchrecords.com
INTERPUNK - www.interpunk.com

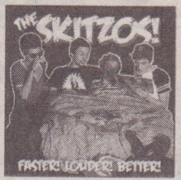
MEAN STREETS
That Day

MEAN STREETS
THAT DAY 7" SINGLE

Two brand new songs from this heavily rock'n'roll influenced Philly punk band with ex-members of *Cranked Up* and *The Wars End*.



ALTERNATE ACTION
SELF-TITLED 7" EP

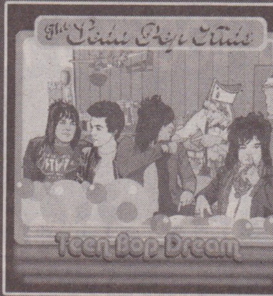


THE SKITZOS!
FASTER! LOUDER!... 7" EP

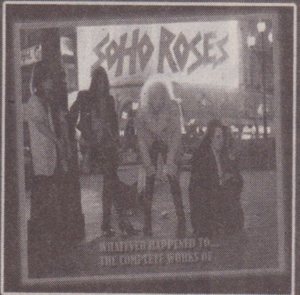
PMB #72, 302 BEDFORD AVE.
BROOKLYN, NY • 11211
www.myspace.com/longshotmusic

FULL BREACH KICKS

new & exciting releases out now!



THE SODA POP KIDS
"TEEN BOP DREAM" CD / LP / itunes
PORTLAND BOY'S NEW ALBUM
IT'S SATURDAY EVERY DAY!



SOHO ROSES
"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF" CD / itunes
'80s LONDON GLAM ROCKER'S COLLECTION

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

THE JONESES
"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES" CD / LP / itunes
REISSUE OF THE '80s CLASSIC
LA's INFAMOUS GLAM PUNK LEGENDS!

SICK FITS
"S/T" CD / LP / itunes
ROCK 'N' ROLL PUNK THUNDER
THE CANADIAN BOYS ARE BACK!

ALL ORDERS COME WITH A FREE
CD SAMPLER &
"ROCK 'N' ROLL OR DEATH"
BOTTLE OPENER KEYCHAIN
CELEBRATING OUR 5TH YEAR!

~

COMING SOON:
The Joneses "Criminals / Tits and Champagne" CD / LP
The Joneses DVD
"Sedated Just Like You: 25 Songs About & Inspired by the Ramones" compilation

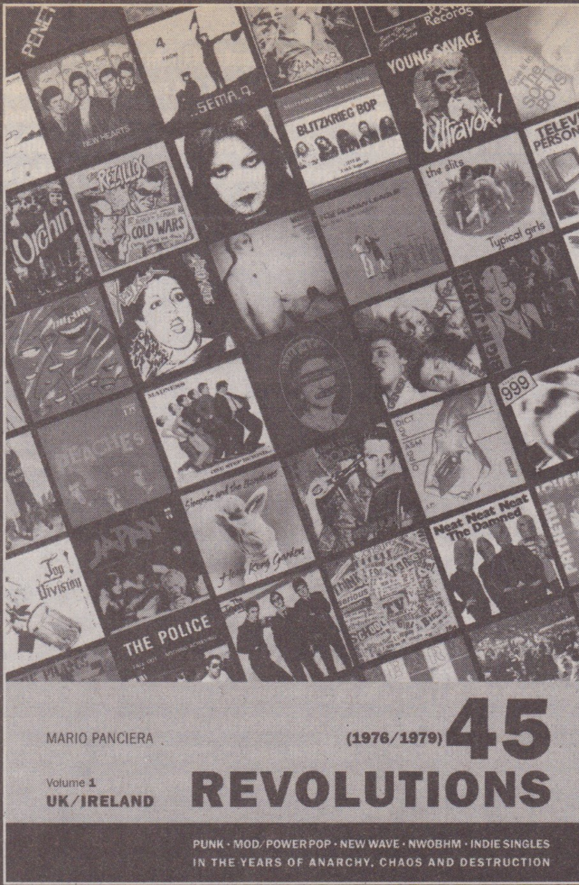
~

Distributed by Redeye Distribution
www.redeyeusa.com

~

Come visit the FULL BREACH 77 online store for original punk rock & rock 'n' roll t-shirts, leather jackets, & more!

FULL BREACH KICKS 2060 N. California Ave. • Chicago, IL 60647 • www.fullbreach77.com


MARIO PANCIERA
(1976/1979) 45
Volume 1
UK/IRELAND
REVOLUTIONS
PUNK · MOD/POWER POP · NEW WAVE · NWOBHM · INDIE SINGLES
IN THE YEARS OF ANARCHY, CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION

Mario Panciera's *45 Revolutions*, reviewed by Mark Murrman in the previous issue of this magazine, is the definitive discographical history of UK punk until the end of 1979. At 1190 pages, including over 3000 singles, it is safe to say that no other book about punk even comes close. This book, unlike many others, sticks to the facts and concisely details the line-ups of bands, their histories, their releases, and the critical reception these releases received. Although the book will be invaluable to both serious and novice collectors, a general history emerges from this materialist portrait of the early years of punk that is more sober and well-informed than any other I have read. *45 Revolutions* demonstrates that punk can and should be taken seriously and that the devotion of its fans, even though their ranks may be relatively few, can outstrip that of all other forms of popular music. Mario Panciera, from Italy, has been collecting punk records since the early days, and this enormous book is clearly the work of a lifetime—although volumes covering punk singles and LPs from the US, Europe, Japan, etc., are planned in the future. Mario was assisted by Steve Mitchell, who has started a blog (45revolutions.blogspot.com) that includes text from the book and many MP3s of obscurities. (An interview I did with Steve in 2006 also covering early UK punk is available at: http://www.shit-fi.com/Interviews/LDK/LDK.html.) Mario and I conversed over e-mail in fall 2007. The book is available in the US from http://www.ryebreadrodeo.com and in Europe from http://www.hurdygurdy.it.
—Stuart Schrader

Why did you write *45 Revolutions*?

Mario Panciera I have always desired to see a "definitive" book on ALL the Punk Rock/New Wave/D.I.Y./Indie singles issued in the second half of the Seventies. The singles were "the real thing," the quintessence of the Punk era, as much as long-players had been the incarnation of the Progressive Rock years. As a teenager, I had the luck of being in London for many months throughout the late 70s, going to hundreds of gigs during 1977's "Summer of Hate," selling all my belongings (comics/books/toys/old records) to purchase those singles at Rough Trade, Bizarre, or Small Wonder (for 60–90 pence each). I had the clear perception that I was witnessing something absolutely unique, hence I immediately started to collect everything on what was happening in front of my eyes - thousands and thousands of leaflets, posters, badges, autographs, photos, records, assorted memorabilia, fanzines, magazines, books—with the quasi-religious devotion of an obsessed archivist. Among many books devoted to the Sex Pistols and the "Punk Rock Explosion" (mostly full of photos of unbearable poseurs or filled with even more unbearable sociological digressions), one was different: Greg Shaw's *New Wave on Record 1975/78*, the first attempt at listing every UK Punk/New Wave/Indie record. This was followed a couple of years later by (two editions of) B. George and Martha DeFoe's *Volume: The International Discography of the New Wave*. These were the tip of the gigantic iceberg that led me to begin writing the *45 Revolutions* volumes, trying to combine the first-hand knowledge of the eyewitness, the love of research and investigation of the historian/archivist, and the perverse attention to the tiny detail typical of the record collector.

Were you aware of and buying obscurities in the 70s? Do you remember specific examples of records that are today considered highly collectible rarities of which you were aware when they first came out?

MP Yes, definitely, I always had the clear perception that the records would become increasingly collectible through the years. Even a few weeks after their release, singles like Antisocial or both Revenge were impossible to locate—they had been reviewed by the likes of the *Melody Maker* and the *NME*, but you could not find a copy anywhere in London. And the "Yodelling" EP by The Exits (I remember paying 15 pounds for it in 1979: a mad price at the time!), The Rebels 7", or "Into The 80s" by The Now were very hard to locate even then. Most of the singles from the Newcastle/Cleveland/Teesside area (No Way, the Amazing Space Frogs, the first Blitzkrieg Bop 7" on Mortonsound, etc.) were also a headache to locate even three decades ago. Some other singles which are now selling for very high prices on the collector's market were on the contrary fairly easy to locate: the Fast Cars 7" immediately springs to mind. In the late 70s much energy was also wasted after a few mythical records by the likes of The Infested, The High Society, The Deleted, The Spermatic Chords, or The Moors Murderers, which had been announced or reviewed or even included in various New Wave Charts, but were in fact nonexistent. And, on the other hand, a few platters that are now extremely sought after such as The Stereotypes or The Great British Heroes singles, were only discovered a decade later. I remember the day in the late 80s when I found what was the very first copy to emerge among collectors of the then-unknown Stereotypes EP, in a lousy London second-hand books shop that had a small selection of singles, mostly reggae/disco stuff. I bought it for a pound just because it sported an SRT Catalogue Number. I could not believe my ears when I put the 7" on my record player and it was an undiscovered Punk Rock record. For nearly a decade very few people were obsessively looking for obscure Punk/New Wave/D.I.Y. singles, as most of the Punk collectors were more into the worldwide rarities of "the big ones": in the era before Killed By Death/Back To Front/Bloodstains comps I managed to buy more than five thousand 77–82 obscure singles at very low prices, often less than a pound each.

I did not know that you were the "discoverer" of the Stereotypes. What are some other records that you "discovered"? Do you believe there are any discoveries from this era remaining to be made?

MP I don't think that any unknown pre-1980 Punk single will be found in the future, but perhaps a couple of undiscovered Powerpop 7" with loose Punky overtones could be traced among the promo-

Steve Mitchell (Holland)
Sneeky Feelin's "Private Mail"
Revenge "Our Generation"
The Clash "Complete Control"
Wasps "Teenage Treats"
Bozos "Weekend Girl"
Tours "Language School"
Elton Motello "Jet Boy Jet Girl"
Elvis Costello "Alison"
The Clash "White Riot"
The Clash "Remote Control"

Ingo Eitelbach (Germany)
Buzzcocks "What Do I Get"
Distractions "It Doesn't Bother Me"
Fingerprintz "Tough Luck"
Jags "Single Vision"
Protex "Heartache"
Rich Kids "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers"
Squire "The Face Of Youth Today"
Strangeways "Show Her You Care"
Squeeze "Goodbye Girl"
Vapors "Prisoners"

Chuck Warner (USA)
Beyond the Implode "Last Thoughts"
Take It "Taking Sides / How It Is / Man Made World"
Scritti Politti "2nd Peel Session" EP
Desperate Bicycles "The Medium was Tedium"
Steve Treatment "Change of Plan"
Lines "On the Air"
Fire Exit "Time Wall"
Soft Boys "Anglepoise Lamp"
Some Chicken "Blood on the Wall"
Razar "Idle Rich"

Jim Lahat (UK)
Sex Pistols "God Save The Queen"
Undertones "Teenage Kicks"
The Clash "White Riot"
The Jam "The Modern World"
T.V. Personalities "Part Time Punks"
Jermz "Power Cut"
Protex "I Can't Cope"
Cigarettes "They're Back Again, Here They Come"
Flys "Love And A Molotov Cocktail"
Satan's Rats "Year Of The Rats"

only releases of big labels. Well…never say never: less than one year ago I could not believe my eyes (and ears) when I found "Do You Wanna Touch My Safety Pin," a privately financed Punk-spoof single issued in July 1977 on the Pennine label and credited to a band called Septimus.

Throughout the first half of the 80s, I used to spend a few weeks per year driving throughout the UK, county by county, village by village, searching for obscure singles in little second-hand shops. I was buying every independent single issued between 1976 to 1982 and shop owners were glad to get rid of all those "worthless 45s." Usually I managed to buy a minimum of 10 singles for a pound. I remember that in the mid-80s I taped many of the then-undiscovered UK Punk singles from 1977–1979 on a cassette and I gave it to a fellow collector, who later released the tracks directly from that cassette on a comp called "Bloodstains Across the UK" Volume 2. I was appalled when I heard that LP, full of classic tracks but taken from that cassette, taped with my old recorder, which never kept a steady speed.

Why does 45 Revolutions have a negative reaction toward the "sociological" interpretations of punk?

MP There's nothing more un-Punk (in the original 1976 sense of the word "Punk": an attitude, a state of mind, an "I Wanna Be Me" approach to the world) than the pathetic attempt to give Punk a sort of respectability with philosophical or sociological interpretations, which just generate what punk was born against: plain and simple B-O-R-E-D-O-M.

Were you buying punk records from USA or Italy (or elsewhere) while living in the UK in the 70s?

MP By the end of 1979, I already owned most of the UK Punk records, but I had only the American Punk records that were also pressed in the UK (The Ramones, The Dickies, The Dead Boys, etc.) or imported by Rough Trade (The Germs, The Dils, The Avengers, and so on). I did not know the likes of Jackie Shark & The Beach Butchers, The Nothing, Opus, The Fingers, and many other obscure bands whose singles I managed to collect only in the KBD era. I knew well the Punk scene from Holland (The Helmettes, Speed Twins, Subway, Mecano Ltd., etc.) thanks to the owner of a wonderful little shop (and label) from Amsterdam called No Fun…and I obviously knew the Italian scene very well (I quite liked the Hitler SS/Tampax split EP and the Rancid X single when they came out). On the other hand, in the 70s I did not know most of the Scandinavian Punk records (I only had the singles by the Rude Kids) and apart from The Saints, Radio Birdman, and The Victims, I didn't discover the other great Australian Punk singles before the mid-80s.

One question collectors are certainly wondering, do you own all the records depicted in the book? Have you learned of any variations or sleeves for records listed as sleeveless since its publication?

MP I own 99% of the records depicted in the book: the remaining 1%, approximately 50 sleeves/labels, come from Steve Mitchell's collection or from a few well-known collectors whose names can be found in the volume's "thanks to" section. In the few months since publication, a few odd editions/sleeves/labels and some interesting information have turned up. These edition and additional information will be featured next year in *45 Revolutions*' slightly updated second edition.

One aspect of the book that struck me was your use of material from fanzines and the major music magazines like *NME*, *Sounds*, and *Melody Maker*, particularly the seemingly endless supply of negative reviews of punk records. Other books about punk also seem to have relied on these major magazines as well, without your book, you offer your own positive reviews and contrast them with the negative ones offered at the time the records came out. Much of the music has withstood the test of time, whereas the opinions have not and now are worth reading only because of how silly they seem. So I'm wondering if you could give some thoughts about the music press and its role in the development of punk and why you felt it was important to include these quotes in the book.

MP I have included EVERY review from the four UK music weeklies and many thousand reviews from British and American fanzines. These help the reader to breathe the real atmosphere of the late 70s, when many truly great singles suffered a severe drubbing, a few were instantly recognized as classics, and some others were rated as masterpieces and are now totally forgotten! I think it was essential to include all the major magazines' reviews, as in the late 70s they really had an enormous nationwide influence: the four UK weeklies sold over 600,000 copies per week (the *New Musical Express* sold 212,000 copies per week, the *Melody Maker* 140,000, Sounds 137,000 and *Record Mirror* 128,000) and a single's commercial fate depended on these reviews. None of these papers was originally anti-Punk (and *Sounds* was always Punk-oriented!), but you can see that while in 1977 most Punk singles were greeted by positive reviews on all four weeklies, from early 1978 onwards, when the major press decided to push other "next big things" (call them New Wave, Powerpop, Ska, Mod, New Romantic, or whatever), Punk singles were nearly systematically badly reviewed. A few reviews are wonderfully irritating, some others must be read to be believed: thirty years later, their writers fully deserve to be exposed to public contempt, for their lack of vision, competence, and even professional integrity. And we can finally understand why many exciting bands failed to "make it big" and why some other bands with little or no talent managed to sell their mediocre records. Among the odd "coincidences" I noticed that although the big weeklies were usually changing reviewers every week, a few "lucky" bands always found the very same (friendly) journalist.

Many thousand period reviews are also taken from my archive of fanzines, whose sales rarely exceeded 1,000 copies, hence their marginal nationwide influence. Their perspective and approach were totally different from that of the major magazines and their reviews are in most cases positive even in 1978/9, the days of Punk's commercial implosion.

This book and the work of your pal Steve Mitchell from Low Down Kids have made collectors and listeners much more aware of obscurities that were the work of "pro" musicians who decided to make a punk record after the initial explosion, such as Gyppo. Can you explain this phenomenon and why these records are so rare even though many of them were released by big labels like Decca?

MP They are impossibly rare because they failed to sell and big labels used to destroy unsold stock copies singles and recycle the vinyl; that's why in most cases promos/demos are often much easier to locate than stock copies. These quasi-Punk platters made by "pro" musicians have been among the most complex entries to write, as all the music papers and the fanzines had totally ignored them; it was Steve LDK, my co-conspirator-in-chief in the making of *45 Revolutions*, who was absolutely fantastic in finding the musicians behind these bands!

You chose to include in the book NWOBHM and other hard rock records that came out during the "punk" period, how do you see these bands/records as fitting in to the era? Was NWOBHM itself sparked by punk even if it was anti-punk in so many ways?

MP In the second half of the 70s there were thousands of UK school-bands playing music influenced by the previous decade (often by The Beatles or by Tamla Motown hits) or by early 70s music—sub-T.Rex/Sweet/Slade Glam Rock, sub-Bay City Rollers Teenybop or Hard/Prog Rock in the wake of the Deep Purple/Zep axis. The D.I.Y./Indie scene allowed a space to all these

Dizzy Holmes (UK)

Jermz "Power Cut"
Beez "Do The Suicide"
Buzzcocks "Spiral Scratch"
Cybermen "Where's The New Wave"
Machines "True Life"
Red Lights "Never Wanna Leave"
Horror Comic "England 77"
Negatives "Love Is Not Real"
Ignerents "Wrong Place, Wrong Time"
Sema 4 "4 From …"

Johan Kugelberg (USA)

Desperate Bicycles "The Medium Was Tedium"
Beyond The Implode "Last Thoughts"
Desperate Bicycles "New Cross, New Cross"
Wavis O'Shave "Denis Smokes Tabs (John is a Figroll)"
Homosexuals "Hearts In Exile"
File Under Pop "Corrugate"
Lemon Kittens "Spoonfed and Writhing"
The Four Plugs "Biking girl"
Take It "How It Is"
Sex Pistols "Anarchy in the U.K."

Chris Plummer (UK)

Boomtown Rats "Rat trap"
Revillos "Where's the Boy for Me"
Blitzkrieg Bop "U.F.O."
Tours "Language school"
Squad "£8 a week"
Stiff Little Fingers "Alternative Ulster"
Purple Hearts "Frustration"
Rudi "I spy"
Angelic Upstarts "Murder of Liddle Towers"
Tonight "Drummer Man"

Peter Parzinger (Germany)

Killjoys "Naive"
Sex Pistols "God Save The Queen"
Sex Pistols "Holidays In The Sun"
Fast Cars "The Kids Just Wanna Dance"
Seventeen "Bank Holiday Weekend"
Valves "It Don't Mean Nothing At All"
Undertones "Here Comes The Summer"
Damned "New Rose"
Kidz Next Door "Kidz Next Door"
Cyanide "Your Old Man"

or quasi-Punk gloss to a record by a sub-Beatles, -T.Rex, or -Bay City Rollers group, simply by using the label "Mod" or "Powerpop". The process was much more difficult with the long-haired sub-Purple/Zep combos who were incorporating solos to their music: despite the press label of NEW WAVE Of British Heavy Metal, they never fit in the "proper" New Wave scene. These groups nevertheless deserve inclusion in *45 Revolutions* as they were part of the lively late 70s D.I.Y./ Indie scene, as most of them self-produced, self-financed, self-released their records or used the same labels/facilities whose explosion had been sparked by The Desperate Bicycles ("It was easy, it was cheap, go and do it"), The TVPs, 'O' Level, etc. In this sense, I completely agree when you say that even the anti-Punk NWOBHM was in fact itself sparked by Punk.

Can you explain which reggae records you included (or which you excluded) and why? More generally, what is your view of the role of reggae in punk history before 79?

MP Reggae was played in every Punk club throughout the late 70s, not only at the Roxy, where Reggae was the music you could hear most of the time, because the DJ was Don Letts. The fact is that in 1976, in the first half of 1977, and throughout the "summer of hate," which marked the pinnacle of the Punk Rock Explosion, not many Punk singles had been released yet, so DJs were also playing Reggae music. Johnny Rotten had also publicly admitted that he loved Reggae, so the two genres were definitely linked from the very beginning. The contamination of the two genres was strengthened by excursions into Reggae by The Slits, as well as by Generation X ("Wild Dub"), The Ruts ("Jah War"), The Members ("Offshore Banking Business"), and so on. In *45 Revolutions*, I have chosen to include Reggae artists who were intimately linked with Punk because they appeared on Punk/New Wave compilations (the live albums at the Hope & Anchor and at the Electric Circus featured Steel Pulse) or because their singles were released on Punk/New Wave labels (such as the 12"s by X-O-Dus on Factory and by Zebra on Good Vibrations) or thanks to their frequent gigs/tours sharing bills with Punk bands (Misty In Roots, L. K. Johnson etc). Reggae bands whose links with Punk were tenuous, such as Matumbi or Aswad, have been excluded.

I was impressed with how thorough and up-to-date the inclusion of reissues/ bootlegs was. What are your feelings about reissues and bootlegs and also how do you manage to keep on top of all of them while also collecting the original records?

MP I like reissues when they are made with love and passion,: if there is a nice booklet with unseen photos, interviews, historical data, or if they feature a few previously unreleased tracks (demos, live, or studio outtakes). Unfortunately, a few reissues are extremely disappointing, as the booklets are lousy and the tracks are not remastered or even taken from master tapes!. In the last few years, counterfeits of big rarities sold as originals are more and more common and are often hard to detect: that is truly awful. A few months ago there was a poor guy who spent a fortune on eBay buying a CBS promo EP by The Clash with "What's My Name" as its A-side. It was very well done, with a fake CBS promo label. Even the catalog number was cleverly chosen, as it was just in the middle between the catalog numbers of "Remote Control" and "Complete Control." Not to mention the fakes of the Antisocial 7" or of both Revenge singles and, even worse, the recently manufactured sleeves of singles which never had one (such as the Varicose Veins EP) or a few recently manufactured "alternate" picture sleeves (Chaos UK's "Summer of Hate" with "punk/punkette" artwork or three or four "never-seen-before" different sleeves for Deadly Toys EP, spring to mind). Much time and energy were spent in solving all these doubts once and forever: at times, the only way to be 100% sure that a certain picture sleeve was really 25+ years old was to have it analyzed by a prominent scientist in paper preservation. You cannot imagine the detective work we had to do in order to give the definitive word on a few items, but the information featured in *45 Revolutions* will now help Punk/Indie collectors to buy rarities without being cheated.

How did you go about publishing such a beautiful book yourself?

MP Ten years ago, when I went to London with the ancestor of *45 Revolutions*, the unpublished "No Elvis, Beatles Or The Rolling Stones" book, all publishers were charmed by the insane amount of research, but I soon realized that none would ever finance a hardback book of nearly 1200 pages, with 4500 color photos, the best paper quality, made with the help of top graphic designers. Thus, I decided—faithful to the Punk ethos—that "Do It Yourself" was the only way to make *45 Revolutions*.

Did you have any experience in publishing?

MP No real experience: a few years ago I had only self-financed/published a book on movie composer Bernard Herrmann (Alfred Hitchcock/Orson Welles), entitled "Music For The Eyes," which was soon sold out. Nothing else.

What sort of work went into the process? How have sales been?

MP When I finished writing the book I could not imagine that it would take two further years of hard work with graphic designers, helped by Steve LDK. I financed everything myself: 1,000 copies of the standard edition, plus 100 numbered copies of a luxury edition with leather embossed cover and outer box. Sales are far beyond expectations, as both editions are nearly sold out, simply through word of mouth, with no reviews yet published in music publications. But more than the sales, what makes all the years of work worthwhile are the 500+ wonderful e-mails posted on my tiny printing company's website www.hurdygurdy.it by people from around the world who have bought *45 Revolutions* and let me know that they are proud of owning it.

Is it true that you intend to publish subsequent volumes including non-UK punk? What can we expect next?

MP *45 Revolutions Volume 2*, which will be out early in 2008, is visually marvelous, as it features the picture sleeves of Punk/New Wave singles released all over the world: all the Dutch, Belgian, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Japanese, Thai, Yugoslav, Swedish picture sleeves of The Ramones, The Sex Pistols, The Clash, The Stranglers, The Rezillos, etc., are in the book, in full color.

The next volumes should cover Punk/New Wave singles made by American/Canadian artists/groups, singles from artists/groups from the rest of the world (Europe/Australia/Japan, etc.) and Punk/New Wave LPs released around the world between 1976 and 1979.

Can you discuss the 45 Revolutions blog? Is it all done by Steve?

MP It is done 100% by Steve. I hope that through the blog, "the great investigator" will manage to find the right thread to follow in order to solve the last remaining mysteries which concern the line-ups and biographies by The Stereotypes, Dirty Dog, Septimus, Mouth To Mouth, Politicians, and a few other obscure combos whose singles are very collectible now.

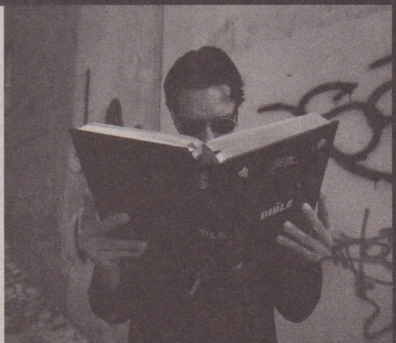
Do you have a Top Ten list of records included in the book?

MP My answer was intended to be an appendix to *45 Revolutions* but had to be omitted for lack of space. I had originally asked ten of the biggest Punk experts on the globe to write down their TOP TEN UK singles 1976/1979. I have also included my own favorites. With a hug to all MRR readers.

Alex Paraskevopoulos (Greece)
Undertones "Teenage Kicks"
Cabaret Voltaire "Nag Nag Nag"
Teenage Filmstars "There's a Cloud Over Liverpool"
XTC "Making Plans For Nigel"
Patrick Fitzgerald "Safety Pin Stuck In My Heart"
Gang Of Four "Damaged Goods"
Buzzcocks "Ever Fallen In Love"
Alternative TV "Action Time & Vision"
Spizz Energi "Soldier Soldier"
Jam "Butterfly Collector"

Alex Ogg (UK)
Undertones "You've Got My Number"
Buzzcocks "Harmony In My Head"
Damned "I Just Can't Be Happy Today"
Stiff Little Fingers "Gotta Getaway"
Penetration "Don't Dictate"
Stranglers "Five Minutes"
Ruts "Babylon's Burning"
Sex Pistols "Holidays In The Sun"
X-Ray Spex "Germ-Free Adolescents"
Slits "Typical Girls"

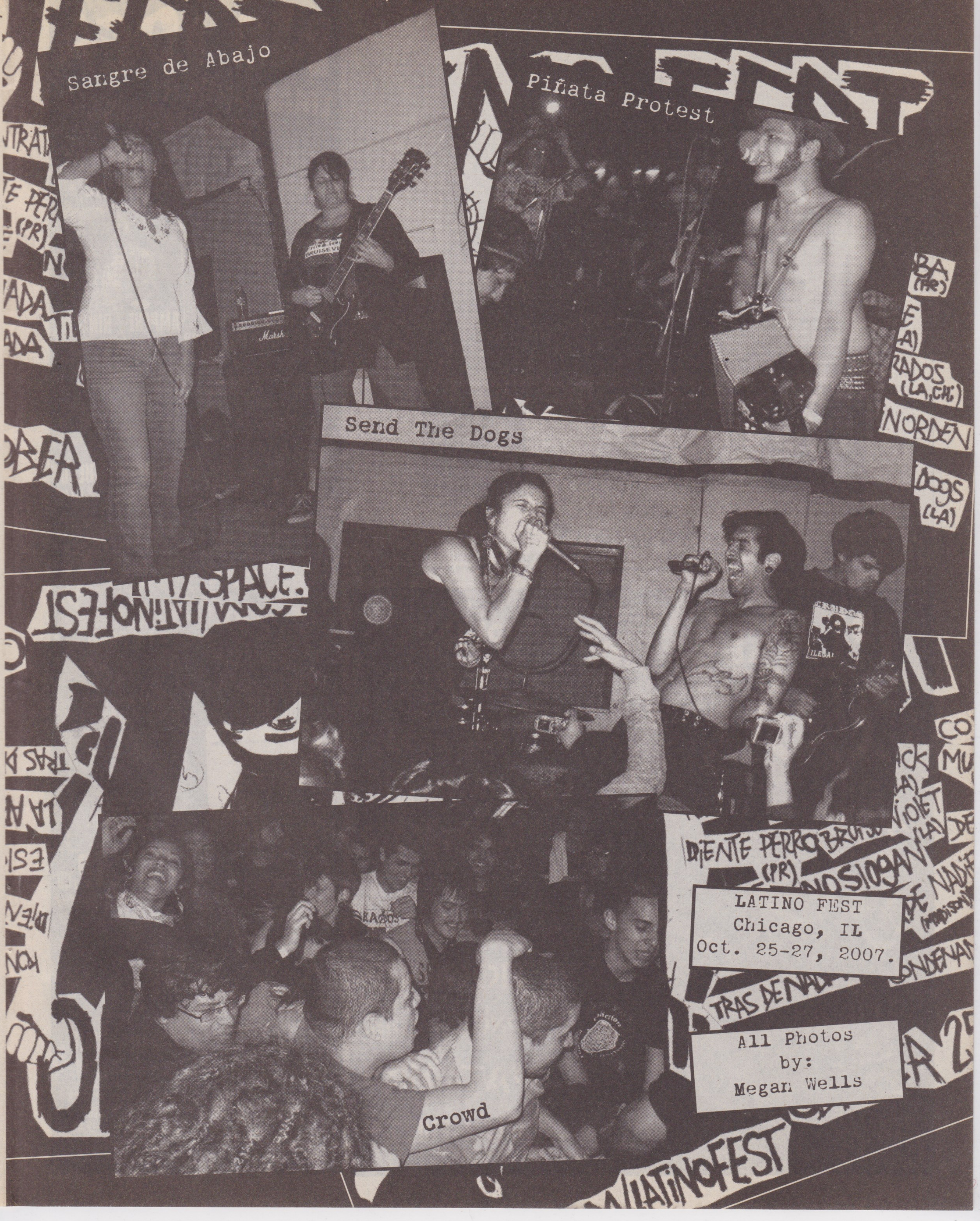
Mario Panciera (Italy)
Public Image "Public Image"
Johnny Moped "Incendiary Device"
Subway Sect "Nobody's Scared"
Siouxsie & The Banshees "The Staircase"
Sex Pistols "God Save The Queen"
Adverts "Gary Gilmore's Eyes"
Desperate Bicycles "Occupied Territory"
Scars "Horrorshow"
Essential Logic "World Friction"
Now "Into The 80s"



Intifada

Sin Orden

Descarados


Sangre de Abajo

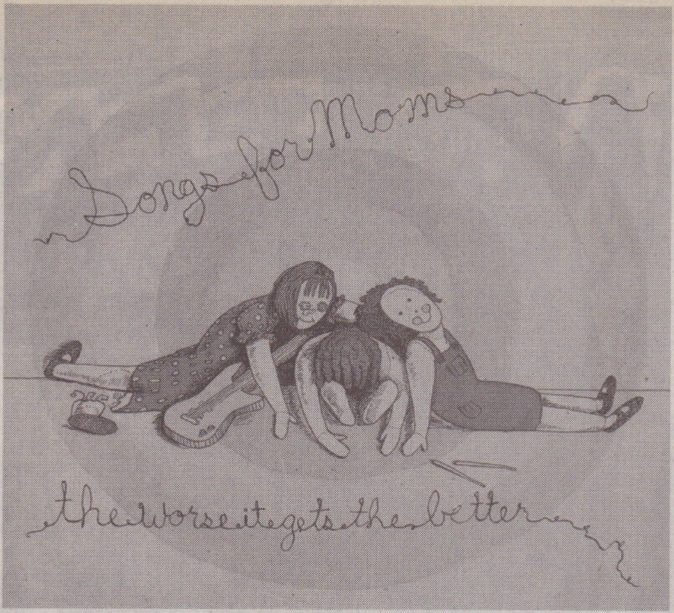
Piñata Protest

Send The Dogs

Crowd

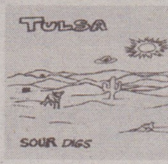
LATINO FEST
Chicago, IL
Oct. 25-27, 2007.

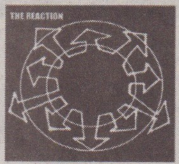
All Photos
by:
Megan Wells


Songs for Moms
the worse it gets the better

12" LP's WITH CD INCLUDED AVAILABLE NOW AT STARCLEANER.COM

SHELLSHAG
DESTROY ME IM YOURS


TULSA
SOUR DIGS
TULSA
SOUR DIGS


THE REACTION
THE REACTION
RIGHT NOW

★ STARCLEANER ♥

PLUS: 50 MILLION AND KUNG FU USA   COMING SOON: KREAMY 'LECTRIC SANTA
MAIL $12 CHECK/MONEY ORDER TO 1020 BUSHWICK AVE. BROOKLYN,NY 11221 PAYPAL AT WWW.STARCLEANER.COM

D-BEAT RAW PUNK
hellshock
BASKET CASE
Wolfbrigade
AVSKUM

PUNK STUFF .COM

PUNK
CRUST
METAL
HARDCORE
HORROR

SHIRTS
HOODIES
LONGSLEEVES
PATCHES
GIRL SHIRTS

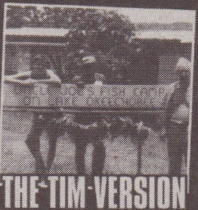
WWW.PUNKSTUFF.COM
HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS! UPDATED WEEKLY!
WE DO WHOLESALE AND CUSTOM PRINTS

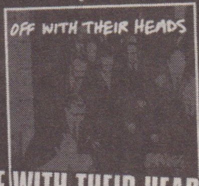
NO IDEA
¡MAILORDER!
noidearecords.com

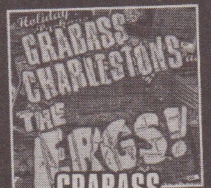
• THOUSANDS OF RECORDS, CDS, SHIRTS, + FUN STUFF ONLINE •

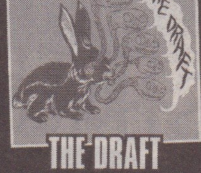
YOUNG LIVERS
THE NEW DROP ERA
YOUNG-LIVERS
"The New Drop Era" LP/CD
(ex-Glass & Ashes, Fiya)

AMPERE / RINGERS
split 6"

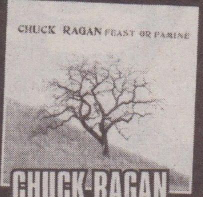

THE TIM VERSION
"Decline of the Southern Gentleman" LP/CD

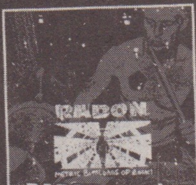

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS
OFF WITH-THEIR-HEADS
"All Things Move..." LP/CD


GRABASS CHARLESTONS
THE ERGS!
GRABASS CHARLESTONS & THE ERGS –7"



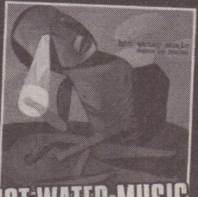
THE DRAFT
"We'll Never Know" 7"
"Devil in the Shade" 7"
"Stop Wastin' My Time" 7"
"In a Million Pieces" LP

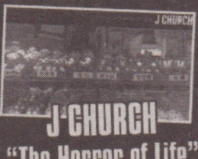

CHUCK RAGAN FEAST OR FAMINE
CHUCK-RAGAN
"Feast or Famine" LP
"Los Feliz (live)" LP



RADON
"Metric...!" LP/CD
(3 vinyl colors, 200 each made!!)

BRIDGE and TUNNEL
BRIDGE-AND-TUNNEL
7" / iTunes


HOT WATER-MUSIC
"Forever and Counting" LP
"No Division" LP / iTunes
"Fuel for the Hate Game" LP/CD
"Never Ender" LP/CD
"Finding the Rhythms" LP/CD
"Live at the Hardback" CD
...and more!



J-CHURCH
"The Horror of Life" LP/CD

Give The Gift Of Independent Music!
Happy Holidays From

RevHQ.com

The Best Source For Independent Music.

All of these great independent titles and more are available now on *RevHQ.com*!

SHIPWRECK A.D.
Abyss
DW162 | CD/LP
Deathwish, Inc.

Climbing to higher musical summits and digging deeper into emotional lows, with *Abyss* **SHIPWRECK A.D.** have proven that they are true originals/leaders in the metallic hardcore genre.

deathwish

THE ANTI-MATTER ANTHOLOGY
A 1990s POST-PUNK & HARDCORE READER
NORMAN BRANNON
Quicksand
Rage Against the Machine

Norm Brannon
THE ANTI-MATTER ANTHOLOGY:
A 1990s POST-PUNK & HARDCORE READER
REVBKS02 | Paperback Book
Revelation Records Publishing

A definitive collection of interviews from the fanzine that inspired thousands of young punks in their own self discovery - featuring revealing conversations with Elliott Smith, FARSIDE, FUGAZI's Ian MacKaye, Glen E. Friedman, JUDGE, INTO ANOTHER, JAWBOX, MOUTHPIECE, QUICKSAND, RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE's Zack de la Rocha, RANCID, SAMIAM, SHELTER, SICK OF IT ALL, SNAPCASE, SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE...and more!

FEDERAL RESERVE

PULLING TEETH
Martyr Immortal
DW167 | CD
Deathwish, Inc.

Martyr Immortal is **PULLING TEETH**'s newest metallic hardcore masterpiece — twelve songs that conjure the ghosts of classic bands INTEGRITY and LEFT FOR DEAD all while adding their own unique spin on the genre.

deathwish

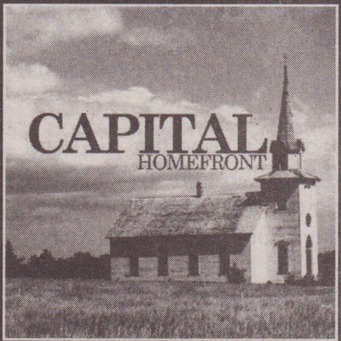
LIVING HELL
the lost and the damned

LIVING HELL
The Lost And The Damned
REV145 | CD/LP
Revelation Records

Boasting a rich musical history, New England adds to its ever-flourishing hardcore community with **LIVING HELL**'s debut full length, *The Lost And The Damned.* This Connecticut/Boston hybrid's take on hardcore is one that reflects the hardened, metal-tinged sound of bands such as JUDGE, RINGWORM, and CRO-MAGS.

BITTER END
Climate Of Fear
MAL29 | CD
Malfunction Records

An intense hardcore band from San Antonio, Texas, **BITTER END** is influenced by the metallic New York hardcore bands of the late '80s and early '90s. This is the new breed of hardcore.



CAPITAL
Homefront
REV144 | CD
Revelation Records

Long Island's **CAPITAL** take a fresh approach to melodic hardcore/punk. *Homefront* blends the melodic style of DAG NASTY, the punk aspect of BAD RELIGION, and post hardcore tendencies of QUICKSAND.

Black SS
foreign object
AC
HC

BLACK SHEEP SQUADRON
Foreign Object
REAP006 | LP
Reaper Records

Syracuse's sons of hardcore **BLACK SS** play 14 raw, fast, and honest songs that draw heavily on the '80s punk sound. Aggressive and pissed off, *Foreign Object* is an outlet for their straightforward messages.

REAPER RECORDS

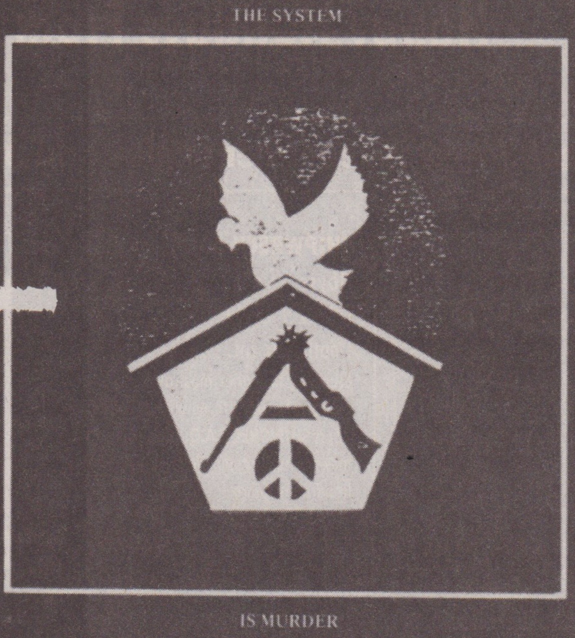
DOWN TO NOTHING
THE MOST

DOWN TO NOTHING
The Most
REV141 | CD/LP
Revelation Records

Filled with fast-paced hardcore, influenced by staples such as GORILLA BISCUITS and JUDGE, *The Most* is the full length Revelation debut for Richmond's **DOWN TO NOTHING**.

ANARCHY WILL BE THE PEOPLE'S RESISTANCE

THE STORY OF THE SYS-TEM



BY LANCE HAHN

The System is a good example of a band that is still fairly known in the anarcho punk world by name though mostly unheard. With only two 7" records released during their existence, their association with Crass and Flux of Pink Indians as well as their artwork made them an easy band for like-minded anarchos to get behind. The fact that they played proficient and aggressive punk rock is only now becoming more widely understood by way of a CD reissue. The band's music in today's context seems both urgent and nostalgic.

Andy Atom, guitarist: "I suppose it's good that we have given some people a good time through music either back then all those years ago or now with the release of the new CD. Just the other day I got an email from Kevin, the guitar player from Flux, to say how much he liked it. Things like that make it worth the effort. But really, it was a long time ago and the world has changed, but I think that once the seed is planted in your brain about politics most people I know take it through life with them."

Andy was at that right age to have been introduced to popular music just before punk. While his interest in glam and hard rock gave him the right context for punk, he was young enough not to miss out on the importance of the Sex Pistols and the Damned.

Andy: "I got into punk at the age of 15 by listening to radio, mainly John Peel. Also I went out and bought a copy of the Sex Pistols' *Anarchy in the UK* single. But my first experience was when I visited the Manchester Apollo venue in mid-1977 to see a Marc Bolan and T. Rex concert. On this tour the support band was The Damned. Their performance that night was excellent. The music and stage presence were so different from anyone else I had seen before. Following this, I recorded an in-concert radio broadcast featuring them. It still is, in my mind, one of the best concerts I have heard."

While mostly lip service at the time, the DIY idea connected to punk inspired Andy like so many others.

Andy: "Hearing the records and seeing the gigs of the time, we thought it was the natural thing to do: start a band to spread the feeling of this new music around."

Like most punk scenes, Wigan was as much a social meeting place for outcasts as anything else.

Andy: "We met at various gigs or punk nights in the late-'70s, although I had known the other guitar player in the System, Maki, from school days."

Somewhat veterans of the local punk scene, what would become the form of the System were two late-'70s area bands.

Andy: "He came from a previous band called The Atomz along with bass player Jimi. Spider and Ian came from a band called the Lethal Objects."

Coming together as The System in 1980, the group (as the name implies) was always influenced by the words and ideas of Crass.

Andy: "I think it was when I got a copy of *The Feeding of the 5000* that I got to know Crass. But I do remember going to see them play in Preston at a place called the Warehouse. After the gig I asked them to come and play in Wigan, which they did twice."

The band started playing live at the start of 1981 with notoriety soon following. Aside from being known as an up-and-coming punk group, their controversial nature started when that summer they chose to play an outdoors concert in a pub parking lot on the night of Charles and Di's wedding.

But other local gigs were more typical punk affairs at the local punk club.

Andy: "The early gigs we played were with local bands in youth clubs until we started to go to a Wigan punk club called Trucks. Some bands like the Exploited and the Wall came to play there so we got a chance to jump onstage before them. The first band we played with out of town was Poison Girls at a place called Winsford."

For the first few months, the lineup consisted of Andy on guitar, Maki on second guitar, Jan Commode on vocals, Jimi on bass, and Spider on drums. But soon the group was down to a quartet.

Andy: "The only lineup change for The System was the other guitar player, Maki, left the band after just a few gigs."

Via word of mouth and gig reviews, the group was starting to get noticed in the anarcho scene. Soon offers of better gigs in and out of town followed.

Andy: "We felt very involved because we were getting letters from people interested in what we were doing and being invited to play with good bands at good venues."

Through these live performances, the group got to be friends with Crass and Flux of Pink Indians. In 1981, they were approached by Crass to do a one-off 7" for their label. The album was recorded, but with the amount of work Crass Records was doing that year, The System decided to instead release the EP on Flux's label, Spiderleg.

Andy: "We were going to make a single for Crass Records. But I think at the time they were starting many projects. So as we had started to play alongside Flux of Pink Indians, it seemed like the best thing to do was to go onto their label when they invited us."

Arranged by Crass, the recording was done with a lot of help from Penny Rimbaud.

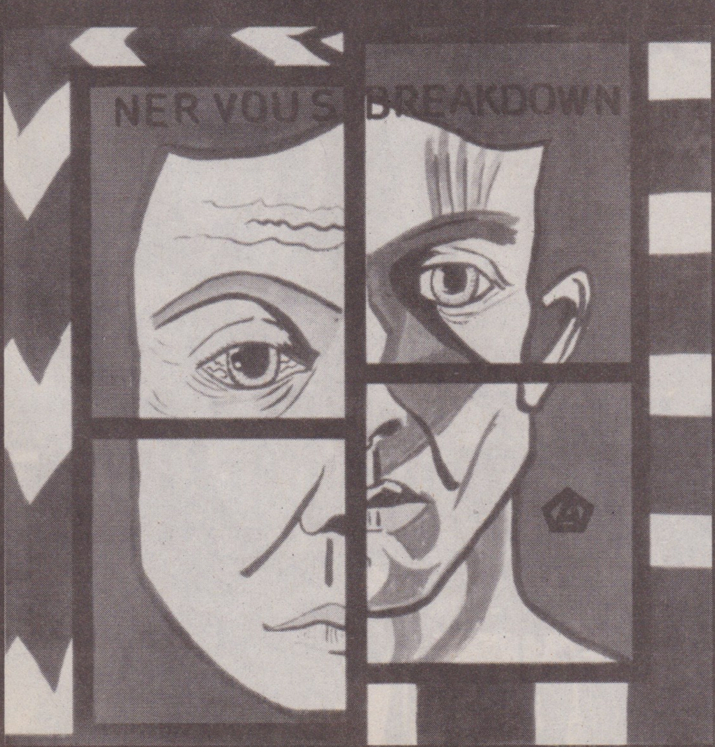
Andy: "My first memory was driving down to London in the snow overnight to get to the studios in Woodgreen for 9:00 AM, and we actually made it on time! But once there, it was good that everyone was waiting for us to arrive. It made it much better that Penny from Crass was there to produce the recording and loan us his drum kit. So things were smooth and to plan because they were following a formula they had used before."

Known both as *Warfare* and *Dogs of War*, that first 7" came out the following year to a great response. It was a good time to be on Spiderleg, with the record coming out just following the release of the Subhumans' debut 7". The sound was raw, but clean. The driving punk had an almost tribal effect more inclined towards chanting than hooks. Much of the lyrics had the memorable sing-song made famous by Crass and carried on via Flux.

You live day by day
By the laws that they lay
And you work nine till five
Just to live system lives
You're bored with the state
And the things of today
And you're sick at the way
That they still make you pay

Andy: "We were happy with the way it came out and would not change anything on that single. It was well received by people."

The group continued to record with a track on the *Wargasm* compilation (along with Flux, Poison Girls, Dead Kennedys,



etc.) and a second EP for Spiderleg.

The follow-up EP, *The System Is Murder* was recorded in August again at Southern Studios. This time around, John Loder was at the helm.

Andy: "*The System Is Murder* seemed to take longer to record and mix. I remember going back to the studios a few times to get it finished; also I ended up with tapes of various mixes of the tracks."

With the stencil cover art reinforcing the group's pacifist stance, the lyrics also expressed their autonomous desires.

> *Total frustration spreading through a nation*
> *Filled with violence and grief I'm sick to the back teeth*
> *Of its liars and hypocrites telling me what to do*
> *The only future I can see is anarchy for me and you*
> *Anarchy—let's be free*

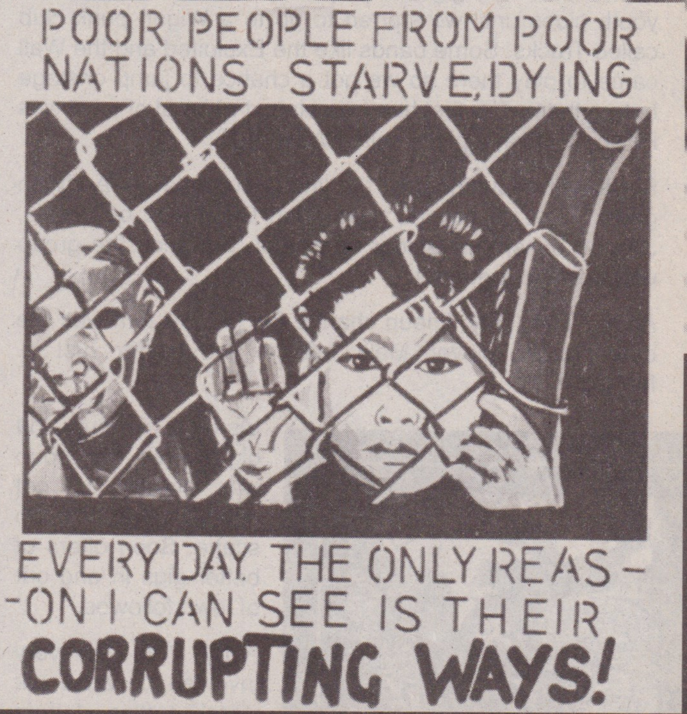
On "Undercover Agent for the S.A.S.," the group almost sympathizes with terrorist violence when given the choice between them and governmental secret services.

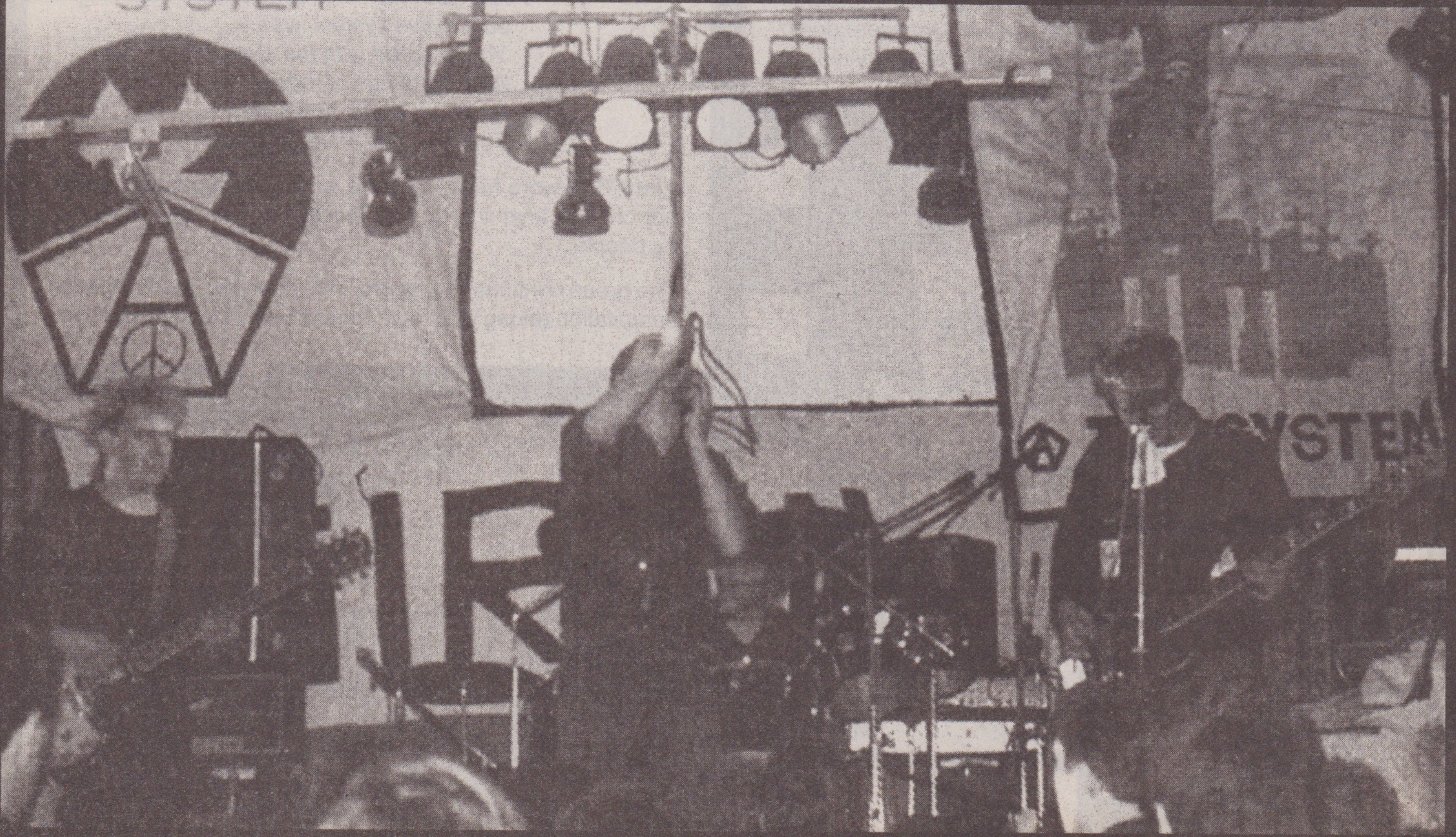
> *I haven't seen my kids and wife*
> *For over a year*
> *'Cos my first responsibility*
> *Is the lads and the gear*
> *On call for 24 hours*
> *We keep the country safe*
> *Watching out for terrorists*
> *Subverting the state*

With a second successful record, the band continued to play out all around the country.

Andy: "We were doing lots of one-off gigs but did some touring with Crass and Flux. It was more like a headline tour by Crass and various other bands would turn up at different venues."

By 1983, the band started to think about a full-length record for Spiderleg. With about thirteen songs in total, the band began practicing and demo-ing the LP material, when it all came to a grinding halt.





Andy: "We started to make an album but it only got as far as the demo stage."

Soon after the demo was made, singer Jan decided to leave the group.

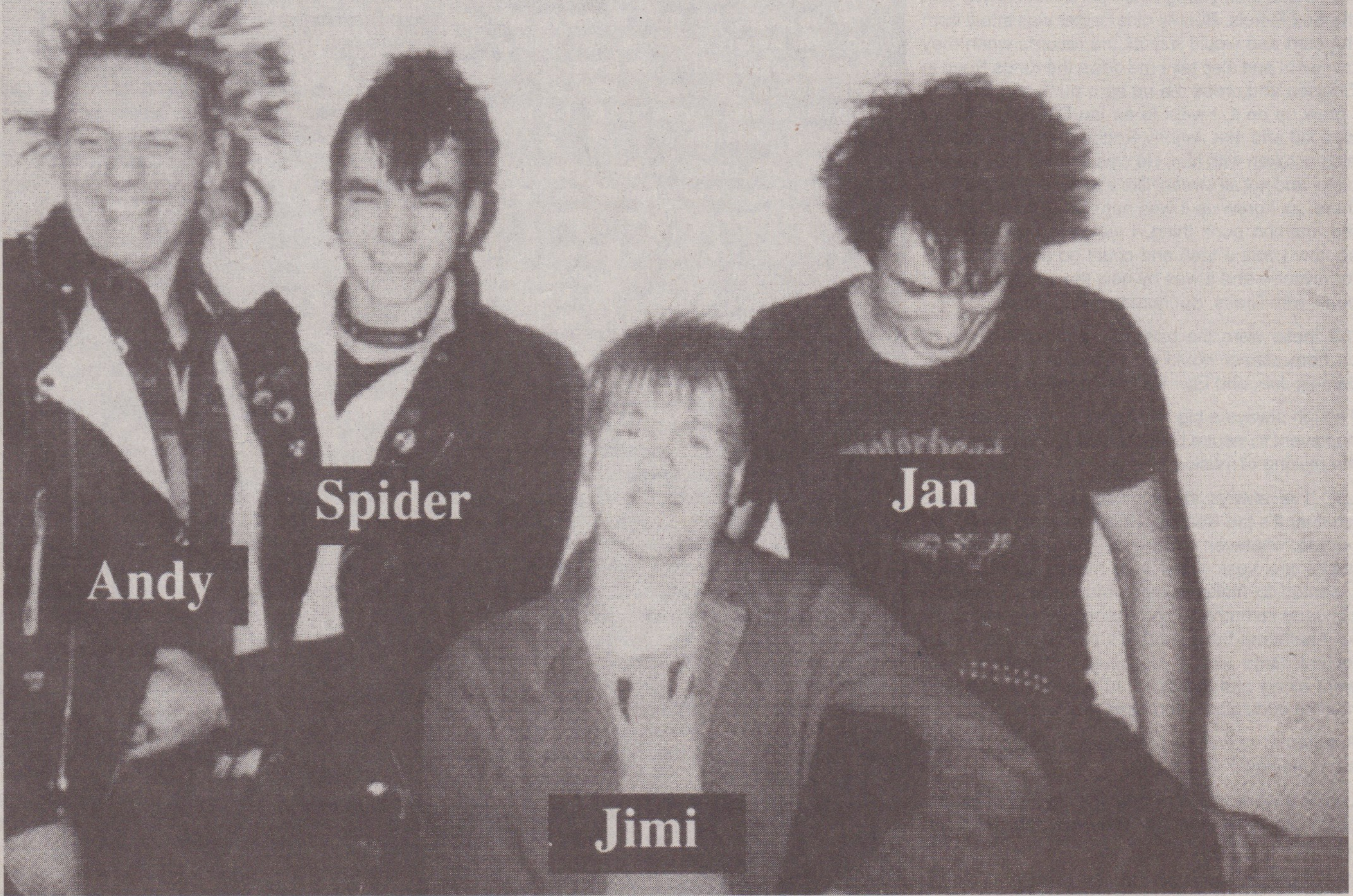
Andy: "After Jan left to do other things it just came to a halt."

A few years later, the three remaining members would resurface under the name Fear of Music. But even that was short-lived and the System LP was never finished. Even the demo vanished until a 1997 reissue titled *Thought Control* appeared on Skuld Records.

Andy: "One night during summer I was sitting outside my local bar when a guy came to me and said he recognized me from playing for The System. It turned out he was playing in Wigan that night with his band, Extinction of Mankind. After that night we did keep in touch for some time. He also sent me a copy of their album, which was on Skuld Records. Not long after that I got a call from them."

In more recent times, there has been renewed interest in The System. A couple of great reunion gigs with Subhumans in 1998 around the McLibel campaign was the start. In 2005, Overground Records release an excellent and unabridged collection with both 7" tracks, the *Wargasm* track and the complete LP demo recording. Titled *The System Is Still Murder*, it's a fond look back as well as a chance to better get to know this mysterious group. Sadly, there can be no more reunions in the future.

Andy: "The one bad thing is that drummer, Spider, passed away due to a heart attack earlier this year. He was a very talented drummer and a very passive and nice person. He will be missed by the people who knew him. He never got to see the finished CD and I'm sure he would have liked it. I passed a copy on to his son."



USELESS SLAUGHTER
THE STORY OF ANATHEMA

By Lance Hahn

A link that punks often miss out on is the connection between the anarcho punk scene and that of the initial rave movement in the UK. It seems logical that some of the folks involved and inspired by the free festivals, Stonehenge, etc., would be involved in the initial underground rave scene. But even beyond that magic mixture of anti-authoritarian autonomy and a big, sexy party, there were even connections between the bands. Certainly Chumbawamba has been described more than once as going from punk to dance music. With the group Anathema, there was a direct link to underground techno keeping the anarcho values alive in a different musical climate.

Lawrence Cooper a.k.a. Lol: vocalist: "I've always been a rebel and very rebellious. So living by your own rules sounded good to me. The inspiration was that we could get up there and do this and say what we wanted to. There was nothing stopping us. We didn't need record companies, promoters, etc. We could do it ourselves how we wanted on our terms. And that was great. That was a big inspiration. I was never somebody who would read hundreds of books about anarchist theory. It was just the DIY of it."

Unlike most kids who had to do a lot of detective work keeping up with and finding out about punk and its many tentacles, Lol was lucky enough to have a hip older sibling who essentially indoctrinated him into the punk world.

Lol: "I was a bit young when punk first started with the Sex Pistols. But my older sister was into it from the start and would buy all the records when they came out and also take me down the Kings Road in Chelsea and dress me up as a punk and stuff. So I grew up on it. I went to an Ian Dury gig with her as a kid and met Johnny Rotten there and had my picture taken with him. He was actually quite a nice bloke and not all sweary like you'd imagine. So from there, as I grew up it was natural for me to fall into the anarcho punk thing. I was into punk already, so now I was a teen and could go and see bands for myself—and it was by now the second wave of punk, with Crass, Subhumans, Conflict, etc.

"So these were the bands I was into. A group of us from school would go to all the gigs—myself, James, Joe, and Ed—that became Anathema."

Though always a big music fan, punk was the first pop event to inspire Lol to actually get involved with the making of music.

Lol: "I've always loved music. It's my first love, whether it's the Beatles, Gong, anarcho punk, dub reggae, whatever. As long as it's good. My musical tastes are vast. I just love music, so of course I wanted to make music. Unfortunately I couldn't play any instrument, so I started off singing badly for Anathema because that's all I could do. When techno came along, you could just learn as you went along and luckily I had a good teacher, my manual eddy glass, and bags of ideas to boot."

Anathema developed out of his immediate surroundings.

Lol: "We were all just school friends into punk and going to gigs together. So it was just natural to form a band."

With guitarist James Jenkins, bassist Edwin Glass, and drummer Joe Daldorph, Anathema started at the end of 1983.

Lol: "Well it's punk, innit? We just needed a good punky name and a solemn curse is as good as any. There is now a heavy metal band called Anathema, which causes some confusion. But we had it first, so letters from my lawyers will be in the post. It was right for the music that we were doing at the time."

With a healthy punk scene in Surrey, the group had no problem finding pub gigs at the start. With the anarcho scene in full effect by 1984, the group soon found a following and found themselves playing with other more established acts.

Lol: "We had a really good scene round here. Loads of bands, loads of local venues (William Morris Club, Dolphin, the Swan, Greyhorse). So quite healthy, loads of bands and friends, etc."

But the groups that Anathema became closest to were the ones they were friends with regardless of what scene they belonged to.

Lol: "A lot of the bands we mixed with round here weren't necessarily anarcho bands. Maniac (punky-metal), Throbs (Steve Cotton who does art of the state website and done Sisters of Percy Records); we became friends with the Apostles and used to go down and see them in Brougham Road in Hackney (a mecca for anarcho-hippy type bands and people). But we weren't really in with the hip anarcho bands. Not because we didn't want to be. We just weren't. We played with a few of them, but mostly we played with more normal punky/metal bands. We weren't fussy and after reading *The Day the Country Died* I'm quite pleased about that. All the internal politics and bullshit. So we were connected to the anarcho scene, but outsiders really, doing our own thing."

At the same time, Lol was involved in the production side of the punk scene. When not working on the band, he did *Persons Unknown* fanzine.

Lol: "The fanzine scene of the time was thriving—so many all over the place. It was great, there was a real underground network of people and it was how you got to hear about all the different bands and what was going on. The mainstream music papers didn't cover most of the bands on the scene. So it was very important. It was the people who were really into it doing it and for the love of it, not just for money or to sell millions of copies. Just to communicate and share thoughts and ideas and just express yourself. It wasn't necessarily just anarcho. There were elements of that. It was more just the DIY of it. You had Class War and Black Flag but mostly it was a mixture of stuff. I only ever did one issue of *Persons Unknown*. I did a great interview with Chumbawamba for the second issue. But the second issue just never got finished and in the end things were just too out of date to put it out. So it got shelved. A shame really, but by the second issue I had so much going on. But if anyone is interested in a great Chumba interview from 1985 with illustrations…Quite a good read now, considering what they did next (the pied piper came today, autograph, photograph to lead us away)."

He also was very involved in cassette culture, running Love of Life Tapes.

Lol: "Love Of Life (Lol) Tapes was set up really just to put out our own stuff, but quickly became a label putting out a lot of different stuff by a lot of different likeminded people. It was just people I had come into contact with in one way or another. I used to do a lot of different compilation tape albums of the various bands on the scene and stuff like that. Also I re-released all the Apostles' demos on it, as well as a lot of other bands."

With more than 31 releases, 11 of them compilations, Lol released music from Passion Killers, Kulturkampf, Political Asylum, Shrapnel, Exit Stance, Destructors, and more.

Lol: "Yeah, quite a mixed bag, especially at the later stages with the *Noise Of Nations* and *World Peace* comps. Some quite weird early electronic stuff on there. So it was already moving away from just the ordinary punk stuff. I was always interested in new things and taking things somewhere new. For the main, it was mostly punky stuff. But there was some weirder, more abstract stuff."

But the first release on his label was the first Anathema demo tape. *Shit You Choose To Take* was a home-recorded demo tape that the group recorded not long after starting to gig.

This tape was followed by 1985's *Make the Fighting Cease* tape. Though a pretty simple recording, the tape is certainly better than some of the "official" vinyl releases of the time. Not only is the group very tight, but the songs are very catchy in a less than obvious way, in some respects reminiscent of a much more aggressive Passion Killers or, on thrashier songs like "Primitive Patriot," the group is almost like the Varukers. While the whole band is almost astonishingly talented, the guitar especially flashes some greatness even on this simple tape. Even the ridiculously titled "Eating Poo" (sort of a speed-metal spoof) is pretty damned good! Some of that flashy guitar playing is not unlike Political Asylum.

The recording was no fluke. Live recordings from the period show an equally tight group ripping through song after song of great memorable punk.

With Anathema becoming more and more known as a good live group as well as from the tape release, there was some interest in the group releasing some vinyl.

Lol: "We were very young at the time. We were still at school when Anathema started. But yeah, we decided to release a split EP with the Apostles on our own label. The only problem was we had no money and neither did they. We recorded the tracks for it and that's as far as we got. So I spoke to Colin/Conflict about releasing it and he said he was up for releasing it on Fight Back. So we started to work on the cover. Test pressings were pressed and that's as far as it got.

"I don't really blame Colin. I think he was just agreeing to so much at the time he didn't know what he was doing.

"Same thing happened with the *We Won't Be Your Fucking Poor* Mortarhate comp LP. Our artwork made it onto the cover but not our track. Shame, but there you go. However we have just released an Anathema CD-R album on our website www.greedy-dig.com called *The Feeding of the 5-Knuckle Shuffle*. This has pretty much all of Anathema's studio recordings on it and also some previously unreleased live stuff. So this is a good overview. Any labels interested in releasing this properly, please get in touch."

Despite not managing to get any vinyl released, the group did a good job of getting the word out with flyers and cassettes largely sold through the post.

Lol: "It was very important for bands like us. For us to even end up *on Anarcho-Punk Vol. 4* and *The Day the Country Died: A History of Anarcho-punk* after 20 odd years shows how important. People still got a chance to hear us and were moved enough to include us in these projects. Which is flattering. You didn't have CDs that you could burn and the like at the time. Tapes really were it, so very important."

A really fantastic collection, *Feeding of the 5-Knuckle Shuffle* also features the group's amazing 1986 demo. Easily their strongest material and cleanest recording, the eight tracks were originally recorded for a split tape with Systematic Annex on LOL titled *Smashing the Illusion*. More fantastic and extremely well played melodic punk. Even on more down-tempo tracks like "Our World," the group pull it off with more confidence than most punk groups. "Your Solution" even starts with a crazy Van Halen/Eruption-like solo before ripping into some great hardcore.

From the cassette liner notes: "We are not trying to convert anyone to anything or tell anyone how to live. The views in this booklet are just our own; people must find out themselves what is right for them and how they want to live, it isn't for us or anyone else to tell you what. So get out there and live…"

Unfortunately, that last great recording would be the final release for the group. Frustrated by having come so close to releasing vinyl but failing, the group split in 1986.

Lol: "Disillusionment with the anarcho-punk scene, really. It had become so shit. More fascist than anarchist. Everyone mouthing the same empty words and frightened to say anything different. We wanted to start afresh and be free from that whole thing. I think we had a bit of a break and then started as new with Compassion, a less anarcho-punk name for a start. We were playing as Compassion by 1987."

Less focused on melody and more on rhythmic textures as well as even tighter musicianship, over three cassette albums, the group was still growing from the spot where Anathema started.

Lol: "The politics in Compassion were a lot more personal for a start. Hence *Dig The Politics Of Love*, our first cassette LP.

"But also we had grown as a band and as people. Musically and creatively. When Anathema started, it was our first band and we were finding our feet. The first Compassion cassette LP was very much us trying different things and finding our own groove and style. By its release we had our own sound and we were also a lot tighter as a band. Although I suppose it was still very punky, it had a lot of other elements creeping in: reggae, funk, metal. We certainly weren't interested in just playing out and out punk. It was a sound clash of styles and all three cassette LPs by Compassion are all very different.

"The second release *Hallucigenia* being a more Killing Joke/Faith No More kind of sound, now with keyboards.

"And the last release *Junkie Punky* was just that—a punkadelic junkie punky soundclash. All three of these cassette LPs still really stand up; it was far superior stuff to what we ever did with Anathema, lyrically, musically, sound-wise, in every way. But after a while we stopped playing live so much; we were practicing, getting better and better, recording stuff. But just not gigging enough and there wasn't such a scene anymore. So not so many people got to hear Compassion, which is a real shame, as we did some great stuff. Again, all three albums have now all been made available on CD-R from our website. Also, any labels interested in any of this stuff, please get in touch."

While Compassion was quite a musical break from Anathema, they did still have some connection. They were even working out new versions of old Anathema tracks like "6 Seconds" and "Our World." The group kept evolving, getting more into what we now would call space rock, adding synths and aspects of world music. Having spent some time in India and Goa in the early '90s, Lol basically let his head explode, changing the group into the Compassion Family. A full-on techno and psychedelic experience, Compassion Family is in a lot of ways the most sophisticated yet simple statement Lol has made.

Lol: "It was a natural progression for me. I started going to illegal warehouse parties in 1986 in Clink Street, London, etc. before the term Acid House was even coined. It was all underground and people like me doing it. The music was new and exciting. Also, of course, there was ecstasy. So after the second summer of love in 1988, energy, sunrise, castle morton etc., I ended up in Goa/India in 1991 and the party scene out there. Just in the right time when it all started kicking off out there. You had DJs from all over the world coming out there to play at parties in the middle of the jungle or on a beach—fucking unreal. Big sound systems, hundreds, thousands of people from all over the world dancing and having a great time, all for free. So I was hooked. We used to rent big houses for next to nothing and all tear round on motorbikes and live like outlaws. Go up to the mountains in Manali /Parvatti Valley and party there when the season in Goa was finished. I did this for ten years. Unbelievable time."

Compassion Family's 2004 release, *She Wears Funny Dreams*, carries on this tradition with big beats, amazing clean production and a lot of the old punk enthusiasm.

Lol is just one of many people who felt that same pull in the early days of rave as they did with the early days of punk.

Lol: "Maybe not so much crossover, but it was the same kinds of people doing it. Just the music was different. The same mentality. DIY, us making the music, the labels, etc. Obviously it didn't last long; you get the money people moving in and all the bullshit. Anything good only seems to last a few years before all the bullshit takes over. People realize they can make money out of it and it loses a lot of its creativity. But a lot of the ethics were the same."

In its autonomous behavior, the ravers were living out some of the same dreams as the early UK squatter punk scene.

Lol: "It was us doing it because we wanted to and were into something, rather than businessmen dictating the scene."

As Lol continued to grow musically over the Compassion Family releases, he was also looking for the middle ground between anarcho punk and the early rave scene. It was just a matter of time before he came up with Ambient Massacre, a full-on anarcho-techno group.

Lol: "After going to India, I wanted to make music like I was hearing out there. So in 1995 I formed Compassion Family with Ed Glass from Compassion. It was really carrying on from Compassion and taking it to the next level. Yes, we were making techno music, but with a very punk attitude. Some of it had a very punk feel. But it's hard getting a message across with no vocals. So we had to use very clever use of samples. We wanted to make people think even if it was just for a second through the drug haze. In the end I really wanted to make some tracks that combined both anarcho-punk ethos with the techno sound. So I got together in 2006 with Anathema guitarist and friend James Jenkins to form Ambient Massacre, a fully-fledged anarcho-techno hybrid. Combining vocals and guitar with a techno beat.

"So this is our new baby. So far we have five tracks done, most of which are available for free download from our website. "Edenic" vocal violence overhaul, a blistering re-work of a Compassion Family track sums up anarcho-punk and techno in one go. If you want to know what anarcho-techno is, then listen to this. The real thing."

The tracks so far are great techno revisionist versions of songs by Anathema and Compassion Family. It's a pretty fascinating hybrid that Lol will be expanding on in the near future.

Lol: "For full info, music, gallery, etc., of all of the above mentioned bands visit www.greedy-dig.com. Anathema and Compassion CDs are also available from the site. Also we are working on an anarcho-techno project at the moment remixing and re-working old anarcho-punk tracks into a more electronic vibe under the name "Ambient Massacre Vs. Whoever It Is" and under the working title *Greedy Dig Presents: Punk at the Controls (Anarcho-Techno)*, using vocals and guitar where possible. Hoping to re-work some of the biggest names and put out an album of anarcho-techno some time in the future. The first two tracks are already done. Also an album chronicling the various Anathema related projects is being put together, spanning over 20 years and featuring Anathema, Compassion, Compassion Family, Liquid Chaos, Political Baddie, and Ambient Massacre. A musical journey from then to now with new elements mixed in showing where we came from, where we've been and where we are now. Under the working title *The Nasty Lol Orchestra Presents: Punk Rockers Meet Rave Nutters Uptown* or collaborations with the fat man and that's about it."

With his latest creative outlet having him go back and reevaluate the anarcho scene, it's not surprising he looks back on it with fond memories.

Lol: "Great times, enjoyed it very much. Shame you got all the anarcho-fascists towards the end that spoiled it. The whole point was to live your own life on your own terms and not be dictated to. Think they missed the point, the petty fuckwits who wanted to knock other people down to make themselves look good. But on the whole, good creative energy...full power."

While he has musically taken a path unlike probably anyone else in I've written about, he still has the value system that united most of them in the first place.

Lol: "I still have pretty much the same ideas. I'm an anarchist in the sense that I live by my own rules and try and live the life I want to live. No religious doctrine to follow. I'm not interested in reading tons of books on anarchism, Spain, and all that old bollocks. I just try and live the life that is right for me causing the least suffering possible. Don't lead me for I will not follow, don't follow me 'cause I will not lead. That's it really. Maybe I'm just a free thinker, freely thinking. Hate for the anarchist fascists to think I'm not anarchist enough. (Yeah fuck.)"

PLANET OF FRIENDS
★ ANTIFASCIST BENEFIT COMPILATION ★
UNITY
27 BANDS FROM 12 COUNTRIES

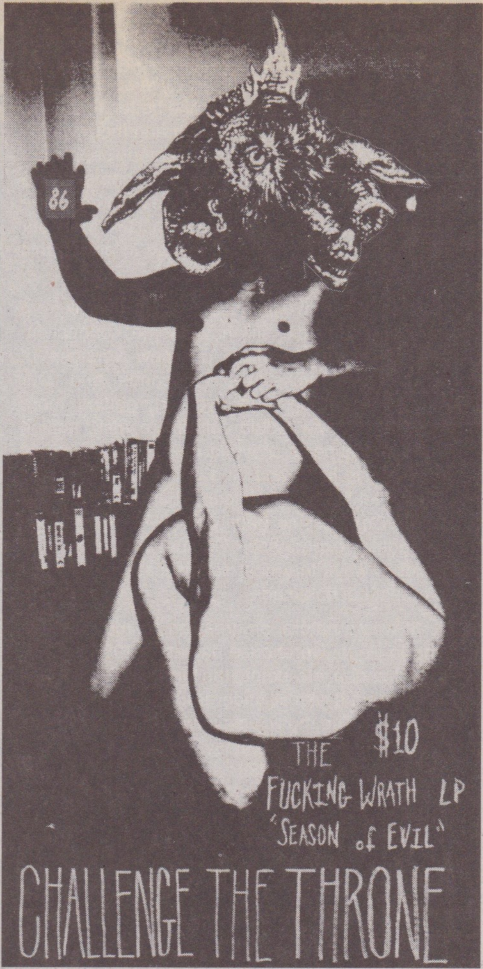
PLANET OF FRIENDS is an International Antifascist Benefit Compilation. It's put out by a worldwide collective of friends to raise money for a Russian-Ethiopian guy named Alem Assefa.

Alem was attacked in Moscow subway by Russian neo-Nazi thugs just because of the black color of his skin. Alem got a serious brain damage, spent a long time in coma and then couldn't even talk or walk by himself.

He needs some expensive medical treatment to get back to normal life, while his family is far from rich. All profits will go to support Alem and his family.

43 songs from 27 bands including: VITAMIN X, COMMON ENEMY, THE 4 SIVITS, ENDSTAND, LxExAxRxNx, A.N.S., BLACK S.S., DEAN DIRG, EYES OF HATE, TANGLED LINES, RAZOR BOIS, ALARME, JUST WENT BLACK and others.

Buy Planet Of Friends at INTERPUNK.COM
Contact: pxoxfx@gmail.com


86
$10
THE FUCKING WRATH LP
"SEASON of EVIL"
CHALLENGE THE THRONE

GOING UNDERGROUND
re-educating one "american tardcore" reader at a time
Government Issue
Big Boys
Naked Raygun
TSOL
Lemonheads
Operation Ivy
Circle Jerks
Gun Club
Bad Brains
Wipers
Marginal Man
Heart Attack
Adrenalin OD
Electric Love Muffin
Volcano Suns
Articles of Faith
Mortal Micronotz
Dicks
Minutemen
Agent Orange
Kraut
Butthole Surfers
Vandals
Angry Samoans
Husker Du
Gorilla Biscuits
and more..
American Punk 1979-1992

Going Underground: American Punk 1979-1992
by George Hurchalla, ISBN 0974733512

This large format, 8.5x11, freakin' huge 300 page book is the most thorough and unbiased look yet at the DIY punk underground of the era. A rich collection of punk history, photos, flyers, and Hurchalla's own humorous and insightful personal narrative, *Going Underground* has won acclaim throughout multiple generations of the punk world. Buy it from your local independent bookstore, favorite online punk seller, akpress.org, or wherever else you can find the damn thing. Retail is $24.95, pay less! Distributed by AK Press.

"Coupled with the equally excellent Fucked Up and Photocopied, *Going Underground* now stands as the definitive statement on the history of America's punk/hardcore scene."
-Jimmy Alvarado, Razorcake

www.zuopress.com

Zuo Press
5775 SE Nassau Ter
Stuart, FL 34997
(206) 497-2561

Zuo Press

Completely revised edition - 1000 new reviews

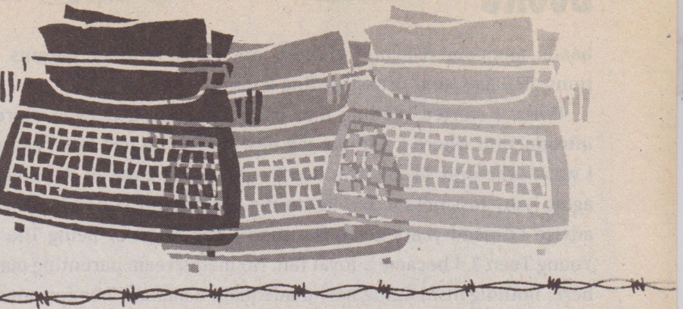
- Approx. 7000 reviews of classic and obscure US Punk and Hardcore records
- 1000 new reviews focusing on the 70's and 80's
- Thousands of enhanced or corrected reviews
- Finally - proper English review translations
- Almost 800 pages, large format, 4.4 lbs
- Records described with review, track listing, sleeve picture, additional information (amount pressed, variations, inserts, bootlegs etc.)
- Limited „Hell“ edition for first online orders
- Available from fine distributors or directly from http://flexbook3.googlepages.com order@flexpunk.com
- Stores & distros: we do wholesale

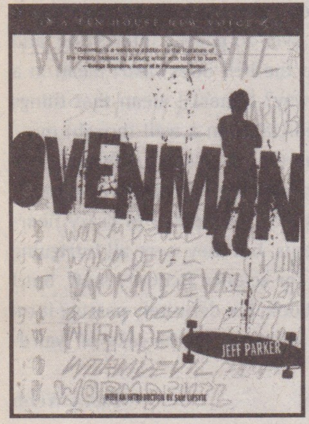
FLEX!

U.S. HARDCORE DISCOGRAPHY

BOOK #3

BOOKS





Ovenman
Jeff Parker
264 pages • $14.00
Tin House Books
www.tinhouse.com

This book scared me. Not in an *Exorcist* way, or nuclear paranoia. This terror came from the novel's authentic evocation of early-'90s Gainesville. I was there, and I'd prefer not to go back.

Our narrator and anti-hero is When Thinfinger, who'd rather stay a cook, an ovenman, rather than become the night manager. He drinks to oblivion most nights, but covers himself in post-it notes bearing whatever logic he gleans before passing out. Both arms are marred with amoeba-like tattoos he got while making some bad teen decisions. His girlfriend hides the knives in the house because she dreams he's going to stab her.

Like I said, it's not really something to romanticize. I moved here as an overeager 17-year-old, and the landscape of druggy grunge bands, nihilistic skaters, shit jobs and actual violent skinheads was a bit too real. All of which are present in *Ovenman* in abundance. Thankfully, house shows, riot grrl, Nation of Ulysses, and Palatka lyric sheets razed everything.

When, however, keeps riding around on his motorized skateboard and takes the managerial spot at the punk pizza place. When his girlfriend fractures her back in a bike accident, he goes on to his first night of work rather than taking her to the hospital. It's a painful scene, presaged by this paragraph: *"I'd say she might be able to make it, even if the shitty bike does weigh almost as much as she does, simply out of her desire to please me, to fix us. And maybe that's right. If she could be the kind of woman who could just hop a curb, even if she lost her balance on the landing, it just might."* Not that we have to like our narrator, but it's difficult to empathize or sympathize at all with the dude's life.

In real life of course the owners of Leos By The Slice are lightweight potheads rather than the violent Mafioso in *Ovenman.* Nor have I ever seen anyone ride one of those motorized longboards. Poetic license, sure, but there's an uncritical wackiness throughout that reminds me of John Hughes teenage films. Like just being somewhat *alternative* is enough, and that's a problem.

Still, I finished the book in a few hungry sessions. And that's high praise, right? Even though I disliked the characters, their self-destructive behaviors, and the *OK Soda* vibe of the whole thing, the writing itself was solid and had a momentum. Every few pages had decent lines (or phrases) like "days go by like surgery while I wait."

Another positive is his rendering of how people become defined by their jobs. Crappy restaurant jobs, in particular, and the protestant pull of being committed to a place where you have no real voice or agency.

One invention however seems too implausible. When's janky arm tattoos? Given the time needed for such work, and the pain involved (even if you pass out), how the hell did he wind up inked so much? He gets the work blackened, which is an OK metaphor for a clean slate in this context. The band, Wormdevil, is also entirely believable but not one I'd care to witness, then or now.

Var argues that it's more 1996 than 1991. And I can't be objective about this book since so much has changed since Freddy the Bastard did shows at Leos. But restaurant workers and punk pizza patrons might enjoy *Ovenman.*

—Travis Fristoe

THE FUTURE GENERATION

The Future Generation: The Zine-Book for Subculture Parents, Kids, Friends, and Others
China Martens
234 pages • $16.95
Atomic Books
1100 W. 36th Street
Baltimore, MD 21211
www.atomicbookcompany.com

In this zine-book, China Martens, pioneer of the mama-zine genre, collects "the best" of her zine, *The Future Generation,* from its first issue in 1990 (when her daughter had just turned two years old) to the present—representing 16 years spanning China's parenting life. The chosen selections in this anthology focus on China's personal writings, not the contributions, and do an exemplary job of capturing not only China's changing interests over the years, but also her journey as a woman, mother, writer and activist.

Becoming a mother just shy of her 22nd birthday in 1988 when "most punks weren't parents and most parents weren't punks," China started *The Future Generation* as a way to find and connect with other subcultural parents. In the subculture where she'd lived actively for years, China felt disconnected and easily recognized a void in her peer's consciousness in terms of child-related issues. She didn't know then that her cutting edge drive to put those new mama feelings and observations into zine form would years later inspire an entire new generation of subcultural parents and mama zinesters, even if her "squat daycare revolution" wasn't ever realized.

A full decade after the first issue of *The Future Generation* came out in April 1990, I was a new mama myself when I discovered China's *The Future Generation* writings in her regular *Slug & Lettuce* column. Because her writing is warm, accessible, and the kind of raw that's full of emotion and honesty, I felt an immediate need to get in touch with her to thank her for helping me feel less alone in my new mama life.

When the next issue of *The Future Generation* zine came out (issue #11), I ordered one right away. When it came in the mail, I knew I was going to love it from the cover alone. No Baby Gap modeling here, the toddler on the cover looked real – adorably tousled from outdoor fun. In the background, the parents hanging out at an outdoor punk show racked up immediate points too. The same kind of real life, rough-around-the-edges parent and kid imagery is captured again here in the zine-book—pregnant synchronized swimmers in bikinis, naked baby buns running down an empty road, mama bands, mom and daughter photo booth strips, tattooed parents, demonstrations, collages, and breastfeeding babies.

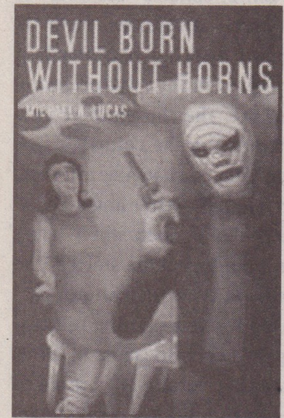
When I started reading that issue #11, I loved it even more. From the introduction where I felt like my new mama life had been captured (I read I wasn't the only mama who had trouble getting out of the house and managing baby fussiness in public) to the excellent first-hand experience-based advice I'd need years down the road ("The Angst of Being The Parent of a Young Teen"), I became a loyal fan. No mainstream parenting magazine tripe here, nothing insinuating how inadequate a mama I'd be for not doing things the status quo way, no generic checklists for juggling baby and housework. I never missed an issue after that.

Now having this zine-book, where I can read the best of the issues I'd missed, is like finally understanding a complete conversation after only having come in at the tail end. Because parenting is a journey full of change and self-exploration, just like our kid's childhoods, the zine-book captures China's journey—and then some.

There are numerous pieces on the desire to network with other anarchist/punk/subcultural parents as well as essays on being on welfare, tuning into kid's physical and emotional needs, fostering freedom and responsibility in children, going after hopes and dreams, nurturing children with respect, anarchist child-raising, struggling, when motherhood sucks, single dads, violence, sexuality, schooling, non-punitive discipline, class-conscious children's liberation, breastfeeding, politics, resistance, and family history—all of it written through China's single mama lens while she focuses on raising her daughter, the both of them surviving, living and growing together and in their communities.

Without a doubt, this book will go down as a parenting classic for the future generations.

—Jessica Mills

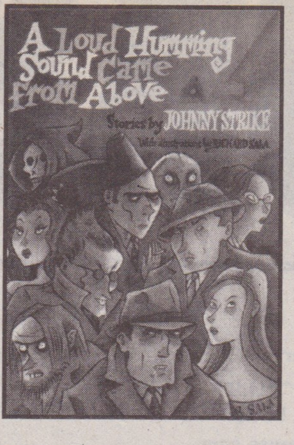


Devil Born Without Horns
285 pgs • $10.95
Michael A. Lucas
Rodus and Rubes Publishing
www.rudosandrubes.com

So I don't know too much about crime noir, but I'm pretty sold on this book. Following the life of James, a recently graduated film student, *Devil Born Without Horns* is a really intriguing and riveting book to read. To start off with, James gets a job at a shitty, shitty furniture warehouse in San Francisco, where he deals with the cast of characters who seem to be the usual at a shitty warehouse job: a moronic, self-absorbed boss, crazy coworkers, a possible junkie skinhead, and a ton of annoying and sketchy customers. There's some intrigue with a cult-leader guy, a bunch of heroin use, attempts at having sex, a "violence artist" with an accent that seems super overdone in the first chapter but then tones down to a more readable level, crime, a boring job, and the resultant ennui.

I was a little iffy on the book at first (mainly because o' th' o'er done accent o' th' English bloke) but luckily that seemed to fall away pretty fast. After that, it was actually nearly impossible to put down (and not just because I should be working on midterms right now). The plot is interesting and exciting, the characters are really believable, and I was sad to see it end, even while I was extremely happy that I was not James. Lucas is an awesome writer, and I am definitely looking forward to reading more of his stuff in the future.

—Thera Webb

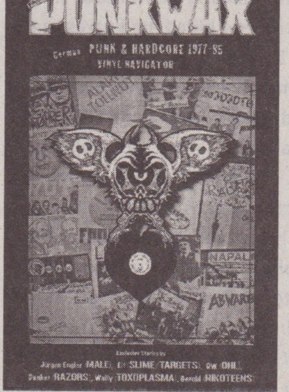


A Loud Humming Sound Came From Above
Johnny Strike
165 pages • $12.00
Rudos and Rubes Publishing
www.rudosandrubes.com

A Loud Humming is a collection of twelve short stories. A mix of noir, new wave fabulism, and pulp writing, they are all really great. Strike's stories are short (the longest was a little over 20 pages), interesting, and smart. What the hell does *smart* mean in a review anyway? I guess I mean that things were unpredictable in a well thought-out—not a "this is soooo CRAZY—way. I also mean that each story isn't just plot-driven; they are full of developed characters and strong narrative voices.

My favorites were definitely the stories that took place in crazy near-future world with alien types and secret agents, but they were all intriguing and fun to read. I know I have a weakness for science fiction-y stuff, but I practically guarantee that you will like this book. I'm definitely passing it on to my friends who like writing that's not just weird for the sake of weirdness, but is actually interesting as well.

—Thera Webb


PUNKWAX
German PUNK & HARDCORE 1977-85
VINYL NAVIGATOR
Exclusive Stories by
Jürgen Engler MALE, Eff SLIME/TARGETS, Ow OHL
Dunker RAZORS, Wally TOXOPLASMA, Gerald NIKOTEENS

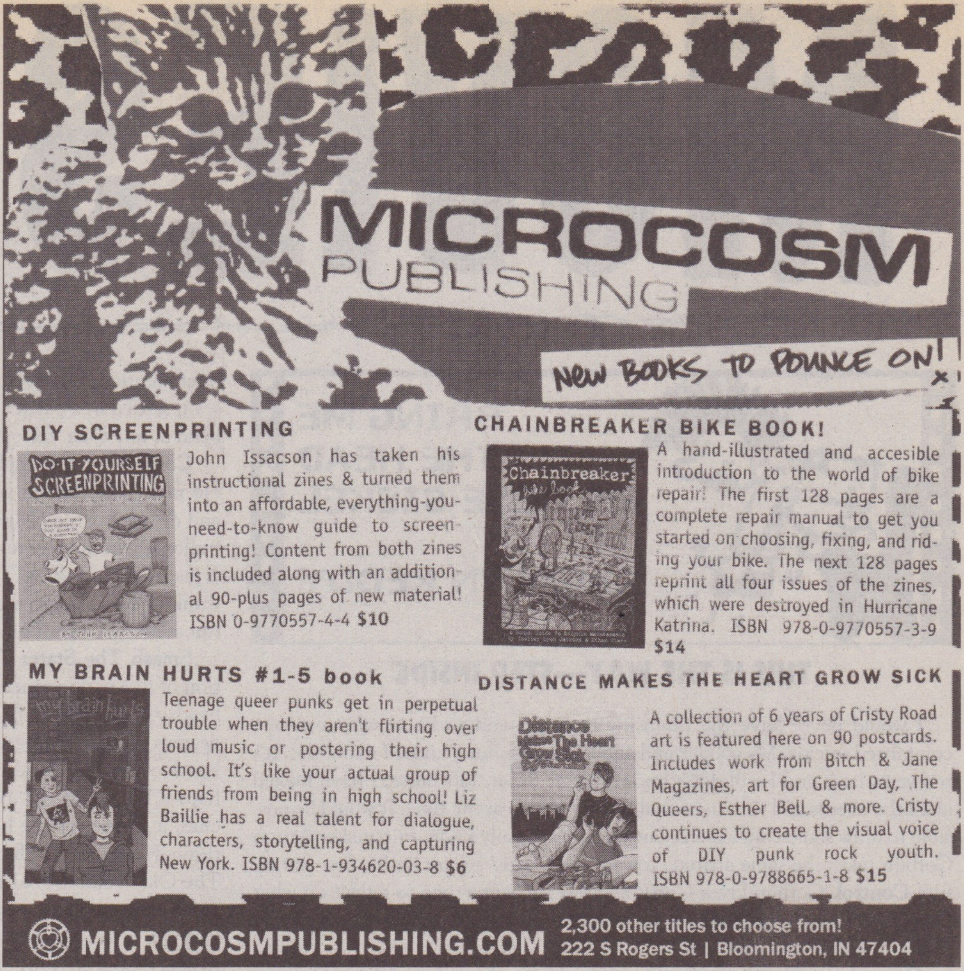
Punk Wax: German Punk and Hardcore 1977-1985
Compiled by Thomas "Paradise" Junggebauer
330 pages • $31 (US) / 22 Euros (Europe) / 19,50 Euros (Germany)
Junggebauer and Hannemann
12685 Berlin, Blumberger Damm 31
Germany
punkwax@gmx.com

Punk Wax is a reasonably thorough discography of the early German punk and hardcore scene. Most of it is written in German but certain parts are translated into English. Honestly, it's not much to look at visually but the pages are filled with facts, which is *Punk Wax*'s ultimate purpose. Each record that is covered has its picture sleeve displayed along with the following information: the release year, town of origin, song titles, and a write-up (usually a few sentences get an English translation). The more well known bands have photos presented throughout the book. Every now and then the write-ups will include a *MRR* review and more often than not these reviews have a negative tone, which is kind of weird and funny. Traditionally Deutschpunk is not as revered as punk from other Euro countries; however, flipping through this book I realized that Germany had quite a few great punk bands and stylistically the punk scene was fairly varied. Upright Citizens, Hans-A-Plast, Abwarts, Malinheads, Inferno, Slime, Big Balls and the Great White Idiot, The Pack, A-Heads, Vorkriegsphase—all hold their own in the world of international punk and hardcore, and that's a diverse list if you think about it.

Inevitably there is a lot in here with which I am unfamiliar, but some of the broken English write-ups make me curious to hear these records. All in all, I don't know if this book is essential reading for everyone but if you are an avid fan of European punk and hardcore and want to a have a guideline for your German punk record collection, this is a pretty decent offering to fall back on.

—Cissie Scurlock

WWW.BADSKULLS.COM



MICROCOSM PUBLISHING

NEW BOOKS TO POUNCE ON!

DIY SCREENPRINTING

DO-IT-YOURSELF SCREENPRINTING

John Issacson has taken his instructional zines & turned them into an affordable, everything-you-need-to-know guide to screenprinting! Content from both zines is included along with an additional 90-plus pages of new material! ISBN 0-9770557-4-4 **$10**

CHAINBREAKER BIKE BOOK!

Chainbreaker Bike Book

A hand-illustrated and accesible introduction to the world of bike repair! The first 128 pages are a complete repair manual to get you started on choosing, fixing, and riding your bike. The next 128 pages reprint all four issues of the zines, which were destroyed in Hurricane Katrina. ISBN 978-0-9770557-3-9 **$14**

MY BRAIN HURTS #1-5 book

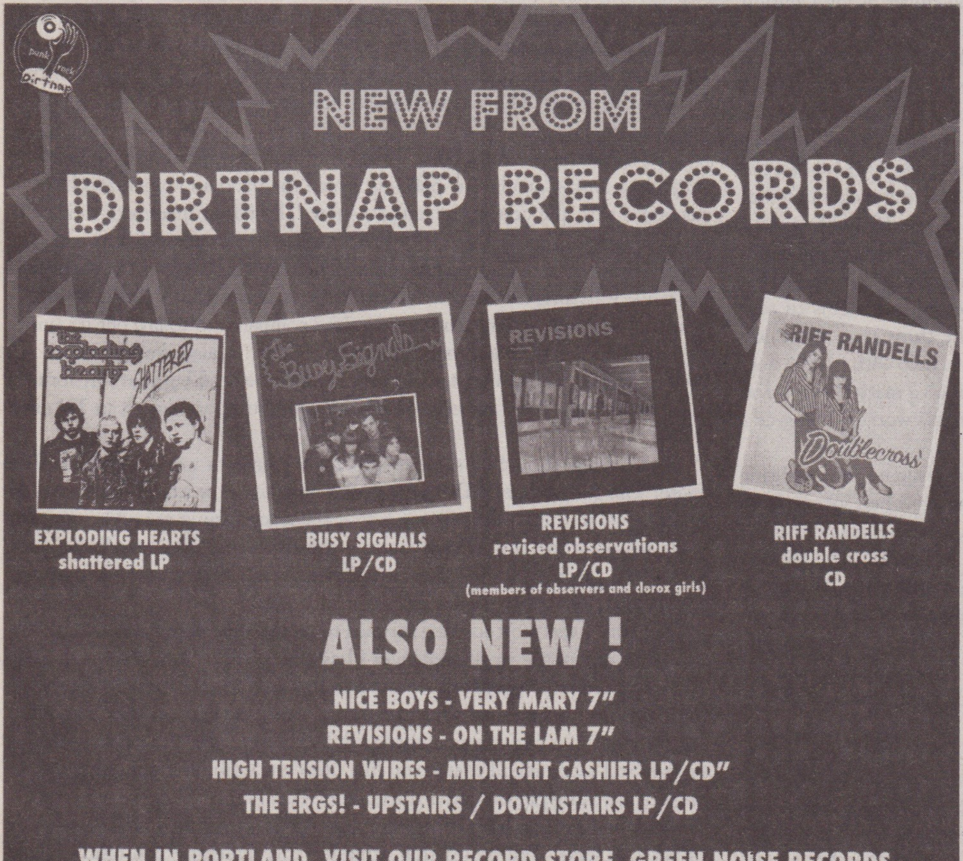
Teenage queer punks get in perpetual trouble when they aren't flirting over loud music or postering their high school. It's like your actual group of friends from being in high school! Liz Baillie has a real talent for dialogue, characters, storytelling, and capturing New York. ISBN 978-1-934620-03-8 **$6**

DISTANCE MAKES THE HEART GROW SICK

A collection of 6 years of Cristy Road art is featured here on 90 postcards. Includes work from Bitch & Jane Magazines, art for Green Day, The Queers, Esther Bell & more. Cristy continues to create the visual voice of DIY punk rock youth. ISBN 978-0-9788665-1-8 **$15**

MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM

2,300 other titles to choose from!
222 S Rogers St | Bloomington, IN 47404



punk rock dirtnap

NEW FROM
DIRTNAP RECORDS

EXPLODING HEARTS
shattered LP

BUSY SIGNALS
LP/CD

REVISIONS
revised observations
LP/CD
(members of observers and clorox girls)

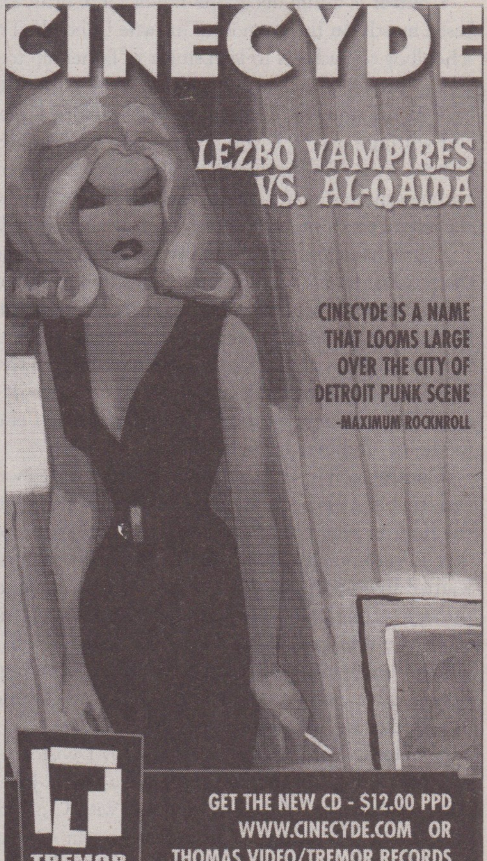
RIFF RANDELLS
double cross
CD

ALSO NEW !

NICE BOYS - VERY MARY 7"
REVISIONS - ON THE LAM 7"
HIGH TENSION WIRES - MIDNIGHT CASHIER LP/CD"
THE ERGS! - UPSTAIRS / DOWNSTAIRS LP/CD

WHEN IN PORTLAND, VISIT OUR RECORD STORE, GREEN NOISE RECORDS
www. greennoiserecords.com ENTIRE INVENTORY AVAILABLE ONLINE!

DIRTNAP RECORDS, 2615 SE CLINTON ST. PORTLAND, OR 97202 www. dirtnaprecs.com



CINECYDE

LEZBO VAMPIRES
VS. AL-QAIDA

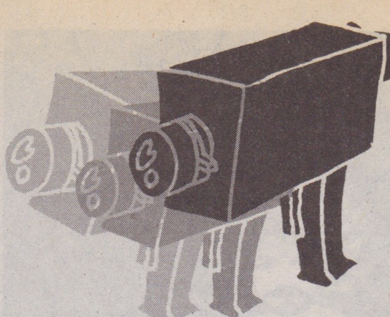
CINECYDE IS A NAME
THAT LOOMS LARGE
OVER THE CITY OF
DETROIT PUNK SCENE
-MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

TREMOR RECORDS

GET THE NEW CD - $12.00 PPD
WWW.CINECYDE.COM OR
THOMAS VIDEO/TREMOR RECORDS
122 S. MAIN ST. CLAWSON, MI 48017

ALSO VISIT US AT WWW.MYSPACE.COM/CINECYDE

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

THIS IS THE WAY—STEP INSIDE

I would never have the insensitivity to pretend to know why someone committed suicide. My good friend and roommate hung himself in our flat. It's ten years later and I still don't know why he did it. Of course, I have looked at all the events and situations that were going on at the time. It would be possible to draw some conclusions, but I never will truly know. Filmmaker Anton Corbijn takes the same attitude toward Ian Curtis' suicide in his first feature film **Control**. Corbijn knew Curtis and has had some time to reflect on what happened. Corbijn presents the facts as best as he can and allows the viewer to draw her/his own conclusions.

Control is a film about the life of Ian Curtis, lead singer of Joy Division based mostly on the memoir of his wife Deborah. The story follows him from schoolboy to husband to lead singer to father, up to his death. As a teenager, Curtis' friend, who is also his future wife's current boyfriend, introduces the two. At the time, Ian seems more into smoking cigarettes, listening to records and writing poetry. "If you don't smoke you can't be in my gang," Ian tells Debbie when they first meet. "I don't want to be in your gang," she replies. Ian becomes interested in Debbie. After taking her to see Bowie and claiming that she belongs to him, he proposes marriage. They wed. She is 18 and he is 19.

Curtis has a job at the employment agency. He seems content until he sees the Sex Pistols. He talks to some guys who have a band, but need a singer. He volunteers and Warsaw is born. As the band progresses and begins to tour Europe, Curtis develops epilepsy that seems to be the thing that really gets him down. He is prescribed five different drugs to try to help with it. The doctor admits that he doesn't know what to prescribe. It is all a matter of trial and error. Then he meets Annik Honoré, a Belgian embassy worker posing as a journalist, and they began an affair.

Control combines band performances with more intimate, less exciting and troubling domestic scenes. Domesticity at a young age when success is on the horizon seems hard enough. The band scenes add an element of humor that is very much needed in this story. The actors portraying Joy Division learned to play the music. It is them you hear along with Sam Riley singing throughout the film. The music sounds pretty good and gets progressively better as the film goes along, like a real band would. The only surprising and utterly disappointing addition is the Killers covering "Atmosphere." It's a terrible version and even though it is only over the end credits, it is completely out of place with the rest of the film.

It helps to know about Curtis and Joy Division to understand what exactly is happening in the film. There are a few in-jokes for the more aware. At one point manager Rob Gretton jokes with Curtis that it could be worse, he could be the lead singer of the Fall. It's a semi-obscure reference to actor Sam Riley's portrayal of Mark E. Smith in the film **24 Hour Party People** that was cut from the film. If you know nothing of Joy Division or the circumstances surrounding Ian Curtis, the film seems almost timeless. There are no references to current events. We know it is based on actual events, but aside from brief mentions of David Bowie and Sex Pistols, performances the film doesn't seem settled in a particular time. This could be the story of any person in any band at any time. Except that it is the story of one man in one band.

Control is not an uplifting movie. Not that anyone would expect it to be. No matter how much you know about the story, **Control** is a heartbreaking and depressing film. My boyfriend said he never wants to see it again. I enjoy wallowing in sad movies sometimes, so I am sure I will watch it again. Plus it is just so nice looking. The film had to be in black and white because when I think of Joy Division that is how I see them. (momentum.control.substance001.com)

Smash The State: The Raw Original DOA 1978-'81 is a DVD collection of live performances of DOA filmed mostly in San Francisco. This is the heyday of the band when they were at their best. The DVD features varying degrees of video footage. The performance at the On Broadway in 1980 is the best looking and sounding, probably recorded on professional equipment (perhaps a Target video?). But it also the most sterile. Shot from the back of the club, it is best for the home viewing audience because you get to see everything. However, the club seems too big and the stage too high for a punk band. The Old Waldorf 1981 footage is shot from the stage, probably with a cheap video camera. The picture is washed out. It is shot on the side of the stage providing a better, more involving view. The sound is pretty good too. "Bay Area Mystery Concert 1981" is shot from the front of the stage giving the best perspective, but because of that the picture and sound suffer. The camera flails about probably when an audience member smashes into the cameraperson and the sound cuts out at times. 10th Street Hall 1981 footage is shot from further back in the crowd. The picture is shaky and the sound muffled, but it is only one song.

The live footage is nice, but it is the other stuff that interests me more. The Anarchist Anti-Canada Day build-up where the band and organizers have to negotiate with the cops to have their show. The cops threaten to ticket the cars if they aren't moved. Joey Shithead goes up to a motorcycle cop and puts his arm around him. The cop just smiles. Then later the cops can be seen smiling while watching the bands. The 1979 news report on punk is equally entertaining. The punks back then look so tame compared to today, but it's funny to remember punk was more threatening then. It also amuses me as an American that the newscaster introduces Joey Shithead without any form of censorship beep. You'd never hear anyone saying that on American TV even today.

There really should be some credits for the camera work on **Smash The State: The Raw Original DOA 1978-81**. I like to know who shot what. Also one very small thing that bugs me is that the track listings are off by one. For some reason when the band is starting the first song "New Age" the track jumps to 2 leaving all the others one behind what they are listed as on the DVD case. (www.mvdvisual.com)

The film I was most looking forward to seeing this month was completely ruined by one of the worst audiences I have ever had to deal with in the Bay Area. I would hope people who would go to see William Shatner's Esperanto film **Incubus** might actually be attending a screening because they wanted to see the film on a big screen. I know I did. But this wasn't the case with this crowd. So I recommend that if you like films and enjoy watching them, steer clear of anything put on under the guise of Thrillville.

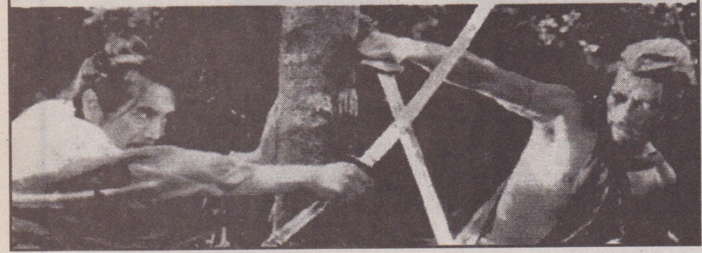
After enduring an hour of pre-film ridiculousness, it was up to the audience to act like jerks. The crowd that attended this screening constantly talked throughout the movie, yelling out things that they thought were really funny, but weren't. The character William Shatner plays is Marco. When his sister temporarily blinded by an eclipse and yells out his name, audience members started yelling back "Polo." Thinking they were oh-so-clever this continued even when someone simply said the name Marco. It wasn't funny the first time and it definitely was not funny the 500th time.

Incubus is a very entertaining film in itself. William Shatner plays a soldier who has just returned home after being injured in the war. His sister is caring for him. A succubus, Kia, has tired of collecting sinful souls and sets her eye on catching a good one, Marco. When Kia starts to fall in love with Marco, she must redeem herself by conjuring an incubus for revenge. Shatner and the children of the Devil—why would anyone want to talk through it? Do yourself a favor and avoid any Thrillville event no matter what great film they may be showing.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



CLOSER, MAYBE

After having gotten a chance to hear punk poet Jonathan Cooper Clarke live, a few audience members concluded that just maybe he was on amphetamamines—or at least overdosed on some exotic brand coffee. Years later, there he was again—reciting his inimitable high-velocity verse, but this time in a feature film. This was one of the many small details that make **Control** intriguing for punks, and (hopefully) intriguing even for off-the-street film fans. Director Anton Corbin's film has so many details—each surprisingly well-informed—that it draws closer to documentary than you might expect. In fact, at times it's so uncompromising that it comes close to popping Joy Division's special aura.

Control comes into contact with any number of key players from late-'70s punk and post-punk, but it's appropriate that the focus is almost entirely on Ian Curtis, whose days with Joy Division were cut short by his suicide in 1980—a week or two short of a US tour, the burgeoning success, and roughly contiguous with the band's second album. The band would, of course, eventually devolve into New Order, but the film's narrative suggests that life ends after Ian Curtis.

Ian Curtis (Sam Riley) holds down a no-future job in a government personnel office, offering counsel to anyone from the luckless to the mentally deficient; it's obvious from the start that he's only marginally interested. If he discovers pills in a friend's medicine cabinet, he might take an indeterminate dosage with a good pal. These are the few times in the film when Curtis actually seems to be even half-way enjoying himself—or at least pleased by the general prospect of escape. He's given to petit-mal seizures—momentary blank-outs, something like reveries—but seems mostly unbothered by them.

That is, until he experiences his first grand-mal seizure. His physician is perhaps over-helpful, and not too certain what to prescribe. Curtis comes home with a cache of prescription medications that even his physician seems confused about. Their effects are uncertain, and the film suggests that Ian eventually gave up on the witches brew of pharmaceuticals. As it happens, fits seem to run in the family. Along with depression.

Given the gray subject matter, it's not surprising that **Control** was filmed entirely in black and white, or shades thereof. It's hardly a documentary, but director Corbin does his best to give it an almost documentary feeling. The difficult tactic doesn't quite reach the level of verite, but at times it comes very close. When stripped to its roots, **Control** is essentially a traditional drama. But thanks to its uncommon realism, we're privileged to witness at a choice handful of the storied events in punk and post-punk history. A number have been dramatized before, but rarely with such affection or accuracy.

Anyone who has had a chance to catch Joy Division on Youtube will be surprised at how well Anton Corbin's dramatization works. Since the film doesn't have any big name stars, it's easy to accept the events for their own reality.

The photography, frequently praised, captures Manchester's nervous energy with amazing skill, but its most special moments feature the musical material. This was the era that spawned the Buzzcocks' "Spiral Scratch" (Curtis says they're just "OK") and we hear the scratchy sound of the original lineup. We're in a sparsely peopled hall when the Sex Pistols play, and the sound mix is brutally raw (and again, utterly realistic). Fans' hearts will skip a beat during the studio recording of "She Lost Control"; in the mixing booth, the synth-like backbeat is done with a spray can. During the storied scene where Factory Records signs Joy Division, the band giggles when producer Tony Wilson (Craig Parkinson) faints during Joy Division's signing; the contract is, after all, written in his own blood.

As an incident like this implies, the band had a reputation of being jerks (though, predictably, Curtis is portrayed here as singularly thoughtful). Band manager Rob Greton (Tony Kebbell) is brash and sharp-tongued—a perfect complement to a band with more than its share of ego. In one throwaway line, the band derides popular rivels The Fall. It's ironic that the Fall ended up easily outlasting Joy Division—and even got to finish that tour of the States Joy Division failed to start.

More than once, you feel that **Control** is the kind of story that could have been divorced from its post-punk context. It's a tragedy that just happens to involve a personality of musical interest. The film can seem painfully ordinary; but when it addresses idiosyncratic material, **Control** is unerringly fascinating (if somewhat depresssing).

Frankly, not all the details are flattering. As he sits back in bed, the image of dissipated youth, we hear him recite snippets of his pre-Warsaw/Joy Division poetry. Teen verse has a typically low standard in the first place, so maybe it's unfair to show easy disdain for Ian Curtis's early attempts—most of it showing a general search for identity, etc. I've never been completely impressed with Joy Division's lyrics in the first place, and **Control** doesn't help his cause.

It's less known, or at least publicized, that Ian Curtis got married as a teenager. While the acting is fine all-around, Samantha Morton manages to get under the skin of his wife, Deborah. (She co-authored the book that eventually became the film.) At first, Deborah is almost his savior; for a guy with identity issues, she offers a grounding and sense of permanence—just the thing Ian Curtis the government worker needs. But with incipient fame, Ian the rock star suddenly has a grocery list of new options. Deborah may not be one of them.

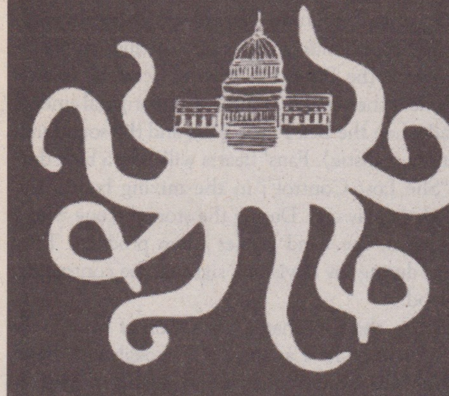
This soon emerges as the central conflict of the film. Without rock 'n' roll, Ian Curtis might have dropped into obscurity. In the film's early scenes, he nurses a new copy of David Bowie's *Scary Monsters* as if it were a child. Attending a Bowie concert is almost a life-changing experience. (The band got their first name, *Warsaw*, from a Bowie tune.) A scant few years later, punk rock opened the doors to non-rock stars, and a kid from Manchester could begin to realize his own rock fantasies. Only if he wasn't a public service employee with a seizure disorder and a burgeoning family life—a reality he never seems to fully escape.

Control is particularly successful in rendering Deborah's personal life, which has been relatively obscure to most casual fans. These comparatively glamorless scenes were developed with particular care. This is the most common failing point of rock biopics, a potential breeding ground for fake dialogue, but **Control** does a good job of convincing an audience that its personal history is very real.

Apparently, even ordinary touring took a considerable toll on Curtis; in one memorable sequence, a civil war erupts in their touring car over the mundane issue of a blanket. (Curtis had apparently been overtaken by a kind of virus.) Later on, his affair with Belgian rock journalist/actress Annik Honoré (Alexandra Maria Lara) was apparently an enormous support—and burden.

The final scenes are so emotionally pungent that it's hard to put aside Joy Division's "legend." Too many other rockers have reached their end through excess. Conversely, **Control** offers the sad story of the man whose life and goals are hopelessly jumbled. Even those close to Curtis claimed they couldn't see it coming until it was too late.

K (the Shadow Government)
the Black and White album

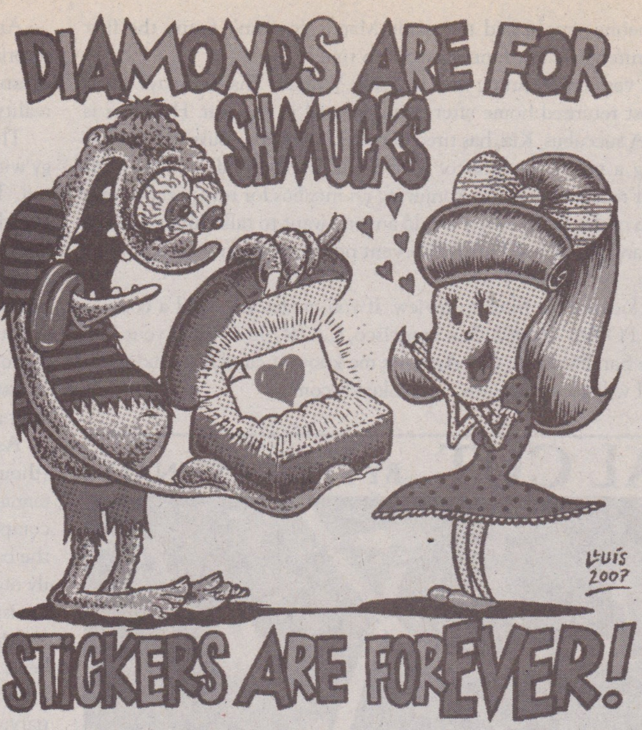


also
murder of crows/copeater split 7-inch
the spectacle *i, fail* double 12-inch
7000 dying rats *forced boat* 7-inch

soon
get rad/call me lightning split 7-inch

available from
interpunk, very and vinyl junkie

Scenester Credentials
www.scenecred.com
p.o. box 1275 iowa city iowa 52244
info@scenecred.com



stickerguy.com
since 1993. (775) 358-7865

Book Your Own Fuckin' Life
www.byofl.org

A worldwide resource network for the diy community.

bands, promoters, labels radio stations, zines, other and etc.

http://www.byofl.org

WWW.CHOKINGHAZARDREC.COM
CHOKINGHAZARDREC@HOTMAIL.COM
WWW.MYSPACE.COM/CHOKINGHAZARDRECORDS

CHOKING

HAZARD

Antibodies
the spears
a midnight rave with
GORDON IVY &
THE JAYBIRDS

CHR001
ANTIBODIES-CONCRETE ROCKERS GO UPTOWN EP. THIS IS SOME SNOTTY PUNK FROM THE UK. PRETTY SOLID CATCHY STUFF WITH POLITICAL LYRICS INFLUENCED BY CRASS, FUGAZI, SUBHUMANS, MOTORHEAD, GBH AND SEX PISTOLS.

CHR002
THE SPEARS EX-HATED YOUTH, DOWN BY LAW, PINK LINCOLNS-PEOPLE ARE BAD EP. HIGH ENERGY OLD SCHOOL PUNK ROCK FROM FLORIDA ALA THE AUTHORITIES.

CHR003-COMING SOON!
GORDON IVY AND THE JAYBIRDS FEATURING MEMBER OF VOLENDAM DISEASE FROM OSAKA JAPAN. THIS IS TOTAL PISSED OFF JAPANESE HARDCORE PUNK FOR FANS OF ANTIDOTE AND URBAN WASTE!

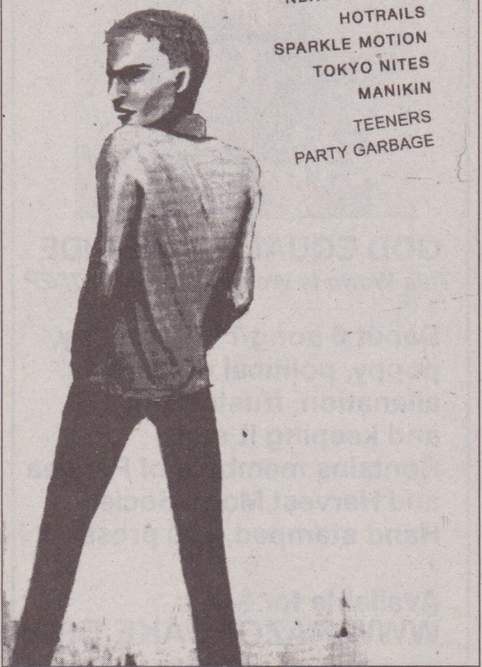
CHR004-SLAP THE CULTURE EP
CHR005-NOOTHGRUSH LIVE CD/LP
CHR006-SEIZED/MOLOCH SPLIT CD/LP
CHR007-INERTIAKILLS DISCOGRAPHY CD
CHR008-SHITFIT DISCOGRAPHY CD
CHR009-HAEMORRHAGE/FISTFUCK SPLIT EP
CHR010-ANTIBODIES CD/LP

SUPER SECRET RECORDS

www.supersecretrecords.com
P.O. Box 1585 Austin, TX 78767

WHAT WE DO IS SECRET.

BROTHERHOOD OF ELECTRICITY
FACELESS WEREWOLVES
NERVOUS EXITS
HOTRAILS
SPARKLE MOTION
TOKYO NITES
MANIKIN
TEENERS
PARTY GARBAGE



Inimical records

www.inimical.com
P.O. Box 2803 - Seattle, WA 98111 - USA

OUT SOON

BALLAST
"Fuse" LP/CD $8
Domestic issue of this melodic crust group's 2nd album. Remastered.

OUT NOW!

SAHN MARU
"Never Too Late" CD/LP $8
Raging d-beat crust from the Bay Area.

SPRING BREAK!
ZOMBIE RITUAL
SPLIT 7" $4
San Diego meets Japan in this misfit grind release.

Slightly Less Than Nothing
"Less Fashion, More Thrashin'" LP $8
Frantic, Manic and Nihilistic HC

AVAILABLE THROUGH: EBULLITION, PROFANE EXISTENCE, RELAPSE, INTERPUNK, STICKFIGURE, SOUND IDEA AND OTHER NICE PEOPLE.

Send Cash or M.O. payable to Mike Crow
Or pay via PayPal online.
All Prices Postage Paid.

MAMMOTH SOUND
MASTERING

FLAT RATES PPD

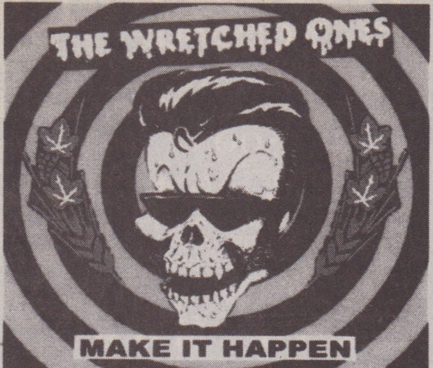
7": $40 PER SIDE
LP: $100 PER SIDE
CD EP: $80
CD FULL LENGTH: $200

PROUD TO HAVE COMPLETED PROJECTS FOR ARTISTS INCLUDING:

WASTED TIME
IMPALED
DEADFALL
SEEIN RED
STRUNG UP
DIRECT CONTROL
MDC
FUNEROT
GHOUL
GOVERNMENT WARNING
86 MENTALITY
ANNIHILATION TIME
MAGRUDERGRIND

CALL / EMAIL FOR QUOTE
WWW.MAMMOTHSOUNDMASTERING.COM
(831) 566-5381

NEW! OUT NOW!!



All new CD w/12 brand new songs! Easily their best yet! Relentless rock action!

THE WRETCHED ONES

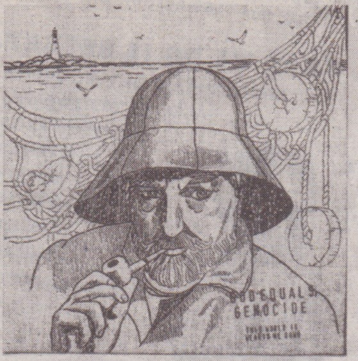
"Make It Happen"

Made to be played loud!

HEADACHE RECORDS
po box 204 midland park, nj usa

hr#64 - order now! and get your copy fast at
headacherecords.com

RaZORCAKE RECORDS PRESENTS...



GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE

This World Is Wearin' Me Down 7"EP

Debut 6 song 7" of thrashy, poppy, political odes to alienation, frustration, and keeping it real. Contains members of Pangea and Harvest Moon Society. Hand stamped, 300 pressed.

Available for $4 at:
WWW.RAZORCAKE.ORG

King Louie and the Loose Diamonds

KING LOUIE and the LOOSE DIAMONDS
Buck Fifty
Memphis Treet

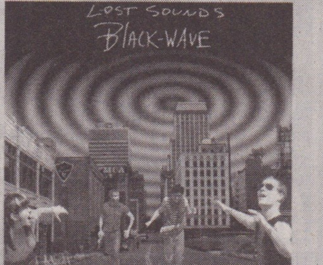
LOVER!

Back in Stock

REATARDS
GROWN UP, FUCKED UP

Reatards
Grown Up LP

Lost Sounds
Black Wave DLP



PO BOX 12301 PDX, OR 97212

www.emptyrecords.com

SOUND POLLUTION

SINCE 1990

mind of asiah

SAYYADINA

***Mourning The Unknown* CD $9**

21 songs that test the limits of speed. Insanely cathy & powerful. The fastest release in the history of Sound Pollution. Available end of June!

I ACCUSE / HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH

***split*LP $9**

I ACCUSE blast out 11 songs of raging thrash punk. H.O.D. 15 songs of annihilating stop on a dime thrash. A quintessential fastcore classic.

MIND OF ASIAN

***Chinnmoku No Kiri No Naka* CD $7**

These four women from Tokyo unleash a barrage of some of the most ferocious fastcore thrash in existence. Just finished annihilating the U.S.

MASSGRAV/DISKONTO

***A Blaze In The Northern Sky* LP/CD $9**

Two of the most fast and fuming-mad bands from Sweden have teamed up with their best material. An absolute HC killer.

CYNESS

***Our Funeral Oration For the Human Race* CD $9**

25 minutes of raging grindcore that bring to mind legends of the genre such as ASSUCK, TERRORIZER and NAPALM DEATH.

UNCURBED

***Welcome To Anarcho City* LP/CD $9**

18 new ass kicking anthems from the long-reigning rebel kings of Swedish hardcore to the world's party punks.

BOOM BOOM KID

***Smiles From Chappanoland* CD $9**

Absolutely soul stirring punk/rock from x- FUN PEOPLE!
21 songs of emotionally rousing punk from Argentina.

ENDLESS BLOCKADE

***Turn Illness Into A Weapon* CD $9**

Fast and powerfull hardcore thrash mixed with crushing sludge - think powerviolence!

BRODY'S MILITIA

***The Appalachian Twelve Gauge Masacre* LP/CD $9**

25 traumatic blasts of flesh-ripping thrash. A perfect blend of catchy rockin' riffs and violent ultracore distortion! Recorded at Mars for maximum sonic damage.

TOMORROW WILL BE WORSE VOL.4

3x7" EP / CD $9

Six bands, 28 songs, on 3 split EPs or on one CD. Pairing up U.S. and Japanese powerhouses VOETSEK, NO VALUE, THE SPROUTS, RUNNAMUCKS, THREATENER, FASTS. Triple-EP on colored vinyl. 3x7" shipping price the same as an LP.

MCR CO. JAPAN RELEASES

The Negatives

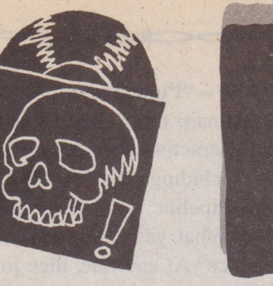
CLOWN "Live Stock World" CD $11
Nagoya brutal and violent hardcore.
DISCOCKS / THE NEGATIVES split CD $11
Tokyo early 80's U.K. HC vs Swedish smashing punkrock!
SIMBIOSE "Evolution?" CD $11
Dark brutal crusty HC thrash attack from Portugal!
WOLFBRIGADE "Prey To The World" CD $11
13 new songs. CD includes all bonus tracks.
RUIN / T.R.I.B.E. split CD $11
x- Doom, Scatha, Disaffect etc. tearing it up.
SCATHA "After The Dust Settles" CD $11
Complete discography + 2 unreleased songs!
x- Sedition & Disaffect!
VORACIOUS SOUL "A Blind Color" CD $8
Osaka HC, first release in 6 years. Intense, direct, wild...

***** Sound Pollution is now distributed by Ebullition*****

SHIPPING CHARGES:
Inside the U.S. prices include postage.
Outside the U.S. please add the following per item
7"/CD/DVD: Canada/Mexico $2, rest of World $4 - $2 each add'l
LP/T-shirt: Canada/Mexico $3, rest of World $8 - $4 each add'l

no checks! use a money order payable to: Sound Pollution.
All orders outside the U.S. shipped by AIR mail.
Check the web site for monthly specials.
Check the web site for a complete list of available titles, news, tour dates, sounds, order by credit card, etc.

SOUND POLLUTION
P.O. Box 17742 Covington, KY 41017 USA
www.sound-pollution.com



RECORDS

Send **two** copies of vinyl or CD-only releases (if on both formats, please send the *vinyl*) to **MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, USA.** We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

Reviewers:
(AA) Ariel Awesome
(JB) Justin Briggs
(TB) Tim Brooks
(MC) Mitch Cardwell
(CC) Carl Cordova
(PC) Paul Curran
(AD) Andy Darling
(DD) Dr. Dante
(SD) Sean Dougan
(JF) Jonathan Floyd
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(MH) Mike Howes
(JH) Jaime Hoy
(CS) Chris Hubbard
(KK) Kenny Kaos
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(PL) Phil Lantz
(AL) Andy Larsen
(RL) Ray Lujan
(NM) Nick Mangel
(AM) Allan McNaughton
(JP) Jason Patrone
(BR) Bruce Roehrs
(KS) Ken Sanderson
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(SS) Steve Spinali

50 MILLION – "Broad Side of a Barn and Shit on a Single" CD

50 MILLION is, in my opinion, one of the very best bands to come out of the SF Mission District punk scene of the mid/late-'90s. They have this way of writing really simple, dark, and depressing, yet catchy songs about pain and sorrow. The lyrics literally make you cry. Song to song they switch from slow jams with just distorted guitar and distorted vocals, to weird noise crap, to trashy, catchy pop songs about hitting the bottom, all the while being super honest, self-reflective, and depressing. Seriously, these songs are some of the best rock songs ever written. Since this CD came out a year and a half ago (*MRR* just got it now), I've listened to it from beginning to end easily over 100 times. Anyway, this CD compiles their 10", 7"s, comp tracks, and unreleased stuff. The 10", which starts the CD off, is mostly garage-y slow jams and noise stuff—all of it fucking brilliant—the 7"s and the rest of the tracks are more fast, trashy punk songs that you can't help but sing along to, and the seven unreleased tracks are from a recording session where 50 MILLION and HICKEY play together as one band. It's really the best shit ever. I couldn't recommend anything more highly than this. (FS)
(Starcleaner, 1020 Bushwick Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11221, www.starcleaner.com)

ABLARM / KSM40 – split EP

This split features two raging hardcore bands from Germany that I'd not heard of until this EP. Both play straightforward thrashing hardcore, but KSM40 is a bit faster with a slightly crusty sound. I really enjoy the lyrics of theirs that I can understand (half the time they sing in German). They have a track about how silly hidden tracks are and one about being a rock stereotype. Their song "Discharge Warsong Crust Haiku" really cracks me up. The lyrics? "Bombers fly through the sky / A lot of people die / All the politicians lie / I don't want to be a Discharge clone / I'd rather stand alone." They also have a song making fun of black metal. I like ABLARM's straight-ahead hardcore sound. Lots of bass, you can still hear the punk, and they don't sound derivative. (MH)
(self-released, $3.50 + 2 IRC: Alexander Rippel, Jahnstrabe 78, 55291 Saulheim, GERMANY)

THE ACCELERATORS – "My Baby Is an Undertaker" EP

Rough melodic punk from (possibly) Holland. They play it fast and throw in enough hooks and tunes to keep it from sinking. Not the most original or earth-shattering in any way, but not bad. (AD)
(Squinty Joe, 10 Linchmere Rd., Haselmere, Surrey, GU27 3QF, UNITED KINGDOM)

AGNOSTIC FRONT – "For My Family" EP

The more things change, the more things stay the same. 25 years later and AGNOSTIC FRONT is still giving shout-outs to the Lower East Side and Avenue A (places that have long since been overtaken by stroller moms and Starbucks). I will always prefer the early AGNOSTIC FRONT, but I have to admit that the title track on here is pretty catchy in all its metallic mosh-core glory. The artwork is absolutely abysmal. Word to the wise: Stigma is not credited as playing guitar on this recording. Instead it just says "Stigma – Legend" Truer words have never been written. (CC)
(Bridge Nine, www.bridge9.com)

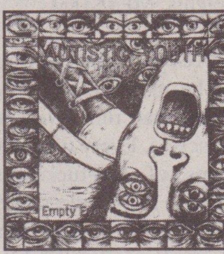
ALL GONE DEAD / BASTARDASS – split EP

Two fast powerviolence bands from L.A. ALL GONE DEAD has a somewhat unique take on powerviolence—they are bass, drums, and vox. Yup, no guitar. It's hard not to compare them to GODSTOMPER. BASTARDASS rips thought some speedy powerviolence that makes me really happy. Lots of start-stop and speed changes. It took about three listens but I realized that this band plays fast. Fast! They are from LA, how the hell haven't I seen them yet? (MH)
(Give Praise, www.givepraiserecords.com)

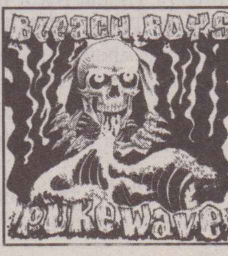
AMBITIONS – "Stranger" CD

Ironically, this band's thirteen tracks sound like their "ambitions" are to fit on the nu-rock alternative at the end of your FM dial as fast as possible. Slick, mom-friendly "hardcore" where there's nothing "hard" about it! Even delivered quickly over a fast tempo, the vocals retain a candy-coated, pretty sing-song-ness, like a hideous, slick, hyper-produced DAG NASTY mixed with QUICKSAND-style '90s-style alt rock-punk. Downbeat mosh parts and moody introspective intros all are musically proficient, the fast tracks are blistering in speed and delivery, the personal introspective lyrics, canned choruses, and the quotes from Camus are there, and everything is smoothed out through masterful, major label-sounding production, making it inoffensive enough, but that's just the problem.

Antibodies
CONCRETE ROCKERS GO UPTOWN EP



BASTARDS' CHOIR
BRIDGES BURN



Fans of the style direct your browser to… (KS)
(Bridge Nine, www.bridge9.com)

ANTIBODIES – "Concrete Rockers Go Home" EP

I'll be the first to admit that I'm generally not a fan of most first-wave UK punk shit. This record takes many cues from the nostalgic, no-future, punk-on-the-pop charts streets of the Windsor Empire. The PISTOLS' influence is definitely there, along with the bounce of '77 and a certain weirdness that I can only liken to some of the Crass Records' roster. The ANTIBODIES seems to have a massive back catalogue starting in the mid-'90s made up mostly of cassette-only releases. From what I can tell, guitarist/vocalist Pete Doff has been in and around the UK punk scene since the late-'70s and played in a band called OBSCENE TOYS that folded in '83. All in all, this is a cool EP. (JU)
(Choking Hazard, www.chokinghazardrec.com)

ANTI-SOCIAL DEGENERATES – "From Chaos to Whenever" CD

With a name like that and the CD cover looking like it does, I was ready to slam this for being an unimaginative street punk/Punk Core atrocity, but wait—there's more here than that. These guys are from Detroit and have been around since 1987 so they get OG credit! This is something of a comeback CD, and I have to say it is not bad at all. Total UK punk on the harsher edge, with some venomous vocals, and not polished like some bands of this style. Not bad at all! (NM)
(self-released, 43117 Chaucer Ct, Sterling Heights, MI 48313)

APACHE – "Boys Life / Crystal Clear"

The members of APACHE are the type of dudes that ruin everything good about San Francisco. Every time you turn around there are heaps of too-fucking-stupid-to-know, too-pathetic-and-clueless-to-care hipsters parading around dressed like extras from *That '70s Show* turning every last nook and cranny into a fashion show of suede vests, headbands, tassels, and feathers—opening the door for the bridge and tunnelers to see what it's like to slum it for a night with the "weirdos." What does that have to do with the music you ask? It helps to reinforce that this single is in fact just as soulless, devoid of substance, and transparent as the scene of posers involved. If you care, this is modern power pop in the same vein as THE TIME FLYS and NICE BOYS with none of the talent of THE EXPLODING HEARTS. Now that I think about it, power pop has always been a half-hearted attempt to keep the possibility to profit off of punk alive and play it safe. (JU)
(Douchemaster, www.douchemasterrecords.com)

THE APERS – "Reanimate My Heart" CD

More RAMONES-y pop punk from the Netherlands that I always seem to get stuck with to review. THE APERS play what you would call the SCREECHING WEASEL school of RAMONES-y punk, it's upbeat, it's catchy...actually, I wonder if that's why they call themselves THE APERS, because they so blatantly *ape* SCREECHING WEASEL??? This is OK at best—really nothing special. (AD)
(Insubordination, PO Box 2846, Columbia, MD 21045)

APESHIT / CIVIL CRISIS – split EP

Two hardcore thrash bands from Massachusetts throw together a nine-song split EP that provides a glimpse, perhaps, of better things to come in the future. CIVIC CRISIS has some cool songs about religion and people who try to shut out the reality of what's going on in the world. They come off somewhat like a more punkish ASSHOLE PARADE, but not quite as good. APESHIT delivers some cool '84-style fast hardcore with good lyrics and ferocious guitars, but the fervor's unfortunately marred by poor recording quality. Don't get me wrong, I despise big production, but this is a bit too raw to give a high recommendation. I'm definitely looking forward to future releases from both bands. (BG)
(Welfare, 58 River St., Haverville, MA 01832, www.welfarerecords.net)

AUTISTIC YOUTH – "Empty Eyes" EP

This evokes that time in early-'80s SoCal hardcore when eyeliner and black dye replaced the tried-and-true bleached crop/flannel combo. When Rikk Agnew discovered goth! That part in *Another State of Mind* when Mike Ness talks about how he wears eye-liner to make girls think he's an emotional dude! Well, this band doesn't sound like either of those two anecdotes, I am just using them as a frame of reference. That is to say that AUTISTIC YOUTH plays really catchy, poppy hardcore with a darker edge. It also brings to mind a brattier, more hardcore-influenced OBSERVERS, especially in the guitar sound and aforementioned darker tone. (LG)
(Black Water, PO Box 5223, Portland, OR 97208)

BASTARD CHOIR – "Bridges Burn" CD

Really decent US street punk the vein of the GC5 or the HUDSON FALCONS. While musically these guys are in the same world, the weak packaging and lack of lyric sheet puts them a little way behind in my book. What makes those other bands so special is that they have great class-conscious lyrics and really stand for something, which is rare in the world of skinheads and bootboys. I'll be keeping my eyes peeled for future releases though as this is good shit. (TB)
(Step Up, www.stepupoi.com)

BLEACH BOYS – "Puke Wave" EP

Holy JFA, Batman: three skater kids racing through four hyperactive surfish and distorto surfish instros, including AGENT ORANGE's arrangement of "Pipeline," on Gnarly Slaughter records no less. What year is this? Is this the Eternal Recurrence? At any rate, nice job lads. Both musically and at making me feel even older than I already do. (DD)
(Gnarly Slaughter, PO Box 14821, Haltom City, TX 76117, rabiddogrecords@yahoo.com)

BLOTTO – "Remember Buy The Vinyl First: Singles Collection 2004-2007" CD

This CD features all the tracks from the various split EPs and singles BLOTTO have put out in the past few years, which ends up being quite a few numbers: they've done splits with ALTAIRA, MODERN MACHINES, THE BECAUSE, DRUNKEN BOAT, and OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! They also win the coveted Gold Ford Pinto award for being the Japanese band that most sounds like CRIMPSHRINE. If you've missed some of those EPs or just want to get all the BLOTTO material on one handy digital format, you should pick this up. Bizarrely, there's also going to be a 12" version (for total completists I suppose) out soon on ADD records. (AM)
(Snuffy Smiles, 12-A Kami Kousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-Ku, Kyoto 603-8117, JAPAN)

BORN/DEAD – "The Final Collapse" LP

The newest by the East Bay guys, on a nice gatefold LP and with not one but two posters (at least this version). The packaging is definitely reminiscent of early-'80s UK style bands, with stark images of war and destruction, and very apropos for our time. I doubt this record will disappoint any fan of BORN/DEAD, with their mid-paced HC/punk and dark, somewhat crusty political themes. I have found that when seeing them live, they kinda give me the feeling like if early TRAGEDY were slowed down, and infused with a more basic, steady, plodding punk rockin' sorta UK-sound, they might have sounded a bit like BORN/DEAD. Cool. (NM)
(Prank, www.prankrecords.com)

BRAINDEAD – "Priest Killer" EP

More INFEST worship here. Not at all horrible, but not that exciting either—we all heard this sound a millions times before. The anti-religious article written by the vocalist is a good read, but there's nothing else to really hold my attention for long. (JH)
(Feast of Tentacles, www.feastoftentacles.com)

BRAJGL – "Az Doslouzim, Chchi Do Briajglu" CD

Fourteen songs of pop punk from the Czech Republic. There are occasional ska inflections (at least in the guitars) and overall it sounds like something on Fat Wreck from the early '90s,

with the exception of the guttural Czech vocals and the lyrics I can't understand a word of. It certainly sounds like they're having a great time doing whatever it is they're doing. (AM)
(Papagajuv Hlasatel, c/o Pavel Friml, Mrstikova 393, 664 82 Ricany u Brna, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.phr.cz)

BREAKFAST – "Classic Six Packs" CD
I'm assuming you're already familiar with this great Japanese crazy-core outfit from a few years back. What, you don't already have the *Eat Rice* EP or the *Second* EP? And waddaya mean you don't have the demo from 1999? Okay, I don't have the demo either, but I can tell you that all three of these releases are freakin' obligatory for those who like their thrash done just right: crazy bass lines, manic drum and guitar blasts that could induce a fatal stroke in those who are weak at heart, and screaming vocals so off-the-top that it doesn't matter if most of the songs are in Japanese 'cause you wouldn't understand what's being said anyway! Lyrics and cover art are all included in the foldout insert, but that's not surprising since this label always does a fine job. I should note that if you already have the two EPs you probably don't need this because most of the demo tracks are the same songs. This is definitely worth grabbing if you don't have the vinyl. (BG)
(625, www.625thrash.com)

BULLETS IN – "Trashed and Burned" EP
After listening to and assigning every record this month I can safely say that this EP is the best of the bunch (with the default exception being the *God Is Dead* reissue of course). In this day and age, when nostalgia seems to be the main impetus for manufactured rage blossoming and bearing its fruit in the grooves of punk records from this here sea to shining sea, this sound, when done right, is so fresh. It's still hardcore, it's still intelligent, and it has a certain fury that most records fail to capture. I'm sure thousands will dismiss this as just another '90s emo throwback record, when in reality *Trashed and Burned* has more feeling and actual emotion than most anything produced today. I don't want to make comparisons to other bands, but if I have to, I'd say this falls somewhere between TORCHES TO ROME and the first ANGEL HAIR 7" (minus the "I sell ice to / Eski-mos" lyrics). This is the record I waited out the whole of the '90s for. (JU)
(Waking/Adagio 830, www.adagio830.de)

B.U.S.H. – "São Paulo" LP
BUY US SOME HEROIN is unstoppable. First the self-titled 7" and mandatory split EP with the fantastic DICK CHENEY, then the LP a few months ago, and now this eight-song 12". All are first-rate. Most of the songs are sung in Portuguese, but the band is usually kind enough to provide translations in English. This particular record is a theme album, of sorts, since all the songs deal with their love/hate relationship with the overpopulated and crime-infested metropolis of Sño Paulo, Brazil. B.U.S.H. is not easy to compare to other bands, which of course is a good thing. What's even better is that they sound very old school without sounding like they are mimicking anyone. They are new and original without sounding too "new," if you know what I mean. They have maybe a REALLY RED influence, mixed with some Japanese hardcore and some psychedelic drugs laced with some uppers. *São Paulo* is slightly slower than previous efforts, but only in the good way of becoming their own sound. (BG)
(Thrashbastard, Warschauer Str. 57, 10243 Berlin, GERMANY, www.myspace.com/thrashbastard)

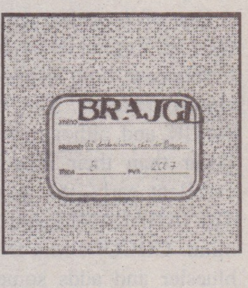
CAPITAL – "Homefront" CD
This band from Long Island plays a style that is similar to the later DC band SWIZ and New York post-hardcore like QUICKSAND. Musically, it's melodic and very intricate a la VERSE and HAVE HEART. The unique lyrical style on this record is almost storytelling; interesting, but kind of silly. On the song "On a Mission," vocalist Tommy Corrigan sings about his first hardcore encounter, going to a store and picking out *The Way It Is*, the first Revelation Records hardcore comp. Although I understand the message of the song—the feeling the first time you discover something new that forever changes your life—but in the world of lyrics I feel there's such a thing as TMI—"too much information." I don't need to know what you were wearing, how much money you had, what the record store guy looked like; who cares! I'd consider this to one of the less notable records of the current Revelation catalog, and if I want to hear a good post-hardcore record I'll stick to the classics. (PL)
(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, www.revelationrecords.com)

CHINESE TELEPHONES – CD
A buzzsaw pop punk release here. I'm thinking DILLINGER FOUR, THE ERGS, and a touch of SST-era HÜSKER DÜ. Ripping from start to finish with wailing guitars and slightly off-key vocals. A strong contender for my annual top ten. (RL)
(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869, www.itsaliverecords.com)

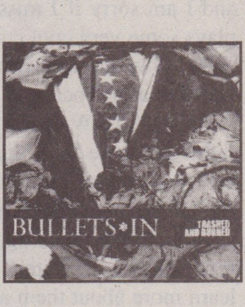
CHINESE TELEPHONES / DEAR LANDLORD – split EP
OK…I'm really not what you'd call an authority on contemporary pop punk. But you're gonna have to live with it, 'cause Floyd's out this month, Paul's in Asia, and Stevo stopped reviewing for *MRR* months ago (and of course, Ray only reviews CDs; get his take on the CHINESE TELEPHONES below). Anyway, you're probably familiar with CHINESE TELEPHONES at this point—they have several releases under their belt already—and DEAR LANDLORD I believe is a newer band with members of RIVETHEAD and the COPYRIGHTS. Both sound similar, though I'll tell ya—I thought DEAR LANDLORD was the winner of this match-up, especially with their opener, "Three to the Beach," conjuring some real energy, while the 'TELEPHONES were kinda in-one-ear-out-the-other fare. But really, what do I know about anything? (CS)
(It's Alive/Recess, 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869, www.itsaliverecords.com)

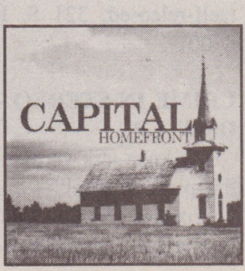
CIVIC PROGRESS – "Petroleum Man" EP
This fucking record rips relentlessly into my face. Groove after groove, this band delivers some punishing shit. Raw, fast, and full-on hardcore with cool vocal variations that add an extra touch. CIVIC PROGRESS features folks from other outfits such as CARDIAC ARREST

BRAINDEAD
Priest Killer EP



BREAKfAST
CLASSIC
SIX PACKS
1999–2001
DEMOTAPE
EAT RICE E.P.
SECOND E.P.





and THE BREAKS. They had a demo floating around for a while—people have talked them up and deservingly so. This is a killer hardcore punk record. Track this down. (MS)
(No Wire, www.nowirerecords.com)

CLOWN – "Livestock World" CD

Driving, metallic Japanese hardcore that, while is pretty good, isn't quite up to par with the style's greats like JUDGEMENT, DEATH SIDE, or PAINTBOX. CLOWN reminds me more of the "also-rans" of the Burning Spirits scene like BLOWBACK, TETSU ARREI, and CONSTRICTED. They still have that characteristic MOTÖRHEAD-meets-any-period-AGNOSTIC FRONT thing going on, but it's just missing something. Good but not great. (JU)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN, www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr)

COCOCOMA / THE HIPSHAKES – split EP

One of those fun split 7"s where each band does an original and a cover of the other band. In this case, both bands compliment each other almost perfectly. The HIPSHAKES are from the UK, and, although these songs are a bit mellower than their previous releases, have an excellent early-'90s garage rock thing going. The INHALANTS and the STATICS come to mind. COCOCOMA from Chicago gets a bit bluesier and adds some organ, but they still rock the garage. Both are the kind of unassuming bands that write great songs and might be under-appreciated except by the true garage punk fan, like me. Don't let that happen. (CK)
(Tic Tac Totally, no address)

CREOSOTE – "Life Lessons" EP

My theory is you really can't go wrong naming a band after an archaic industrial chemical. I'd never heard of these Arizonans before; apparently they've been doing a lot of touring, and I am sorry if I missed them. CREOSOTE plays some very cool dark crust punk, but with many slow, atmospheric parts and sung (male and female) vocals. There is definitely an AMEBIX/IOWASKA/SMARTPILS-style influence there with anarcho punk overtones, and moments of metal too. Anything but unoriginal (also in the lyrics department), these guys are really exciting to hear, and with only four songs it definitely leaves me wanting to learn more about them and watching for future releases. (NM)
(self-released, 321 S. Lontree, Flagstaff, AZ 86001)

CRIME IN STEREO – "Crime in Stereo is Dead" LP

My knee-jerk verdict of this album is "Fuck this piece of crap!"—which is somewhat quickly replaced by "OK, this is pretty good modern rock music." *Crime in Stereo Is Dead* appeals to that mystical vortex inside of me that still likes a song or three on every ALKALINE TRIO album even though the rest of me is on its knees begging to turn it off. Keep in mind though that I don't really feel this album has much of a place in these pages. This isn't really what I would consider punk—it's slick, professional indie rock played by middle-class white dudes that most likely grew up listening to bands like GORILLA BISCUITS, the GET UP KIDS, and FLOORPUNCH. For what it's worth, I still like it, but shame on me. (JU)
(Bridge Nine, www.bridge9.com)

CRIMINAL INTENT – "G.S.D." EP

This sharp, inventive HC brings THE FREEZE to mind, with insanely fast, tight guitars rounded out by a venomous vocal attack. There are six tracks, and it's all equally good; the vocals on "Boring Life" are varied, but once or twice roll out so fast that you're reminded of a tighter, somewhat more serious JERRY'S KIDS. This six-song Canadian debut EP does everything right—really outstanding hardcore. (SS)
(teh_w00t@hotmail.com)

CRUX – "Statistics" EP

Dark, throaty, female vocals growl over four tracks of blistering thrash that slows to build a brooding mood before turning back to a fast assault of up-tempo hardcore. While this Australian band has unmistakable modern HIS HERO IS GONE-esque influences and occasional musical flourishes (and the chops to pull them off), something about the basic, solid recording and simple-yet-effective attack of the music brings to mind lots of the great thrash and hardcore from the early '90s—DISRUPT, DEFORMED CONSCIENCE, etc.—where the intent was more influenced by hardcore than metal. It's a refreshing change to hear a band seemingly defining its own sound as opposed to "sounding like X," and the lyrics have an introspective and thoughtful edge on otherwise staid punk topics. Cool. (KS)
(Another Day of Nothing, PO Box 22, Enmore, NSW 2042, AUSTRALIA, anotherdayofnothing@yahoo.com)

THE CYNICS – "Here We Are" CD

Man, these guys have been together for some 25 years and they're still banging 'em out with style! The CYNICS were one of the better of the early-'80s garage revival bands since they knew how to blend snotty R&B-inspired punk with the rattled guitar harmonies of psychedelic folk rock from the mid-'60s. I recently purged my record collection of most of my garage punk stuff, but the first two LPs by these geezers survived the ordeal (along with the CRAWDADDYS, the first CHESTERFIELD KINGS album, and a few others). *Here We Are* is not a letdown by any means, as the CYNICS have survived the test of time better than most, and in fact I should note that this is their best album in a long time. The musicianship on the album is fantastic and Greg Kostelich can still jump back and forth from snarled punk angst to melodic harmony on the drop of a dime. I would unquestionably recommend this for veterans of garage rock, but not necessarily for punks just beginning to explore the genre—get *Blue Train Station* first. (BG)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com)

DAGGERS RULE – "Gleaming the 'Cuse" EP

There is something very endearing about this now defunct Syracuse band that I can't put my finger on. The music lies somewhere between street punk and metallic hardcore—normally a combination I can't stand, yet DAGGERS RULE pull it off with enough catchiness and sincerity that I found myself flipping this record over and over again. Take the best parts of IRON CROSS, SHEER TERROR, YOUTH BRIGADE (DC), add a modern twist, and you might just get DAGGER RULE. This is really great stuff. Oh, the artwork is fucking top notch too. (CC)
(Barbarossa, www.barbarossarecords.com)

DAMNSELS – "Legend" EP

A mix of generic pop punk and overwrought power pop/rock with especially pained girl vocals that is sure to make the flame-shirt wearin' denizens of the OC feel alive. I like power pop and also certain aspects of pop punk, but this is music for *Punk Rock Confidential* subscribers or maybe for the prom scene of a bad teen movie starring no-name plastic actors from the Lifetime channel. For a better version of what these girls/guy are going for, you should check out the old Kill Rock Stars band THE BANGS. (LG)
(self-released, no address)

DARLINGTON – "Live Dallas 2007" CD

This band has been around for ten years or so (more, including their previous band name, which escapes me at the moment). Pop punk from the Mutant Pop-era and sound—sing-song-y pop punk a la the QUEERS and MR. T. Per good ol' MySpace, this is actually a solo guy who plays live with a band. Kind of like the Kepi of Dallas. I was prepared to hate this after all this time but this is a good live disc. File under RAMONES/good-time music. (RL)
(no address)

THE DEAD BETTIES – "Destination I Do" EP

Brooklyn-based DEAD BETTIES' fifth release makes me embarrassed for having the god-sent privilege to hear. I have no patience for any of this crap. Even the B-side that pounds into some sort of aggressive territory, as opposed to their wimpy, limp-y, noodle-y non-

sense of an A-side, is an angular mess of a shit-system. Really gross. (AL)
(self-released, no address)

DEAL WITH IT – "World Coming Down" CD
Heavy and tough sounding hardcore from the UK, which is OK though I feel like we already too many of these bands in the states. You know, bands that are inspired by NO WARNING and DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR. For what this is it's pretty good, but in no way does it excite me. The CD also contains the band's demo, which I found to be more enjoyable to listen to than their more overproduced new tracks. I think DEAL WITH IT would have done better to stick to the rougher sounding recording; it makes their songs sound much more intense and pissed, though I guess that's not going to get you on Eulogy Records and Warped Tour, is it? (PL)
(Dead and Gone, 17 Driver St, Sheffield, S139WP, UNITED KINGDOM, www.deadandgonerecords.com)

DEFEATIST – "In Praise of False Hope" EP
FUCKIN' HELL!!! Nothing gives me a bigger boner than coming across a record that totally flat-out destroys. I was not that familiar with this band, though with a name like DEFEATIST, I was hoping it was going to rock out a little bit from the get-go, but I didn't have a clue. I think I can honestly say this is the best 7" I've heard in sixth months. Non-stop jugular attack set to strangle the life out of you. Buzzsaw guitars, plummeting drumming, and flesh-searing vokills. Nice and simplistic silk-screened cover and beautiful black vinyl make this package complete. With all of the trouble and delays *In Praise of False Hope* endured, it was well worth the wait. DEFEATIST is the band most bands wish they could be. (JH)
(Chainsaw Safety, PO Box 260318, Bellerose, NY 11426, www.chainsawsafetyrecords.com)

DEPRESSIVE STATE – "Total Annihilation" EP
This band from Germany brings us five mid-tempo, rocking hardcore tracks on this EP. Although DEPRESSIVE STATE is a bit harder, I can't help comparing them to the NERVE AGENTS, since the singer has a voice that reminds me of Eric Ozene. Germany seems to have bunch of good records coming out right now—the DEAN DIRG 10" from earlier this year, a new SHORT FUSE EP, and now this. Even though I feel the production gives DEPRESSIVE STATE a more modern sound, making them easy to lump in with the type of bands coming out now on Bridge 9, I think this record has a distinct quality that makes it worth checking out. (PL)
(Thrashbastard, Warschauer str. 57, 10243 Berlin, GERMANY, www.myspace.com/thrashbastard)

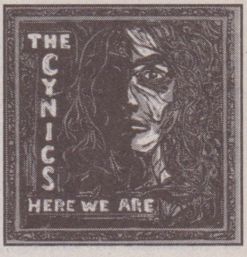
THE DESPISED – "Give Me Back My 10%" CD
The DESPISED are from Atlanta, Georgia; this CD is a retrospective of their previously released records, *Music to Driveby*, *Give Me Back My 10%*, and *Scourge of the South*. The band has a sound that combines street punk and speed metal on some of the songs, and driving hardcore like POISON IDEA on others. The songs are fast and heavy, and just make you want to circle pit and punch people in the face. Hating hippies and feeling distanced from the rest of society seems to be what these boys from Georgia are all about and if you have a problem with it than you're just a hippy bastard anyway. Most notable about this CD though is the live stage banter placed in between tracks. (PL)
(VIP, PO Box 5824, Atlanta, GA 31107, www.despisedatlanta.com)

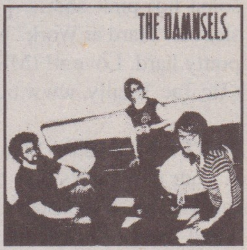
THE DESPISED – "One Punch" EP
Holy crap! THE DESPISED, well-respected hardcore punk veterans from Atlanta, Georgia have a screaming new EP for you! THE DESPISED saga reaches way back to the mid-'90s when the Atlanta scene exploded with excellent skinhead and punk bands! It only takes a couple of pitchers of beer shared by some battle-scarred skinheads and the conversation turns to the ANTI-HEROES, ADOLPH AND THE PISS ARTISTS, TERMINUS CITY, Frank and 45 Revolutions Record Shop, and all the skins, punks, their friends, and their families. On side one of the *One Punch* EP, THE DESPISED offers three pile-driving metallic KO studio cuts: "Holy Man," "Meth-Head to the Madness" and "One Punch." Every song is a keeper! The DESPISED has been down in the thrash trenches so fucking long they are starting to resemble the topography! THE DESPISED kicks butt! Side two of this EP was recorded live on tour—June 8th, 2007 at Huck Finn, Nagoya, Japan. The sound is not as crisp as the studio material (surprised?). The people who were at the show would keep this treasure close to their hearts! For a thorough discography of these ten years of work by these hardcore warriors, purchase the brand new DESPISED *Give Me 10%* CD. This 1996-to-present compilation covers several different EPs and much more. Buy THE DESPISED *One Punch* EP for the excellent studio side and the handsome glossy gatefold packaging littered with photos! Buy THE DESPISED EP as a sign of respect for these grizzled survivors! (BR)
(VIP, PO Box 5824, Atlanta, GA 31107, www.despisedatlanta.com)

THE DESPISED – "Punk…It's Not For Rich Kids Anymore" CD
Burly hardcore band from Atlanta who have been around forever. One part POISON IDEA and the rest SUBMACHINE. It's your classic crazed older dudes playing straight ahead thick-neck 'core. It's just fine for what it is but I'm missing the hooks, man. (TB)
(VIP, PO Box 5824, Atlanta, GA 31107, www.despisedatlanta.com)

DEVILSSONINLAW – CD
First off, I really hate the font that this band uses—it makes me think of a shitty alternative metal band or something. And the name itself doesn't actually conjure good images in my tiny head either, but that shit is all trivial. So what does it sound like, you ask? Well, if you like mid-paced stoner rock with psychedelic bits and hints of crustiness, this might do it for you. It didn't for me. (JH)
(www.devilssoninlaw.com)

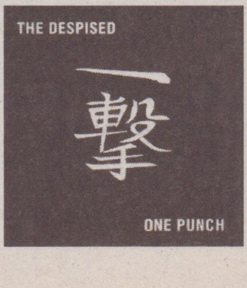
THE DICKIES – "Idjit Savant/Dogs from the Hare That Bit Us" CD
I've never really been a fan of THE DICKIES. They just always seemed too gimmicky. Needless to say, this era where they sorta sounded like a half-hearted PAT BENETAR does even less for me than "You Drive Me





DEPRESSIVE STATE
TOTAL ANNIHILATION

the Despised
Give me back MY 10%!!!



Ape (You Big Gorilla).” The highlight of this disc…their cover of the URIAH HEEP classic “Easy Livin’.” (JU)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Buck, HP10 8QA, UNITED KINGDOM, www.captainoi.com)

DIGITAL LEATHER – “Hard at Work” LP
Complete early-to-mid-’80s wave pop that I, unbeknownst to many, have a soft spot for. I love this shit. I am trying to make comparisons here. Think SUCCESSION, meets later WIRE, maybe even a splash of CABARET VOLTAIRE. OK, for those who can flash back for a moment, I am walking through isles of albums over at Wax Trax Records in Chicago, buying some cool punk records while this music is the soundtrack. Think cloves, think goth girl with rat on her shoulder, think dancing at Medusas in Chicago. OK, aside from the music, I must say I completely love the cover. A delicious mushroom-headed cock stuffed in some hot pink shorts. I just want to lick this sleeve! “Hard at Work” huh? I’ll work that dick pretty hard. Love it! (MS)
(Tic Tac Totally, www.tictactotally.com)

DIRTY MONEY – “No Escaping This” CD
Four new tracks plus three demo songs from this UK mosh monster. Competent breakdown-filled tough hawdcore. Fans of TERROR, RINGWORM, and MADBALL take note. (JU)
(Dead and Gone, 17 Driver St, Sheffield, S13 9WP, UNITED KINGDOM, www.deadandgonerecords.com)

DISTRESS – “Progress/Regress” CD
Ten tracks of rumble-y DIS-core from St. Petersburg, Russia. DISTRESS is reminiscent of the last two decades of swaggering Finnish and Japanese takes on DISCHARGE, where there are more musical breaks and complicated compositions based around an upfront drum attack and hoarse, blown-out vocals than a guitar-driven overdrive. Replete with Japanese-style choruses (total Shinjuku fist-raisers like “Filthy business! Filthy business!” that rise from the din to instantly stick out and have you shouting along in your head) and quick solos, *Progress/Regress* forces the urgency of refreshingly direct lyrics about environmental destruction, profiteering, poseurs, alcoholism, and more. The recording is good, but maybe too good for this style—driven deeper into distortion and noise would only up the chaos level. Cool. (KS)
(Alexander Jakovlev, PO Box 44, St. Petersburg 192 171, RUSSIA, alex.distress@gmail.com)

DISTROY – “Record Collectors are Pretentious Arseholes” EP
Packed in a killer sleeve, this is noisy and chaotic thrash-hardcore from Tasmania. DISTROY are somewhere in a blown-out practice room working out the differences between straightforward CHAOS UK bashing and all the Japanese hardcore *influenced* by CHAOS UK, as they drop in an occasional solo deep in effect-pedal land. The only distraction to this chaos is the vocals that within each song jump around between styles and don’t maintain a consistent level in the mix. It’s a bit distracting as this blasts forward, but it’s a fun six-track rampage with weird paranoid lyrics about driving, record collecting (I’ve tried collecting records in Tasmania, and man I’d be paranoid too—where *are* all the records?? Where are *any* records??), bugs crawling under your skin, etc. (KS)
(Distroy, PO Box 121, North Hobart, Tasmania 7002, AUSTRALIA)

DISTRUST – “World of Tomorrow” CD
I was really excited to see this release, as I have a copy of their demo from years ago. Singaporean crust mongers DISTRUST have been around for quite some time and *World of Tomorrow* is a collection of a bunch of their recordings—and it fuckin’ rules. Singapore has quite a scene for UK-style crust/grind and these guys are a fine example of EXTREME NOISE TERROR-inspired brutality. Awesome! (NM)
(Black Seeds, 32 Clarendon Hall, Aungier Street, Dublin 2, IRELAND)

DOA – “The Black Spot” CD
Not sure exactly what this is...is it a real DOA album? The liner notes say it’s what would have been a 1995 release, but due to the unfortunate death of drummer Ken Jensen, the project was shelved until now when John Wright (NOMEANSNO) has stood in on drums, and the record gets to see the light of day...but I’m sure I’ve heard at least one of these songs before. I gave up trying to keep up with DOA releases a while back. Was it worth the wait? Well, it’s a mid-’90s DOA album, you pretty much know if you’re going to be into it or not. Fast, aggressive, well played punk rock with a gruff, rough edge, and a lot of attitude. How can you not like a song called “Big Guys Like DOA?”
(AD)
(Sudden Death, Cascades PO Box 43001, Burnaby, BC, V5G 3HO, CANADA)

DOA – “Smash the State: The Raw Original DOA 1978-’81” DVD
Maybe it’s just me, but I think it’s kinda ironic that a DVD titled *Smash the State* opens with one of those FBI anti-piracy warnings. Anyway, DOA released some classic records in the early ’80s, though I feel like they were much closer to the ’77 UK sound (particularly the PISTOLS) than many of their US contemporaries. Thus, the excitement level of watching live footage seems to be a bit lower than, say, that of the BAD BRAINS or MINOR THREAT DVDs that are out there—DOA were much more of a “rock” band, and it’s apparent with some of their stage moves here. Nonetheless, they were a great rock band, and this DVD captures them at their peak, complete with Chuck Biscuits’ powerhouse drumming and Joey Shithead’s non-stop head-bobbing. There’s a good variety here, with some professionally shot footage and some fan-in-the-audience stuff too. Most interesting is the handful of songs filmed in the summer of 1978 at an anarchist Anti-Canada festival—the band is definitely rougher and less tight, but they’re fuckin’ *raw*. You can tell that they were really breaking new ground, charting new territory, doing something that few others around the world were doing—and it’s exciting to watch, warts and all. There’s also a cool eight-or-so-minute-long local TV news piece on “new wave” (read: punk) in Vancouver from 1979 included as a bonus feature on this DVD that fucking rules. (CS)
(MVD, www.mvdvisual.com)

THE DUKES OF HILLSBOROUGH / THE MERCURY LEAGUE – split EP
The DUKES deal in that strange amalgam (seemingly unique to Florida) of Southern Rock and LEATHERFACE. They play that dark, densely melodic, anthemic punk with whisky-burnt Southern-accented vocals. Ironically, the MERCURY LEAGUE hails from the home of LEATHERFACE, but doesn’t sound anything like them. Much more Yank sounding in fact, right down to the JEHU-inspired octave-heavy guitar lines. There’s a hint of HDQ in the vocals, though, I have to say. Not that HDQ’s singer was shy about trying to sound like a Sherman Tank, at least after the first (and best) 12”. (AM)
(Accident Prone, PO Box 15087, Portland, OR 97293, www.accidentprone.com)

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING – “You Let Me Be Honest With You/We’ll Be Turned On”
This is the best record this month. No doubt about it. I don’t even have to listen any of the others to know it. *I love EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING.* Really, love them. I was lucky enough to get to see them when they played a show in San Francisco. Having never heard of them and seeing that they were the opening band on a bill I would never have considered going to see, I went because Ryan Wells recommended that I did. *Wow*, was he right. They were fuckin’ amazing. I bought their album and went home and listened to it after the show. When was the last time I did that? Probably 1992. This 7” contains two more amazing songs of angular post-punk. Of course when I say that, you probably have some modern shit pop into your head. I am talking about late-’70s punk, the real stuff: WIRE, BUZZCOCKS, and WARSAW. Clean guitar chugging along with punchy bass and drums and an Australian-accented singer who kind of sings,

kind of speaks, but in a very musical way. These are two extremely catchy songs so pick this up and anything else you can find by EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING. They are just too cool. (CK)
(White Denim, PO Box 605, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004, www.whitedenim.com)

ELECTRIC BUNNIES – "Eskimo" EP
On Florida's Dying Records, ELECTRIC BUNNIES is a three-piece Floridian band that is all over the place. Did the three members of this band each write a song and put it on this single? This EP goes every which way and that. It's refreshing to hear a band that is so directionless, but in the end I'm still unsure as to what this group's deal is. I could never decide if I thought the ADD/OOC boys in high school were geniuses or just needed a little focus. Maybe both, kinda like I view this single. I had crushes on those boys though, just as I'm strangely drawn to this release. The A-side starts off with "Eskimo," a pop song complete with hand-claps and melodic repetitive pop-noise. Lyrics spit out with attitude. But the second song, "Eat Worms," is a wahHahhah boomerang of back and forth sound that needs to be experienced with headphones. Bobbing your head until you can't handle it anymore. Dirty, screaming, scratchy noise garage punk. The B-side though…listen here, you're probably not going to like it. Only a handful of people will find comfort in the disturbing chant "Counting Sheep." It's a hypnotic fucker of a song that clinks its way through from start to finish. This is the warble and singsong of a band who does not give a god-damned motherfuck. And they really don't. "Counting Sheep" starts off sweet and simple and will lose listeners before midway through, before the distortion from hell kicks in. Not that the distortion will gain many fans either. You're gonna be a sucker for it, or you're not going to have the patience. In the end, the song's a pleasant reminder that some bands don't need a road-map and just want to do things their way. (AL)
(Florida's Dying, www.floridasdaying.com)

THE ERASE-HERS – "Out Of My Mind" CD
A more pop EPOXIES here. Bubbly, up-tempo new wave pop with lots of guitar as well as keyboards. Three songs on this great CDEP with a strong gal singer and lots of "whoas" in the background department. Summertime music. (RL)
(self-released, www.erasehers.com)

FABULOUS DISASTER / OCTOONS – split CD
A weird mix, with the all gal-local band who does raw, almost greaser punk and the French band OCTOONS, who does screamo hardcore (excluding the acoustic track). Neither really does it for me, as FABULOUS DISASTER was rocking but unmemorable and the OCTOONS remind me musically too much of UNDEROATH, which is my own hang-up I guess. FYI—this CD is titled *Awesome Fromage*. (RL)
(Cider City, www.cidercityrecords.com)

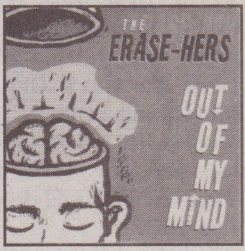
FAST CARS – "Well…You Started It" CD
A new release from the Mancs that brought you the floor-filling classic "The Kids Just Wanna Dance." Mostly all-new recordings here, plus a handful of tracks from the late '70s and early '80s that never saw the light of day. Not sounding much different from their classic *Coming…Ready or Not* debut long-player, just lacking that youthful energy that made the early recordings essential. But it's by no means a stinker, still churning out the chops, hitting the notes, and on a occasion coming ever-so-close to that special formula that made this band one of the influential greats. (SD)
(Detour, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex GU29 YU, UNITED KINGDOM, www.detour-records.co.uk)

FATALITY / THINK FAST – split EP
Moody intro for FATALITY. It's '90s-sounding—no comparisons, just pretty '90s. The last track picks up for a moment then falls back into mid-tempo, noisy, a bit chaotic territory, minus the screechy vocals. THINK FAST plays quick-paced hardcore; heavy moments with dirty production. The standout track here is "The End," a very short song that is to the point. Overall, a cool representation of what is happening in Reno. (MS)
(self-released, cjcostal719@hotmail.com)

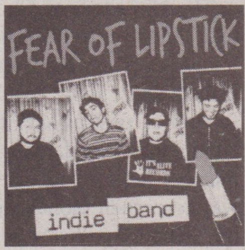
FEAR OF LIPSTICK – "Indie Band" EP
Four-song debut of unashamed pop punk—it's got all the proper hooks, energy, and enthusiasm that this style needs in order for it to work. At times, FEAR OF LIPSTICK is reminiscent of THE LILLINGTONS, THE QUEERS, or ONE MAN ARMY. If the poppier side of punk is your lollipop, then no better a record than this to add to your collection. (SD)
(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92867, www.itsaliverords.com)

THE FILTHY 42'S – "Positively South Jersey" CD
Catchy punk tunes with some rock 'n' roll overtones. Unfortunately, the most striking aspect about this CD was the annoying use of pitch-correction technology. At times it was so pronounced (possibly intentionally) that is sounded like the old vocoder effect people used to use to almost make the voice sound like a keyboard. My favorite track was "Just One More Week," which was more on the rock 'n' roll side. Overall, the songs aren't bad. There's some nifty lead guitar work in there, and I even liked the ballad. Actually, I like lots of ballads, so that's no surprise. If the band could consign the vocal effects to crappy electro dance music and pop idols, they would have a decent record. (RK)
(Boot to Head, PO Box 9005, Portland, OR 97207, www.boottohead.com)

FINAL BATON – "Cul Sec" CD
It's tough writing a review for a band that you can tell has a lot of merit, but you're just not really into the particular style of music. What we have here is a five-track EP of hard-hitting mid-'90s-style hardcore from Montreal that combines some really good guitar riffs and shouted vocals that fall somewhere between emo (when emo was hardcore) and metalcore in the same vein as bands like BOTCH, CONVERGE, or maybe even REFUSED. My rudimentary understanding of the French language is enough to see that the lyrics are meaningful, and the music has passion and conviction, but this type of stuff just doesn't connect with me. If you have the slightest interest for this style of hardcore though, you should give this a shot. (BG)
(Mon-Oeil, www.mon-oeil.org)



fast cars
"Well... You started it!"



FINAL BÂTON
CUL SEC

FLASH ATTACKS – "Revenge of the Fruitflies" EP

Thou shall not judge a record by its cover alone. This is not the first time that I have had to learn this commandment, but it's so hard not to get jaded when a lot of sub-par records come through the *MRR* headquarters. I tossed this on the turntable with little expectation and my shit-worker arrogance was immediately humbled when the first few notes blasted through my headphones. This record is fucking awesome! There have been a slew of old school hardcore revival bands in the last few years (and I have absolutely no problem with that!), but certain elements of that era have not been captured that well. I'm talking about the kind of thing where band members seem fucked up and dangerous, like maybe they carry a knife and are looking to use it. I'm talking about lyrics that are sort of personal and sort of about society, but have an underlying nihilism between the lines. FANG comes to mind here, or maybe even PTL KLUB. These Jersey boys invoke those sentiments. Musically, I would say they cue their sound from the mid-'80s hardcore era when bands like HALF OFF, CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, and POISON IDEA were keeping it together. This whole thing is fucking DIY—the band put out the EP on their own, and the lyric sheet is a total hand-drawn effort. A keeper for sure. (BG)

(Circle F, www.myspace.com/theflashattacks)

FOR SCIENCE – "Way Out Of Control" CD

Speedy melodic punk that almost has a HÜSKER DÜ quality. Muffled melodic screaming/singing over ringing chords. Pretty good stuff although this doesn't knock me out. Maybe it's a little too speedy to let the poppiness come through and be catchy. Still, this is a decent band. (RL)

(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869, www.itsaliverecords.com)

FRUSTRATIONS – "Exploding Mind" EP

The "Freedom of Choice" on this EP is the best DEVO cover since the MUMMIES, and it's not even the best song on here. "Exploding Mind" and "Evil Twin" are from the same swamp of post-psych (meaning it's more psychotic than psychedelic) noise/proto-punk as many of the collectibles you record nerds spent way too much money on. Don't miss the boat on something that's actually here and now. (DD)

(Die Stasi, diestasi@gmail.com. frustrations@wx-recordings.com)

FUNHOUSE STRIPPERS – "Kick Out the Lights" CD

Looking at the bros with the upturned, "what the fuck did you say?" chins posing on the cover, I was ready to trash this because I only give good reviews to unshaven, alcoholic boy bands and JAY REATARD clones. But it's actually pretty decent. If they'd forgotten their costumes and spent less than a year mixing, they'd have a nice album on their hands. The songs are good, and god knows they can play, but there's just no peaks and valleys – it's just a flatline of Marshall stacks madness. And lose the "Hell yeahs!" (JP)

(Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476)

THE GAGFACTORS – "Music from the Original Family Demotapes: 2005-2007" CD

Tiny little limited mini-CD thing here. The music's pretty rock, but not in an annoying way. Actually, the first track is the rockiest, and after that it gets really good, no-frills melodic snotty punk. I'm not sure if they're taking the piss with the POISON cover—it's a little too well done—though their version of THE RECORDS' "Starry Eyes" is pretty spot on too. This is a very enjoyable and strange little CD. I tried to find out more information but their website has nothing and their MySpace page has been deleted. So...if you can find this, I'd recommend the mysterious GAGFATORS. (AD)

(Foie Gras, no address)

THE GAGFACTORS – "We Rock, You Suck..." EP

Wow. Fucking awesome. It's no secret that I used to think that the French just couldn't play punk rock. After years of putting out some pretty great shit, I finally let them off the hook a couple of years ago. Why is that relevant, given that this is an Italian band? Well, this could be the first step in me accepting that Italians can play great punk rock. Most of the Italian stuff I've heard of late sounds like THE QUEERS. Not so here. This is not pop punk or punky pop. This is punk rock. Sure, it's catchy, but it's punk (and vaguely reminiscent of SLOPPY SECONDS). While they might not have any friends here at *MRR*, they've got at least one fan. (KK)

(Rockin' Bones, Borgo Palmia 3a, 43100 Parma, ITALY, info@rockinbones.it, www.rockinbones.it)

GET DESTROYED – "Brain Diseased" EP

Ten tracks of modern-day powerviolence from this Scottsdale, AZ band. Of course, the INFEST and MAN IS THE BASTARD comparisons are evident, but how can it not be with this genre of music? Not blazing any new territory, but definitely worth your time. Overall a pretty solid release and this being GET DESTROYED's first outing, impressive as well. (JH)

(Coughing Up, 9276 South Myrtle Ave, Tempe, AZ 85284)

THE GOLDEN ERROR / LIVEFASTDIE – split EP

LIVEFASTDIE plays catchy, simple, retarded punk a la GG and THE PAGANS. The production is raw and noisy and the vocals have a decent amount of delay and snot. Their two songs fly by and are immediately engraved in my head. The opening track, "Dawn of the VHS," is lyrically as primitive as the band's music since it is lauding the invention of the VCR and the ability to tape and watch one's favorite television programs. THE GOLDEN ERROR has a similar vibe but they are much more straight rock. Their offering, "Fucking In the Fitting Room," is not as cleverly dumb as the LIVEFASTDIE numbers. The song progressively gets more angry and agitated but by that time I was back to gnawing on my fingers in boredom. Most splits are one-sided affairs anyway so I'll be sticking to the LIVEFASTDIE side of this one. (CI)

(Mind/No Mind, www.myspace.com/mindnomindrecords)

THE HADDONFIELDS – "The Haddonfields Get a Nightlife" CD

Pop punk from St. Louis. This is very SCREECHING WEASEL-y...and like I say in every review—this stuff either hits or misses badly. So many of these bands are copycats, it's ridiculous...I mean it's 2007 and this could have been an INVALIDS record. I wonder if their name is a *Halloween* reference...if it is it's the best thing about this. (AD)

(Knowhere, 2959D Chapel Hill Rd., Douglasville, GA 30135)

HEAD – "Heil Head! The Complete Discography 1992-1997" CD

HEAD was something of a cult favorite among the pop-punk glitterati back in the early-to-mid-'90s. Hailing from Seattle (or thereabouts) they seemed to pretty much exist in a vacuum away from both the Seattle music scene and Chicago/New Hampshire pop punk circles so prevalent at the time. As pop punk makes a big comeback, it's not really surprising to see this released. HEAD played simple melodic punk rock with a funny/fuck you attitude not unlike THE QUEERS, though I can hear other comparisons now years later to the likes of ANGRY SAMOANS, PINK LINCOLNS, THE EAT, THE SPITS, and THE NUBS. They played their punk rock a lot straighter than say SCREECHING WEASEL or say, SWEET BABY, with a rawer, simpler RAMONES flavor. The 31 tracks here combine the four 7"s (including the split with METAL MIKE), the *Street Level Assault* 12" EP, and the album. Their sound gets better with the two longer records, as, according to the liner notes, they gave up on trying to recapture the sound of the first RAMONES album. *Street Level Assault* is a bone-fide classic (and has one of the funniest covers I've ever seen) and I'd never actually heard *The Monkeys* LP until now, but it's really good too. HEAD was cool. (AD)

(Evil Clown, PO Box 9144, Seattle, WA 98109, evilclownrecords@yahoo.com)

HEADACHE CITY – "T-T-T-T-T-T-Tonite" EP

Three pop gems buried beneath a dirge of lo-fi static, reckless guitar solos, and a thick blanket of menace. No amount of guitar thuggery can distract from the absolute beauty of this record. Three tunes of pure punk gold taking in the most memorable hooks and fist-defying moments of the MISFITS, the contagious simplicity of THE BODIES, powered along with a wall of garage rock not unlike the early NEW BOMB TURKS. I've played this EP four times in a row—I don't even ring my mum up four times a year and I love her dearly. Brilliant. (SD)
(self-released, headachecitylimits@yahoo.com)

HEART ATTACK – "God Is Dead" EP

Along with another reviewer, I was talking about how one can even review this record. Folks, this is some of the most intense fucking fast punk/hardcore to ever come out of NYC. The attitude, energy, and spirit on this record is completely punk and is so rare to find these days. I love this EP! "God Is Dead"—go paint that shit on your jacket, walk around town, and try to tell me punk is no longer shocking or offensive. Play that track and I'll lose my shit. This EP was re-released by Mike from Broken Rekids as a benefit for the band. Everyone should thank him for this since the original press was limited to 300 copies. Now is your chance to score this amazing record. (MS)
(Broken, www.brokenrekids.com)

HEAR THE SIRENS – "…Anywhere But Home" EP

I would have loved this twelve years ago, but since the Warped Tour has co-opted all bands of this style (slick, well played melodic punk like STRIKE ANYWHERE or a more hardcore AGAINST ME!), all I can think of is a bunch of pre-pubescent kids swaying along to the anthemic choruses. I mean, this is really good, and I'm being an old turd just dismissing it; so if you dig the aforementioned, or bands like KID DYNAMITE or LATTERMAN, this is a really strong release. I just can't get the image of a thousand kids singing their hearts out on a field in Cleveland out of my head—I guess I'm more of a basement and a six-pack kind of guy. (TB)
(Silly Girl, www.myspace.com/sillygirlrecords)

HEY GIRL! – "Spill Your Guts!" LP

I only managed to catch HEY GIRL! play once, before Rashida moved to NY for school. I caught their last show at Thrillhouse, which contained a much-needed blast of raging East Bay-inflected teenage girl punk, complete with what looked like two sets of band parents in the pit! Or just outside of the pit; you know parents… This totally reminds me of RAOOUL, obviously, who are their '90s predecessors. Another all-girl teenage band from the Bay Area? This is a formula that I think needs to repeated way more than it has been. The vocals are less screechy and insane sounding than RAOOUL's, maybe veering more towards a Poly Styrene/Kathleen Hanna tuneful scream. The music is super punk, yet catchy and poppy like the trad-dad East Bay pop-punk of yore. It's really wild sounding though; the drums are a total George of the Jungle-style savage attack and the band sounds like they are playing a crazy house party *at all times*. It's just exciting to listen to; they make it sound like being in this band is the best and most fun thing they have ever done. What more can you ask for from a record? The energy and youthful fire of the first RED CROSS 12", combined with some Lookout Records Easy Bay-isms, and yeah, they're wilder sounding than SADO-NATION but there's a definite hint of that in here too… I like hearing bands that manage to sound exactly like where they come from, representing their community and the history of their punk scene in their sound, but what makes a band great is when they are able to also totally fuck with that legacy. Wrecking history with their own ideas and irreverence. Punk shouldn't be a museum, but it kind of is, you know? I like HEY GIRL! because they are punk as fuck, goofy and mean at the same time, funny and pissed off, and their music is fast, loud, and a good time. Seriously, all the teenage girls reading this review—go form a band. (LG)
(Thrillhouse, PO Box 460207, San Francisco, CA 94146)

HIPSHAKES – "You Make Me Malfunction / Duh Duh"

Oh, those clever HIPSHAKES boys…this record has a "noisy side" and a "silent side", however they didn't simply make it a one-sided 7", side-two indeed has grooves filled with silence. "You Make Me Malfunction" is perfectly crafted as it contains ample amounts of energy, catchiness, and noise. "Duh Duh" is a faster, crazier affair—it's almost played at a hardcore tempo but still demonstrates the quirk-factor that has distinguished THE HIPSHAKES. This "no-fi" garage trio keeps churning out the records and it's nice to see that they are still able to write notable tunes such as these. (CI)
(Show and Tell, www.myspace.com/showandtellrecordings, www.thehipshakes.com)

HOLY SHIT! – s/t LP

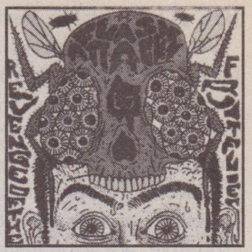
Took me a couple listens to get up to speed with this LP—with the herky-jerky riffs and unexpected moments of blasting, it's hard to discern the song structures at first. But beneath the chaos, there seems to be order…and even some catchy parts here and there. Y'know—sometimes I want to rock out with some by-the-numbers Scandi-core. Sometimes I want to mellow out with some wimpy pop music. And sometimes I want to be assaulted with some nonsense hardcore noise blowing out of my speakers at 500 mph. A solid LP. (CS)
(Criminal IQ, 3501 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657)

IDIOTS RULE – "Ticking Timebombs" EP

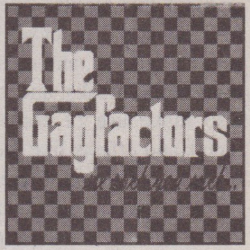
Ripping German hardcore chock full of hate and bile. Like a mix of NEGATIVE APPROACH and DISCHARGE. Too hardcore to be crusty, but heading that way, with ripping leads all over the place and barking vocals. Like labelmates BOMBENALARM, this is quality shit. (TB)
(Hate, www.haterecords.net)

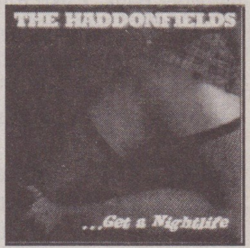
JEANIE & THE TITS – "Slut Fame" EP

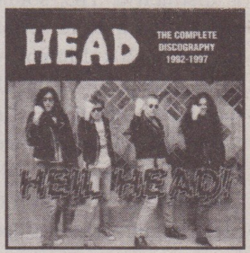
If you like your punk rock a little rough around the edges, you're in for a treat. This is mid-tempo punk rock, with (high school-ish) female vocals, and very lo-fi. This one takes me back to San Francisco's MAGGOTS, despite the fact that they really sound nothing like them. Plus, you've got to love the band name. (KK)
(Florida's Dying, www.floridasdying.com)

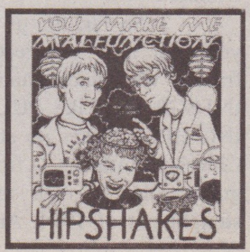


FOR SCIENCE









JOE JITSU – "The Perfect Life" CD

For the record, no one in this band is named Joe or seems to be gifted in martial arts. A trio doing a basic power-pop-meets-'80s-college-rock thing. For stuff that sounds pop-influenced, this is kind of flat melody-wise. Produced by Stephen Egerton; I was hoping for something more energetic and lively. (RL)
(Top Five, www.top5records.com)

JUMALAN RUOSKA – "Flamenco Days" CD

These Finns have been around for several years but this is their third and final release. I did an internet search to discover that JUMALAN RUOSKA is from a remote town of 4,000 people in northern Finland. Apparently their isolation has allowed them to explore some unusual possibilities within the realm of hardcore punk. Actually, their sound is not quite "out there" but it's not standard hardcore either. *Flamenco Days* certainly stands out among a lot of the other no-frills hardcore that I've endured this month. The vocals are animated, forceful, and distinct while the guitars are playful and agitated, and most of the songs contain interesting breaks and tempo changes. They also make use of some oft-neglected instruments and effects like the Theremin and possibly a kazoo—I hear some flange in there too but it's all done in good taste, I promise. They could've refined their approach and left out the three folk songs and the funk song, but the other twelve tracks on this CD are great, weird, edgy hardcore punk. I like *Flamenco Days* so much that I wish it was on vinyl and I'm also curious to hear any other JUMALAN RUOSKA releases. (CI)
(Ässä-levyt, www.jumalanruoska.cjb.net)

LIGHTEN UP – "I'd Rather Be Snoring" EP

This Philadelphia outfit falls into frenetic skate-punk mode with this four-song EP. *I'd Rather Be Snoring* uses pummeling guitar figures with grandiose changes of pace to make for a distinctive HC sound; uniformly strong, though it's a more serious, probing variant of the genre. It's dripping with rebellion (there's little chance of seeing this band "lighten up" too much over time). On white vinyl—this is more distinctive and interesting with multiple listenings. Good stuff. (SS)
(Braindrain, www.braindrainrecords.com, braindrainrec@hotmail.com)

LIVING HELL – "The Lost and the Damned" CD

So far, this is the second band this year that has been recommended to me by friends who understand my obsession with INTEGRITY. Like PULLING TEETH, LIVING HELL makes no attempts at hiding their Cleveland influences, from their abundance of guitar solos to their mid-paced mosh parts straight out of 1994. And like the aforementioned Baltimore band, LIVING HELL has everything they need to complete the package, with the exception of a vocalist that can match Dwid's intensity. Craig Mack is great, but if you are trying to recapture what made INTEGRITY so great, you need someone that sounds like a fucking ogre. On the other hand, just because they don't sound like what their artwork and promotional sheet would like to suggest, it doesn't keep LIVING HELL from being one of the more devastating metal-hardcore bands that I've heard in years. (CC)
(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, www.revelationrecords.com)

LOT LIZARDS – "Leave Me Alone (I've Got A Bomb)" EP

A sassy two-piece from London. You need a lot of chutzpah to carry a two-piece these days and LOT LIZARDS seem to have a bunch. Male and female vocals buried in shitty production, but the catchiness of the songs manages to come through. (CK)
(Perpetrator, PO Box 68-984, Newton, Auckland, NEW ZEALAND, perpetrator_1@hotmail.com)

LOVE AND A 45 – "Too Blonde For You" CD

A UK band that's pretty rockin' with a singer reminiscent of Kim of the MUFFS. Almost reminds me of the GOOPS gone more punk. Lots of raw guitar in the mix here that teeters on rock at times. I like this for its energy and decent tunes. Good stuff. (RL)
(Cheapshock, no address)

LOVE SONGS – "Hot Buns" EP

Oh LOVE SONGS, how we smile when we hear you. LOVE SONGS have fun, and do they ever push the limits of fun with this single. "Hot Buns," with its pulsing keyboards and guitar leads, is right between cheesy '80s new wave and hair metal. The beginning of the track has me thinking EUROPE's "Final Countdown." Nice pink, baby blue, purple, and yellow artwork to go along with the theme. And the lyrics seem like they are referring to '80s arena rock. The song is about the structure and attitude of these types of songs. I can't even follow the lyrics/idea behind "I Miss My TV Set" but essentially it's a power pop tune. Hardcore? Nope. Metal? Nope. Power Pop? Maybe. WEIRD AL? You bet. (MH)
(Thrillhouse, PO Box 460207, San Francisco, CA 94146)

MANIC SEWING CIRCLE – "Summer Spins" CD

Oh doom! Ska-tinged pop punk—what are you doing here! It's the year 2007, nearly 2008, isn't it time you heeded the call and stopped making those horrible sounds? I don't understand how something as rad as THE SPECIALS or if you wanna go further back, PRINCE BUSTER or DESMOND DEKKER, can result in such an aural abortion that is this piece of shit CD. It's like they took all the "cool" out of old ska and replaced it with McDonald's Happy Meal pantomime bullshit. My message to ska bands in 2008 onwards would be: *just stop it.* I know this band is probably on the Warped Tour as I write this, playing to vast arenas of teenage fans who only think music is real or good if it's sponsored by Budweiser and has baby-T's and ironic ska belt buckles for sale in the merch cavern. So I doubt MANIC SEWING CIRCLE care much about what a lowly DIY punk has to say about the relevance of their sound. This is wacky nightmare clown music for idiot bores. (LG)
(Bouncing Betty, PO Box 551, Park Ride, IL 60068)

MARDROM – "Nar Mardrommen Blir Till Verklighet" – EP

While listening to this EP I envision myself at a show and I feel my eyes swell up and sting from a beer-drenched dreadlock that violently whipped into my face, leaving me temporarily blind. This crust is so fucking crusty—listeners beware! This would not be a personal pick for my occasional crust fix but a possible gem for the obsessive collector of this genre. 300 pressed; have fun finding this one. (MS)
(D-Takt/Rapunk, Box 13, 114 79 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

MASSGRAVE / WARFAIR? – split EP

Frozen Canada vs. the Arizona desert. OK, I know it's not a competition. In the black corner, hailing from a dry wasteland that calls baseball spring training home, fast, noisy grind band WARFAIR? In the also black corner, hailing from the frozen tundra that is Canada, crusty hardcore band MASSGRAVE. Both bands contribute tracks recorded in 2004. I know how long these things can take to get out, so—understood. WARFAIR?'s vocals are guttural and their music a bit faster, leaning more towards grindcore. I've heard better MASSGRAVE stuff but these tracks aren't bad. (MH)
(Coughing Up, 9276 Myrtle Ave, Tempe, AZ 85284)

THE MEASURE [SA] / OFF WITH THEIR HEADS – split EP

THE MEASURE [SA] plays rousing pop punk not dissimilar to THIS IS MY FIST! I know it's a cheap comparison 'cos they both have girl singers, but really, I think it fits. Scene darlings OFF WITH THEIR HEADS can seemingly do no wrong, and they've pitched in here with two more instant classics dripping with sincerity and romance. I'm not sure anyone else could get away with this but they manage to write love songs without making them sappy. (AM)
(Chunksaah, PO Box 977, Asbury Park, NJ 07712, www.chunksaah.com)

MOB 47 – "Kärnvapen Attack" EP

It's pretty hard to review a record like this—I mean, what am I supposed to say about one of the best Swedish HC records ever made by one of the best Swedish HC bands (well, HC bands in general) *ever*!? If you have any punk cred, you already love these guys and have heard these songs on various releases before. MOB 47 is, to this day, one of the best bands of the true thrash-punk genre—raging, chaotic *garanterat mangel*. A proper re-release, which should be in any self-respecting punks collection. (NM)

(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

MOTIONLESS IN WHITE – "The Whorror" CD

First of all, if you're going to play the role of Pied Piper and attempt to take all the disillusioned and outsider kids under your wing and show them a place where they can go to be with likeminded outcasts, it can really perpetuate the whole cycle of what you're trying to avoid. 'Cause to me, it's fairly obvious that this music is geared to the hordes of depresso-teen children of absent and overmedicated parents that fill the cavernous halls of malls all over America. And with this band's appearance on the Taste Of Chaos tour, it's also obvious that they have the ability to project their message to armies of the disenchanted. I fully understand the frustration of being a teenager when it seems as if no one understands you. But every adult who's ever walked this Earth had the same thing to say about the generations that came before and after. The truth of the matter is that these really are dark times; certainly not the first, but quite possibly the last. When all you ever see and hear are tales of failure, violence, and hate—which the media generally portrays as a plague exclusive to the youth of the world—it really carries weight. Especially when love and appreciation are the only things you really need but the hardest to come by. I guess what I'm trying to say is that while music is the perfect catharsis for getting out your frustration, there is also a great responsibility when you have so many impressionable ears soaking up what you have to say and so many open eyes looking to you as a mouthpiece for their generation. Along that trajectory I think this band actually does bring (a dark) light to important issues that young people are dealing with on a level never before seen in the history of humankind—teen suicide, drug addiction, and standing up for what you believe in—but I also think there is a certain recklessness in the execution. There is one song that I find particularly troubling and sort of rewrites the whole *Romeo and Juliet* scenario for modern times, only it's more like "it's a shame that you killed yourself because I really would have liked to have been able to kill you to show how much I loved you." Wow, this is a long-winded and possibly a bit over-reaching review but I think this needed to be addressed instead of just writing this off as Hot Topic-core. The music contained on this disc takes major cues from the more mainstream side of things, like AVENGED SEVENFOLD and their ilk. Heavy, breakdown and mosh filled sing-alongs with a growling vocalist that occasionally open up into synth leads and more "sing-y" vocal parts. Thanks for sitting through my diatribe. (JU)

(Masquerade, www.masqueraderecordings.com)

THE MUGWUMPS – "Do Time With The Mugwumps" EP

RAMONES-y pop punk. In this crowded genre (perhaps more than any other…except maybe Oi) you really have to be something special to stick out, otherwise it's like the other 90% sinking into the bog of sub-mediocrity. That said, it seems the MUGWUMPS decided not to stick out at all, and went straight for the paint-by-the-numbers approach. The thing is, they do it so well that it's plain to see what side of the "crap-or-not crap" fence they're on. Totally genre-specific pop punk, with a leaning towards the BOYS just as much as the QUEERS. Good. (AD)

(It's Alive, 1141 Hewes St., Orange, CA 92869)

MYLES DECK AND THE FUZZ – "Beware The Fuzz" LP

I am going to track down every person on the thank you list on this LP and kill them. (JP)

(From Here to There, PO Box 36085, Spring Carden RPO, Halifax, NS B3J 3S9, CANADA)

THE OBSERVERS – "Walk Alone" EP

La Vida Es Un Mus presents us with a repress from a band whose name has bounced off the walls and tongues of many punks here at *Maximum Rocknroll*. A few years past and one can barely hear a faint whisper of these once but almost forgotten legends. This EP is still an amazing listen—good catchy hooks, distinct vocals, and memorable melodies that will stay with you long after these songs are done. Still great! (MS)

(La Vida Es Un Mus, 178 Trelawney Estate, Paragon Rd. London E9 6PQ, UNITED KINGDOM)

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS – "All Things Move Toward Their End" CD

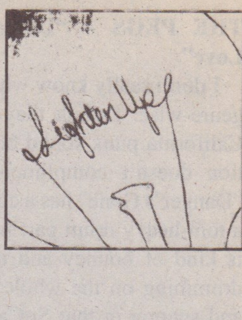
I remember these guys from a Snuffy Smile split if I'm not mistaken. So when I saw this full-length, I was expecting great things. This is just pretty good, though in all fairness, it's a singles/comp tracks collection, not their new LP. From Minnesota, even sharing Paddy from DILLINGER FOUR at times, these guys crank out similar out-of-control melodic punk with keyboards in the mix at times. I get the feeling that the best has yet to come from these guys and this is pretty damn good right now. (RL)

(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

OUT WITH A BANG – "Love My Life" EP

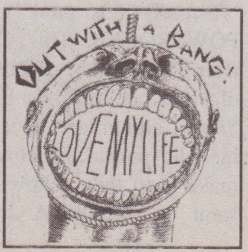
More shitty times documented by the ever-loving ever-caring shitheads OUT WITH A BANG. This is less Keith Morris and more Bruce Loose, if you get my drift, though they have lost none of their refined sense of stupidity. They have just focused their ability to be true morons into more of a FLIPPER or, um, maybe even ELECTRIC EELS doom-tinged dirge… The gleeful BLACK FLAG circa-'79 trash of *I'm Against It* is replaced by a very *au current* sound that brings to mind PISSED JEANS and—I was gonna say SEX VID but this is not as unhinged. This is more like a kid brother's dirty joke. Bad sex and worse drugs. Obviously I am into it. (LG)

(Fashionable Idiots, PO Box 580131, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.fashionableidiots.com)



MANIC SEWING CIRCLE
SUMMER SPINS

DO TIME with
THE MUGWUMPS



THE PEGS – "Danger's Gone/Bazooka Love"

I don't really know where to place the PEGS genre-wise. I think they are going for an old California punk sound but the modern production doesn't compliment their music at all. "Danger's Gone" has a cool intro that is built on a tom-heavy drum part but the rest of the song is kind of bouncy and irritating. Actually the drumming on the whole record is really good and snappy in that SoCal punk way but uninspired guitar riffs and monotonous vocals are so high in the mix that the drums get buried. I was afraid that the song "Bazooka Love" was *never* gonna end. Seriously, the music just plods along and goes absolutely nowhere and the vocals are *sooo* boring and lack any sort of range and rhythm. I generally like this style but these songs aren't doing it for me. (CI)

(Slab-O-Wax, PO Box 461082, San Antonio, TX 78246, www.slab-o-wax.com)

PLASTIC IDOLS – "Singles, Demos & Live" CD

"$E=MC^2$, not that you really care!" Fucking brilliant! Pretty much everything these late-'70s-era Texans ever did—two singles plus an album's worth of live stuff. Some of the goofier new wave songs are like the SPITS with table manners, but the straight-ahead *rock* songs like "Einstein Experience" and "I'm Already Dead" can't be beat, especially the latter with its SAINTS sneer. And, if it's minutiae you're after, you'll be happy to know the album comes with an 800-page CD booklet that includes *Please Kill Me*-ish testimony and gossip by the band members. Good, straight-to-the-goddamn-point rock and roll. (JP)

(Hotbox Review, hotboxreview@hotmail.com)

PNS – "Posledni Odpocet" CD

Raging thrash HC from the Czech Republic. PNS definitely shows some old USHC influences and at several points brought SEEIN' RED to mind, although they sing in their native tongue. Pretty straightforward stuff, definitely firmly lodged in the '80s-era HC model. Cool. (NM)

(Papagájuv Hlasatel, c/o Pavel Friml, Mrstíkova 393, 664 82, Rícany u Brna, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.phr.cz)

PRAWDA – "77" CD

Poland's PRAWDA has existed as a band since 1994, but their roots go back to the late-'70s/early-'80s punk groups ZWLOKI and POWEROCKS. This CD collects 20 songs from PRAWDA's various releases. The handful of tracks here off their 1995 *Biologia z Drugiej Strony* album are decent meat 'n' potatoes melodic punk…the closest comparison I can make is to their fellow Poles K.S.U. As time went on, PRAWDA diversified their sound, adding elements of reggae, metal, and straight rock 'n' roll. My interest in the music waned as the CD went on, though the lyrics were high-quality throughout—dealing with alienation from both the state and society in that curious English-translated-from-Polish way. (CS)

(Papagájuv Hlasatel, c/o Pavel Friml, Mrstíkova 393, 664 82, Rícany u Brna, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.phr.cz)

REGULATIONS – "Different Needs" EP

There was always something off-putting about this band to me, and this EP is no exception. That's not to say these four songs aren't superbly written, or that the guitar tones and production aren't perfectly replicated from all the late-'70s Los Angeles greats. But maybe that's the problem. Is it possible to rip off the first GERMS single and do *too good* of a job? Fuck, it's probably just me. And after a third listen, I am starting to really like this… (CC)

(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

RESISTORS – "Damaged, Ugly, & Loud" CD

"We're not communists, communists they suck" is how this CD starts off. I immediately think "ugh." But then I read that RESISTORS have been a band for 26 years and some of these songs were written when they were teenagers. OK, I'll cut them some slack. They have never released a record in all that time, simply played for fun—of which I completely approve. Until now, that is. This is basic basement rock 'n' roll: wanky guitar solos, dumb lyrics, and even an acoustic guitar intro. The Gearhead scene might dig it. (CK)

(Warsano Music, www.resistorsonline.net)

THE RESONARS – "Nonetheless Blue" CD

Very good harmony-heavy pop with some garage/psych flavor, but not so much that it would've disqualified them from the Top 40 in 1966, a la BYRDS, HOLLIES, and LOVE (I think LOVE must've cracked the Top 40: you look it up if you care so damn much). The elements that normally sink attempts at this sport of thing (awful drum production, anemic guitars, overbearing guitars, overly-long songs, overly-long album, attempting to be more clever than one actually is, general tweeness) are all thankfully lacking. It's nice to see someone actually doing this right. (DD)

(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com)

ROCK PAPER STUPID – "So It Goes…" EP

When it comes to this sort of modern, horse-vocalled, dirty-kid pop punk stuff, I don't really have a frame of reference—with the exception of DRUNKEN BOAT, on which I always rely. Already you can probably tell that many cues on this record were taken from the late-'80s and early-'90s Gilman/Lookout! scene and similar bands. The guitar mostly just sticks with the basics, the bass generally carries the melody and occasionally busts out some BOOTSY fills, the drums play exactly what they should, and it appears that all three members contribute vocals. Allison's vocals actually remind me quite a bit of the vocals in DEATH WISH KIDS. If the aforementioned sounds like your steez, than this record probably is too. (JU)

(Scattered Smothered + Covered, 965 Grant Terrace SE, Apt A, Atlanta, GA 30315)

THE ROMANCE NOVELS – "Peggy Sue / Bikini Beach"

Fuckin' A. I went four for four this month. Do you know how often that happens? No? Well, I'm here to tell you, it doesn't happen very often. Side A is a '50s-style rocker, punk rock basement style. The B-side is similar, except that it's more of a '60s-style rocker. If you like lo-fi that can rock your socks off, come enjoy this one with me. I'm barefoot, bouncing my head and tapping my toes. It feels good. Yeah. (KK)

(Horizontal Action, www.horizontalaction.com)

SCISSORS – "Viva" CD

Hook-laden mid-tempo punk with really strong harmonies that would fit well in the Epitaph roster. Some dark, introspective lyrics go quite nicely with the driving songs. I could see these guys touring with someone like LAWRENCE ARMS. My favorite tracks are "You Can't Just Go Around Killing People," which has a touch of BAD RELIGION to it, and "Wayne," which has a pop punk feel. These guys have developed a really strong sound and this is a quality release from a younger band. Don't quite get the cover artwork, but I s'pose you can't have everything. (RK)

(Bouncing Betty, www.bouncingbettyrecords.com)

THE SCURVIES – "Night Troweler" CD

Satan takes a right heavenly beat-down by these righteous but rockin' Christian-core punks. Probably the first band that has JC's seal of approval that I actually like, and let's face it, punks—there's nothing more punk than a Christian punk—work it out. These bible-thumping studded youths lay down the hooks and the rock in abundance, with a slight classic LA feel and some of those soaring fist-in-the-air moments (heavenly salutes, if ya don't mind) that those young hair-farmers TANKA RAY once perfected. Finally ol' Nick gets a taste of his own medicine. (SD)

(Boot to Head, PO Box 9005, Portland, OR 97207, www.boottohead.com)

SELF-DESTRUCT – EP

NEGATIVE APPROACH is a self-professed influence for this outfit, and this is expressed in their mostly atonal HC punk approach. These guys balance out their aggro with a varied gui-

tar sound and occasional changes of pace, making for moments of surprising excitement. Four tunes in total; while not entirely distinctive (there's even an early DC feel at times), it's generally well above average for the style. I loved the artwork, too. (SS)
(Dead and Gone, 17 Driver St, Sheffield, S139WP, UNITED KINGDOM, www.deadandgonerecords.com)

SHOREBIRDS – "DOA" EP
Pacific Northwest pop punk flying the flag for the early '90 here. It's definitely punk rock, but I'm picking up on a heavy vibe of early SUPERCHUNK and LEMONHEADS. Hey, if you're going to play pop, those are some pretty decent touchstones. (AM)
(315 Steele St NE, Olympia, WA 98506, olypunkstour@hotmail.com)

SHORT FUSE – "Blight" EP
Fuck! SHORT FUSE comes off the line spitting flames and thunder! The hardened steel edge of this German hardcore is too volatile for you poseur college boys! This is punk for the real humans! Fistfuls of loud guitars and bloody knuckles drive SHORT FUSE's political points home!! In the song "Blight," SHORT FUSE writes about the life-trap working people struggle with everyday: "Monday to Friday / The years blur / Depression follows depression / Fear slows my heart / Everything turns blight / I'm drowning in self-pity / Hiding behind angst / No more values held high / Everything turns blight." Fuck! These men know how to combine bleak lyrics with rough rock 'n' roll that pulls you back into the fight! The subject matter in songs like "Self Abuse" and "Or Anyone Like You" shows that brute punk can ride alongside intelligent lyrics and full-force hardcore. The vocal and guitar mayhem perpetrated here is nothing short of total destruction. Side two of this menacing hardcore slice continues to punish the body and the mind! "Terminology," "Smug," and "You Already Stank Yesterday" complete the three-pronged thrash assault with extreme prejudice! No quarter was given. No prisoners were taken. Fuckin' A! This is hardcore for working people who live their lives as fully as possible in spite of difficult challenges that always appear! For another sharp blast of raw punk with no holds barred, gets yourself a copy of the SHORT FUSE *Fruitless Efforts* EP from 2006 on Underestimated records. Fucking great! These tough punks stand head and shoulders above all the mediocre crap that passes for hardcore today! Get it now! (BR)
(Assault, www.assaultrecords.com)

SINKS – "Get Outta My House" EP
JAY REATARD influenced punk from members of FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES and RETAINERS. Well, I won't call SINKS a total rip-off but they have that angry, southern drawl vocal inflection, which has become synonymous with the REATARD family tree of bands. The purposely lo-fi, reverby production is only further evidence to support any claim of similarities—the back cover boasts, "Recorded live on 2-track." The song "Out of Control" has some uneasy breaks and neat guitar solos, which gives it enough personality to make it stand out but the rest of the tracks didn't stick that much. Take note, however, 'cos in 2023 "Out of Control" might resurface when someone is compiling a *Killed By Death* of '00 decade bands. Ya never know…(CI)
(Fashionable Idiots, PO Box 580131, Minneapolis, MN 55458)

THE SNAZZY BOYS – "Play With Your Bollocks" EP
Italians…great. If you couldn't guess by the title, these guys are all about the white sunglasses and the party. Good-time punk. Songs about outer space and eating worms. Lots of "badges" on the jean jackets. Probably great live—plenty of gape-mouthed, "I can't believe we're this *cra-zeee*" faces. If MENACE forgot how to fistfight, they'd sound like this, so I guess it's not bad. (JP)
(Rijapov, www.myspace.com/rijapovrecords)

THE SODA POP KIDS – "Teen Bop Dream" CD
Wow. Not what I was expecting this to sound like. I was expecting some power pop or bubblegum, but instead this is full-on JOHNNY THUNDERS-wannabe. I guess I should have looked closer at the pictures. Yikes! (CK)
(Full Breach Kicks, 2060 N. California Ave, Chicago, IL 60647, www.fullbreach77.com)

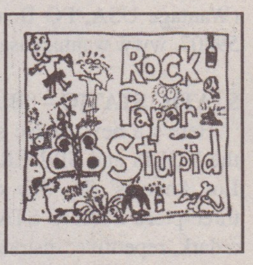
SOUL MERCHANTS – "1985-1987" 2xCD
Originally a three-piece out of Denver, and only later adding a fourth member, the gloom-ridden shadow-pop of the SOUL MERCHANTS is hardly surprising granted their origins. The Mile High City turns out bands with a dark undertone at a notable and impressively high volume. This group, however, was a special breed of Denver band. Their sound was not only dark-rock JOY DIVISION worship but also '60s dark-pop psych-tinged. Re-mastered and reworked from four-track cassette-only releases by producer and eventual band member Bob Ferbrache, the two discs come marked one "light" the other "dark" and celebrate the recordings from 1985-1987, the two short years the band was active. At the risk of sounding like a fruit, these tracks are swirling, beautiful, dark, creepy, overlooked relics from a band that would have made any regular Goth-night goer's panties wet. SOUL MERCHANTS was the real deal. (AL)
(Smooch, www.smoochrecords.com)

THE SPEARS – "People Are Bad" EP
Another good one in what is fast becoming a banner month for me here. This one reminds me of early California hardcore. Sure, it sounds like early California hardcore, but it's much more than that. The lyrics are simple and straightforward and at the same time, clever and amusing. Hell, just look at the title of the EP (and the first cut). Highly recommended. (KK)
(Choking Hazard, www.chokinghazardrec.com)

SPLITTER – "Avskrackande Exemplar" CD
What you would come to expect from the Obscene label—well-produced extreme shit. Melodic at times, SPLITTER sort of reminds me of very early CAVE IN, but one-hundred miles-an-hour faster and delivered with precise execution. What AT THE GATES and the abomination that is THE HAUNTED should have sounded like. Should you get this? *Yes*!!! (JH)
(Obscene Productions, PO Box 28, 533 41 Lazne Bohdanec, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.obscene.cz)

POSLEDNI ODPOCET
PNS

REGULATIONS
DIFFERENT NEEDS E.P.



SELF DESTRUCT

SHORT FUSE
blight

SQUALORA – "A Whole Lifetime Spent Dreaming' CD

A strong dose of modern, heavy, speeding crust-core from with Portland (by way of Missoula, Montana and containing three-quarters of ASS END OFFEND), reminiscent of the quirkier side of the late-'90s flirtation between underground hardcore and metal a la WORD SALAD, MEDICATION TIME, or early FROM ASHES RISE. Nine longer tracks with complex and drawn-out song structures that weave together dark prog rock-ish intros (acoustic and flange!) and bridges, bleak lumbering heaviness, and offhand metal influences, and break or pick slide into wicked thrash blasts with caustically shouted and gruffly spewed vocal tradeoffs. The rambling lyrics are relevant, timely, and unfortunately seemingly a current anomaly—great, outraged attacks on consumerism, Fox News, apathy in light of present political realities, etc. Cool! (KS)

(Wantage USA, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807, www.wantageusa.com)

STATIC STATIC – "Black Fingers" EP

Here's a new Hozac single that fits in with the VOLTs and SPIDERs of the label's roster. Los Angeles' (by way of New Orleans) now three-piece STATIC STATIC's second single is a dark, repetitive, distorted trip into the realms of synth-punk. This duo is ex-DETONATIONS and, at least for this release, includes an added ex-RED AUNTS member behind the percussive noise. Both the A-side and B-side bring the same deadpan, sexy, growling swagger you could hear on a DIGITAL LEATHER release, but somehow keep the melody more sparse and minimal than even a VOLT 12" could manage. Like all Horizontal Action singles, this one had a limited run on gold vinyl. (AL)

(Horizontal Action, www.horizontalaction.com)

STRANGERS – "Weight" CD

My first impression of this record was—OK, great, another metalcore band trying to be artistic by putting nature pictures in their layouts. I was, however, impressed in listening to the rest of the CD. STRANGERS, from New Zealand, have a late-'90s feel similar to CONVERGE and BOTCH, when the sound was still fresh and being pioneered by those bands and not watered down by the later slough of MTV2 bands like MY BLOODY ROSE ASHES or whatever. Although I have no interest in metalcore, anyone the does should seriously check this CD out. (PL)

(Action Man, www.actionmanrecords.com)

STREET TRASH – "Into the Wasteland" LP

Let me start off by saying that the musicianship on this record is top-notch, especially when it comes to the rhythm section. As far as the sound, imagine an early-'80s hardcore band filtered through a weird discordant '90s Gravity Records sound. The closest band I can compare them to is the WRANGLER BRUTES, but at times the vocalist sound like he's in RYE COALTION or DRIVE LIKE JEHU. Regardless of where they are coming from, this is pretty good. I thought that STREET TRASH had broken up years ago, but I guess this release proves otherwise. Good stuff. (CC)

(No Class, www.noclassorecords.com)

TELEVISION GHOST – "Atomic Rain" EP

This is really good. Another noisy outfit that can write a song with a beginning, middle, and end (like LAMPS, INTELLIGENCE, and that PSYCHEDELIC HORSESHIT song I love). God fucking bless this "new" crop. Not to say that TV GHOST is in any way remotely like these bands, but it fits right along in this mini-zeitgeist. "Bird Flu" is dark, loping and paranoid, like a STYRENES song—complete slow death. Make that death with a four-on-the-floor beat. "Atomic Rain" is not as disturbing, but more out of hand, with the tragic quality of "Bird Flu" replaced by plain meanness. Track this one down. (JP)

(Die Stasi, diestasi@gmail.com)

TERRIBLE TWOS – Radical Tadpoles" EP

A pretty good specimen of neo-synthy herky-jerky KBD-style art damage punk. Sounds as though it was mastered through a blanket, maybe to make it sound as though it was recovered from a decades-old cassette? Is this a new trend or are there just a lot of substandard mastering dudes around? Don't let that scare you off if this is your cup of meat, though. (DD)

(X!, www.x-recordings.com)

THINK FAST – "Punch Out For Good" EP

Super DIY fast hardcore straight out of the '82 US HC mold. The quality is pretty rough, so it kinda sounds like all those old tapes I played to death back in the '80s of 7 SECONDS, AOD, or those old *MRR* comps. I'm digging it; if you are ape about this style this would be worth looking into for sure. (TB)

(Coughing Up, 9276 S. Myrtle Ave, Tempe, AZ 85284)

TINNER – "Harder/Faster" CD

A Finnish band that sings in Swedish. 14 curt, minute-or-less lo-fi blasts of throttling D-beat hardcore permeated with rock influences. The scalded muppet vocals are mixed way in front of everything and their continuous level of severity detracts from some choice hardcore blasting—without enough heft to the guitars and overdrive of the rhythm section, everything just jumps in the back seat to the wild vocal garbling. The CD makes great pains to insist "recorded, mixed, and mastered in one day." Old bands used to do that out of necessity, and that's not always the case now—TINNER would do better to enhance the raw edge and urgency with a little more care in recording and documenting otherwise cool tracks. (KS)

(Show Me Your Tits, www.symtrec.extra.hu)

THIS SHIP WILL BURN – "Servant of Servants" EP

Really solid EP from these Canucks, melding the hardcore elements of FUCKED UP, the speed of LET IT BURN, and the swirling guitars of HÜSKER DÜ or even LEATHERFACE into one cohesive sound. Each of the five tracks is a barnstormer, although for me, the slower, more reflective B-side comes out on top. It seems Canada is producing some of the best music out there right now, and this EP is no exception; tremendous stuff. (TB)

(Thrashbastard, Warschauer str. 57, 10243 Berlin, GERMANY, www.myspace.com/thrashbastard)

THOMAS FUNCTION – "My Empire/ Earthworms"

This must have squeezed under the wire for review, probably owing to a certain similarity to some aspects of folk-punk (vocals aren't quite as earnest, though). The mastering is incredibly poor (is that a United master number? They're fine for pressing, but you wouldn't be the first to get poor mastering from them), which actually makes the organ-driven sound of the band a little more intriguing (or perhaps that was intentional). Nice packaging. (DD)

($4 ppd: Arkam, 1925 Hwy 69 S., Savannah, TN 38372)

TIME FLYS – "The In Crowd/Low Life"

Sometimes I need my fix of melodic-yet-sleazy, lead-guitar-dominating power pop-garage rock 'n' roll. Don't you? And who better to deliver that fix than our Bay Area brothers, the TIME FLYS? Both of these tracks will have you snappin' your fingers and make you want to head out to the dive bar for a shot of whiskey in a dirty glass (as soon as the record's over, of course!). Mix the LOOSE LIPS with DEAD MOON, some KBD punk, and a dose of pop, and you get an idea of where these cats are coming from. If you dig rock 'n' roll, you shouldn't miss out. (BG)

(Douchemaster, www.douchemasterrecords.com)

TOOTH – "Animality" CDEP

Riffs. Fucking riffs! One thing that can carry any rock song is a good riff. TOOTH has riffs. They play something between stoner rock and straight-up metal with a dab of crust. My first thought was FACEDOWNINSHIT but I can also hear BARONESS and MASTODON. Name-dropping is easy, but this EP sounds fresh and it's all because of the riffs. Be ready to headbang. Be ready for some twin lead guitar playing. Give this a listen. (MH)

(Churchkey, www.churchkeyrecords.com)

TOTAL ABUSE – "Demo '06" EP

Austin, Texas seems to always produce awesome bands, and TOTAL ABUSE is no exception. For a demo, this recording is amazing. Brutal vocals and disgusting-sounding guitars make this recording seem like it could have been from 1982. The short, thrashy songs are straight-to-the-point and are catchy too. "M.D.J." will have you singing "millions of dead jocks" in your head long after listening. (PL)
(Even Worse, www.geocities.com/evenworserecords)

TORTYR / WARVICTIMS – split EP

Goddamn. WARVICTIMS has been kickin' my ass with a steady stream of true D-beat releases, and I am awaiting their LP with baited breath; this is a good holdover. As if WARVICTIMS brand of Swedish D-beat wasn't enough, newcomers TORTYR show up on the scene and blow me away. These guys play harsh, similar-sounding stuff, but are darker and more crusty sounding. Now I want to hear more from both of these fine bands. (NM)
(D-Takt/Rapunk, Box 13 114 79 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

TOUGH – "Fast/Faster" LP

More RAMONES-influenced poppy punk. This three-piece hails from…I think Italy. I know the RAMONES are big there from that scene in *Raw* (the RAMONES tour movie) with all those kids chasing their bus and freaking Tommy (or was it Johnny?) out. This is no MANGES; it's pretty uneventful really, though it's upbeat and well enough played. It's one-sided, which is kind of a blessing really. (AD)
(El Topo, no address)

TOWN BIKE – "When Good Kids Go Bad!" EP

Ouch…this is so saccharine, my teeth hurt just listening to it. The hooks are there, at least a good half the time, but it might be missing something. The best pop, in my opinion, has an undercurrent of something—danger, pain, darkness—and TOWN BIKE is not quite there. Not mainstream crap or disposable fluff, sure…but when the vocalist sings, "I'm a bad girl," I ain't quite buying it. (CS)
(Keith, www.keithrecords.co.uk)

TRUSTGOD SIMON – "Pils in Kopp" CD

Not sure what the name is all about—must be a line from a movie/TV program/book or something...though I think the album title is German for getting hit in the head by a beer bottle. The music is mid-tempo beer-soaked German punk with a rock edge. I'm not sure if they're going for a COCK SPARRER thing or what, all I know is I want it off my stereo as quickly as possible... Actually...this is starting to grow on me; maybe I'm totally missing the point and the genius of these guys. The lyrics and song titles are all in German apart from one song that's called "Tourette Attack," so you can kinda see where these dudes are coming from...maybe they're like the Teutonic SLOPPY SECONDS or MACC LADS or something. OK, I've gone through it once and I'm still not sure—maybe by next month's issue I will have figured out whether this is good, bad, or really woeful. (AD)
(Scumfuck, www.scumfuck.de)

TRUTHDEALER – "Attack Dog of Savings" EP

Noisy, weird punk with the DEAD KENNEDYS' quirkiness (quiet, jazzy parts, spoken diatribes, etc.) coupled with a dose of FLIPPER snotty-ness. If that sounds amazing, I may have given you unrealistic expectations, since while this is an interesting and amusing listen, it's not as life-changing as a noisy, weird DEAD KENNEDYS/FLIPPER hybrid could potentially turn out to be. (AM)
(F&S, www.myspace.com/truthdealer)

TSOL – "Live From Long Beach' CD

I'm not sure how Jack Grisham became the spokesman for US HC considering his band's releases have been patchy at best (not counting the epic first 12") and he fucked off out of the scene for a decade or so. That clearly has nothing to do with this review, but it makes me like the band a little less—that coupled with the fact that I don't really like old bands reforming—or live records—make this a tough listen. Recorded last year with all the "hits," this is just fine if you are a fan. The sound quality is decent, although Jack's voice is a little shrill, it's just...blah…whatever...who gives a fuck? Sure their first record is classic…but man, that was 25 years ago—do we need a shitty live CD with crappy packaging? I say no. (TB)
(Cider City, www.cidercityrecords.com)

TURN THE TIDE – "What's Behind These Eyes" EP

At first I was trying desperately to think of new ways of calling the kettle black before I realized that this EP *wasn't* as one-dimensional as it initially appeared. While this Finnish band is rather on par with most of the 'edge bands in the European theatre, there are certain distinctions and chord progressions that bring to mind other things. Take this one part in the second song that reminds me of FUEL, or other little nuances like little open ring-outs that also bring to mind TURN THE TIDE's country-mates MANIFESTO JUKEBOX. All in all, this is a pretty competent EP and if you're into the modern youth crew sound, you'll probably dig it. My one "what the fuck" is in regards to the one-sheet (I know, I know) comparing the vocals to that wind-bag Ian MacKaye. Not even close…ever! (JU)
(Commitment, Klein Muinden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS, www.commitmentrecords.nl)

UP RIGHTS – "Old School Revenge" EP

Commitment records brings us another European gem with this record. It's what you would typically expect from an old school sXe band from Europe—melodic-chug riffs that seem to be lifted straight from a late '90s BANE song. The lyrical content is also what you would expect—songs about straight edge, rejecting violence in the scene, and being positive. One problem that I have is with the lyrics of the song "Adidas Sportswear." Now maybe the message gets lost in translation since they are a French band with English lyrics, but I don't understand how you can be positive but punch someone in the face for not listening to SPORTSWEAR. But maybe I'm just reading in too much into a song that is made to be funny. Overall, this record does not offer much more than comedic value. (PL)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS, www.commitmentrecords.nl)

VASELINE CHILDREN – EP

This is hardcore the way I like it. VASELINE CHIL-

THE TIME FLYS
THE IN CROWD

THIS SHIP WILL BURN
SERVANT OF SERVANTS

TOTAL ABUSE
DEMO 06

TRUTHDEALER.

DREN is fast and furious without being speed freaks. The songs are stripped-down and raw, and you can feel the sincerity in the singer's voice. They have elements of classic Dutch hardcore like BGK and SEEIN RED, but being from Croatia, a country that has seen more violence in recent years, the extra anger and intensity makes it something different. With all this in mind though, they don't sing about politics on this ten-song scorcher, but instead focus on personal frustrations with life and the punk scene in particular. And I can understand this. The mythical punk and hardcore scene provides a sense of escape and comfort of knowing that there are others out there who are like-minded in your views of the world. You know what I'm talking about—you're reading *MRR* for chrissakes! And then you have the shit that some of these songs cover: eBay collector assholes turning record trading into a rich kid's bidding war, emo poseur douchebags playing stadiums and malls while waving the punk flag, boring punk fests with stupid assholes in the pit and bands only playing for image and selling merchandise. This is their war, for now. Another awesome release from… (BG)
(Thrashbastard, Warschauer str. 57, 10243 Berlin, GERMANY, www.myspace.com/thrashbastard)

VIMANAS – CDEP

Somewhat spazzy, arty rock that never seems to completely let go. Lots of prominent bass, mostly screamed vocals, but they do the emo singing thing every once in a while. When he sings/whines on "Black Train," it's like finger nails on a chalkboard to me. Think a poor-mans LIGHTNING BOLT, MARS VOLTA, or THE LOCUST. Nowhere near as interesting, challenging, or good as those bands. They never play very fast, never get very noisy, and have some slightly discordant guitar and hipster vocal screams. Yawn. (MH)
(Armed Ambitions, www.organisedideas.org)

VOICE OF THE MYSTERONS – "They Have Pulled Down Deep Heaven on Their Heads" CD

Lots going on here, maybe a bit too much for me to wrap my head around. Imagine NOMEANSNO-meets-PRIMUS on 78 rpm and some seriously nerd-level gothic horror/Lovecraft-esque lyrics, delivered with stream-of-consciousness zeal. A sample song title: "Something Breathes Beside You in the Darkness –or– Who Is the Light That Flashed on the All-Horrors Desolate Beach Bash?" Yep… Are these guys YES for the new millennium or just several weeks off their medication? I guess time will tell. (CS)
(Boot to Head, PO Box 905, Portland, OR 97207, www.boottohead.com)

WAR OF WORDS – "War/Violence" EP

Not sure if this is hard punk or melodic hardcore but you know the ballpark I'm talking about. It has angry vocals, the odd group-chanted back up, "musical" intros, moshy bits, and all that stuff. It doesn't do much for me to tell you the truth. (AD)
(Slab-O-Wax, PO Box 461082, San Antonio, TX 78246)

WARVICTIMS – "D-Beat Destruction" EP

Truth in advertising—subtitled "Raw Punk Assault," this is throaty, DISCHARGE-style patented D-beat from Sweden, with a flat UK-'82 recording (reminiscent of WARCRY's take on the style as opposed to a distortion-fest) and characteristic Scandinavian hoarse vocals. *D-Beat Destruction* is delivered in waves of torrential guitar-driven attacks. Five tracks, including an ANTI-CIMEX cover and a slow '80s-style "dirge beat" song about drinking yourself to death. Rampaging. (KS)
(D-Takt/Rapunk, Box 13, 114 79 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

WEAK MINDS – "Logjammin'" EP

Killer fuckin' CROSSED OUT-style powerviolence outta the Gulf Coast, right up there with newbloods like SCAPEGOAT and MINDLESS MUTANT. This EP is indeed great. WEAK MINDS is only hampered by their reliance on comedy movie references and samples…where's the pure fucking hate, people? Maybe it's just me, but I think wackiness has no place in powerviolence. But anyway, I digress—this record good, you buy now. (CS)
(Torture Garden, 11919 Centerhill Street, Silver Spring, MD 20902)

WEIRDOS – "Destroy All Music" CD

This CD compiles the Bomp! EP *Destroy All Music* and the *Who, What, When Where, Why?* mini-LP, and kicks off with the band's first four-song demo: 100-grit versions of "Teenage," "Destroy All Music," "Life of Crime," and "Why Do You Exist?" This compilation marks the seminal LA band's 30th anniversary. The EP has a vicious energy all its own, but by the second half of this CD you start getting into the WEIRDOS' new wave, almost DEVO-esque era. Still good but not as essential. Putting the demo tracks up front instead of the usual practice of tacking them on at the end is an interesting way of presenting things…chronologically accurate I suppose, but while it was nice to hear 'em, next time I play this CD I'll skip straight to the officially released versions. (AM)
(Bomp!, www.bomp.com)

WHITE YORK – "Change the Wheel/Very Hi-Fi Devices"

A subtle little punk single taking in some of the political folk jangle of BILLY BRAGG, the campfire-core of those ex-darlings AGAINST ME! and a nice edge of the mellower moments of THE CLASH. This is one of these singles that omits the instant appeal, preferring the grower effect—which, I must admit, has worked its magic on me. Side A is their rocker, side B an indie ballad almost in the vain of THE MOUNTAIN GOATS meets Tamla/Motown. I've been won over and now I'm getting greedy for more; two tracks just ain't enough. (SD)
(self-released, 99 Custer St, Buffalo, NY 14214, whiteyork@hotmail.com)

WITHOUT M.F. ORDER – "Desensitivity Traning" CD

The liner notes to this CD make the claim that this band's frontman, a one "Captain Perverto," is a "sick and twisted individual," more dangerous than GG Allin, so I prepared myself for some totally over-the-top obnoxious scumrock. (You know, scumrock—my favorite genre of music ever!) I dunno, maybe my expectations were too high, but this is pretty tame. I must admit to being a bit let down. OK, the dude has some poor attitudes towards women and gays, sure…he likes to drink and fight, blah, blah…but when it's delivered without barely a shred of enthusiasm over some exceedingly lame SPINAL TAP-level "rock," it just sounds like Captain Perverto is going through the motions. It's like their band name, WITHOUT M.F. ORDER—what, you're not gonna go all out and just put "MOTHERFUCKING" on your cover? Come on dudes, you got a lot to live up to with that GG comparison. (CS)
(Black & Blue, www.blackandbluerecords.com)

THE WRETCHED ONES – "Make It Happen" CD

I have to admit that I was surprised that this band was still going. This might be their fourth or fifth studio album. If you like your rock 'n' roll with a heavy dosage of Oi!, then you will appreciate these twelve tracks of no-frills, anthemic street punk played by guys in their 40s. Keep it up. (CC)
(Headache, www.headacherecords.com)

WRISTS –"Freak of Natures" EP

Although I think "gimme hate crimes" is a pretty dumb sentiment I have to let you all know that *Freak of Natures* is a great EP. "Hate Crimes" definitely falls into the tired REATARD-school of garage punk but the rest of the tunes inform the listener that these Texas kids have the rare ability to write original and clever songs. Their style is more minimal and odd rather than the in-your-face attack of most bands in this genre although there are moments where the energy levels peak out as well. THE WRISTS seem to be mining some ignored ter-

ritory within the world of KBD. "Gon' Freakout" reminds me of TOXIN III with it's awkward, monotonous, melodic style. I'm sure these guys have spent a good deal of time listening to THE URINALS too. I'd like to see more bands follow the path of THE WRISTS and add their own touch to this sound. (CI)
(Die Stasi, diestasi@gmail.com)

THE WRISTS – "MK Ultra" EP

Another band suffering from too much exposure to JAY REATARD. I agree that the guy is great, no question about it. I am just amazed at how many bands he has sonically influenced. Some day I'll make a list. It's not that this is a bad record. Don't get me wrong. I would rather have every band sound like this than any top 40 bands any day. The WRISTS are one of the better imitators too. The songs are pretty catchy, drenched in reverb, and the music is keeps fairly simplistic. "MK Ultra" is already growing on me as I sit here for the third listen. This is a fun record. (CK)
(Rijapov, no address)

X-OFFENDER – "Get It Right" EP

Sing-along-y but still tough, but in a wimpy way, but a wimp who's had enough of this shit. Fun, wild songs, but at times kind of reserved. The standout is "Big Come-On" because of the girl vocals, the most memorable melody, and the MIGHTY CAESARS solo. But don't get me wrong, the dude singer has a great, genuine, up-all-night raspy-ness. Altogether very solid. (JP)
(Milk 'n' Herpes, no address given)

YACOPSAE – Tanz, Grosny, Tanz…" CD

German extremists blast forward and stop on a dime with ease. Not sure what they're screaming about because everything is in their native language, but you can totally enjoy this whirlwind-twisted mindfuck mixture of grind and hardcore regardless. Either you are a fan of this band or not; chances are this release won't convert you. But if you are willing or at least want to annoy the neighbors for 28 minutes, this disc will lead you to the path of the righteous. (JH)
(Obscene Productions, PO Box 28, 533 41 Lazne Bohdanec, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.obscene.cz)

YOUNG LIVERS – "The New Drop Era" CD

Impassioned, rocky punk from Gainesville. We've got some heavy guitars, the odd off-kilter rhythm, and heart-wrenching vocals. This band features ex-members of GLASS & ASHES and FIYA, but I'm hearing more of an early-'90s post-hardcore sound. Early JAWBOX definitely springs to mind. You know, driving and melodic while being neither pop punk nor indie rock. The perfect band for growing a scruffy beard, wearing a baseball hat, and drinking PBR to. (AM)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

V/A – "Obscene Extreme" CD

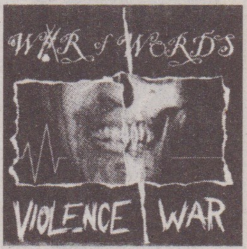
I didn't look at this CD very closely before I threw it in and thought it was a band. Then I was bludgeoned upside the head. BRUTAL @#$@# TRUTH? I quickly grabbed the CD and dug for the tracklisting and was then somewhat let down. Grindcore is what I love and four of the first five tracks are by some of my favorite bands—BRUTAL TRUTH, YACOEPSAE, and ROTTEN SOUND. The music on this CD is great but here is the let down: most the tracks on this are already released, so it's a sampler of sorts. Add that to the fact that a good bit of the gore grind songs are throwaways. The best of the remaining 27 tracks were by INHUMATE (France), BIRDFLESH (Sweden), EXTINCTION OF MANKIND (US), HUMAN ERROR (US), AFGRUND (Sweden), and the ARSON PROJECT (Sweden). Because most of these tracks are released there is no reason to seek this out. Either move to Sweden or check out AFGRUND and THE ARSON PROJECT. (MH)
(Obscene Productions, PO Box 28, 533 41 Lazne Bohdanec, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.obscene.cz)

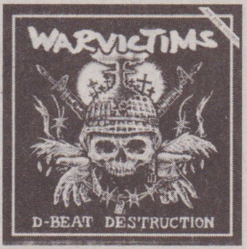
V/A – "Paid in Black: A Tribute to Johnny Cash" CD

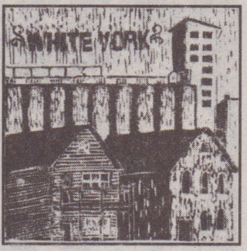
A largely psychobilly tribute album to The Man In Black. While all the bands seem sincere in their appreciation for JOHNNY CASH, psychobilly has never really been my thing. That said, my two favorite tracks are the non-psychobilly entries: ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN's rockin' version of "Cocaine Blues" and COLONEL SANDERS' GRAVE doing a really folksy version of "Dark as a Dungeon." (Well, actually, "Dark As A Dungeon" is a traditional folk song, not penned by Mr. CASH, which is why it's good in the first place!) If you're into psychobilly, you probably like JOHNNY CASH and will also probably really enjoy this release, I s'pose. (RK)
(Wolverine, www.wolverine-records.de)

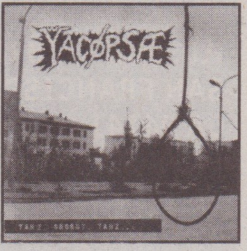
V/A – "Vancouver Complication" 2xLP

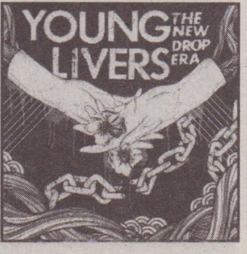
What we have here is a modern repackaging of this classic Vancouver compilation. It's made all the more special with the inclusion of an extra LP's worth of rare tracks. Upon its release in '79, *Vancouver Complication* was the city's answer to the global punk explosion. It contains 21 songs by 15 bands, and the overall quality of this collection displays that Vancouver's punk could compete with any of the better-known scenes of the time. POINTED STICKS kicks this thing off with one of their best tracks, "The Marching Song," and many of the bands follow their lead and lend excellent tunes—there are very few clunkers on here. Oh man, what an era, when bands weren't afraid to give their best material to compilations so the local scene could make itself a reckoning force. The variety within their scene is also showcased; DOA plays proto-hardcore, EXXOTONE is more DEVO-styled and odd, SUBHUMANS are one of the best melodic punk bands *ever*, U-J3RK5 is just plain weird (in the best sense of the word), THE K-TELS are power-pop heroes, THE DISHRAGS are a bunch of tough girls playing primitive punk, and {e} offers a psychotic synth instrumental to end the record. The extra LP is a neat idea but uneven. The studio songs are cool and the live tracks are boring. Overall, my only real complaint is that this could have been packaged better—I wish it included an insert instead of cramming all the info on the back. If you have an interest in early punk but don't have an original copy of *Vancouver Complication*, you should definitely seek this out. (CI)
(Rockin' Bones, Borgo Palmia 3a, 43100 Parma, Italy, info@rockinbones.it, www.rockinbones.it)











UNDERGROUND
OUT OF POLAND

przebudzenie CD

SLOWA WE KRWI
full of passion and anger hardcorepunk with strong screaming female vocal

UTOPIA s/t CD
fast, melodic and catchy guitardriven female fronted punk rock with 80's roots

Knife in the Leg
bloodlust EP

KNIFE IN THE LEG
nihilistic and raging cathy 80's style hardcore with insane guitar

APATIA
ULEGLOSC

APATIA uleglosc CD
polish hardcore institution with their own unique sound and style

INFEKCJA scandi crust
przegrani LP/CD
kazdy robotnik LP/CD

EVIL metal punk
XII-XX LP/CD

PESD 80s polish punk in modern way
politikare... LP/CD

EL BANDA
przejdzie ci LP/CD
think Post Regiment

and international:
BALLAST fuse LP/MC
NUCLEAR DEATH TERROR s/t CD
PEDESTRIANS ideal divide LP/MC

tour van backline t-shirts pins

TRUJACA FALA
P.O. BOX 13 81 806 SOPOT 6
POLAND
www.trujacafala.com
in US try: ebullition havoc interpunk profane existence

Die Angst 7" EP

Deutschpunk overdosed on Warsaw or Joy Division. Certainly a unique piece of Punk music!

also:
Ruidosa Inmundicia - de una vez 7"
E-150/Intensity split 7"
L´Amico Di Martucci/Cementerio Shöw split 7"
Ohuzaru/Cyness split 7"

soon:
Ruidosa Inmundicia/Solid Decline split LP
(US version on Residue Records)
Ruidosa Inmundicia discography CD

For further info and lots of international Punk and Hardcore go to:
www.thoughtcrimerecords.de

Busy Beaver Buttons SINCE 1995!

★ 1 inch
100 for $25
500 for $100
★ 1.25 inch
100 for $30
500 for $125
★ 1.5 inch
50 for $20
100 for $35
500 for $150
★ 2.25 inch
50 for $30
100 for $45
500 for $180

CUSTOM BUTTONS
It's Easy! Just Send:
1. your art
2. payment (check, MO, or cash)
3. your address and phone number

Prices for black ink. Full color, extra. ***Contact us.***
Postage included. (ground 1st class)

www.busybeaver.net
buttongal@busybeaver.net
773.645.3359
P.O. Box 87676
Chicago, IL 60680

PRANK

P.O. BOX 410892
SAN FRANCISCO,
CA 94141-0892 USA
WWW.PRANKRECORDS.COM

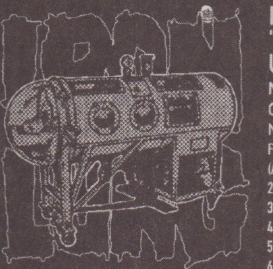
LP/ CD'S = $10 PPD 7"'S = $4 PPD U.S.A.
LP'S = $12 PPD CD'S = $11 PPD 7" =$5.50 PPD CANADA
WRITE FOR OTHER OVERSEAS RATES:
PRANKREC@MINDSPRING.COM

VISIT OUR EBAY STORE:
STORES.EBAY.COM/PRANK-RECORDS

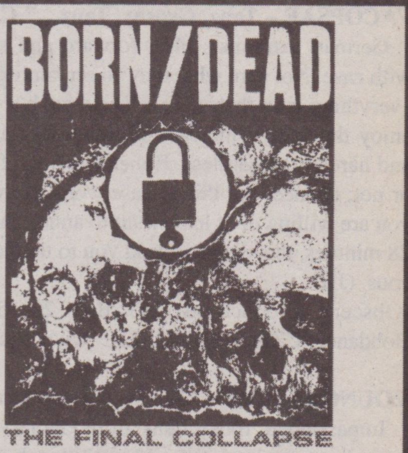
ALSO AVAILABLE FROM: SOUND IDEA, REVELATION, INTERPUNK, PROFANE EXISTENCE, 29 NORTH, STICKFIGURE, DR. STRANGE, BRICKWALL, HARDCORE HOLOCAUST.ETC

WHOLESALE FROM: EBULLITON, NO IDEA, REVOLVER USA, SUBTERRANEAN.

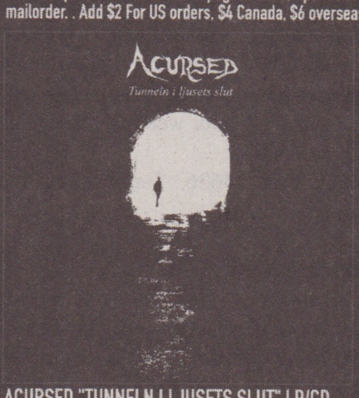
SEND A STAMP FOR COMPLETE CATALOG.
WE HAVE A NEW ONE FOR 2007! FINALLY!



IRON LUNG
"SEXLESS//NO SEX"
US TOUR
NEW LP/CD "SEXLESS//NO SEX"
OUT ON PRANK IN NOVEMBER
NOVEMBER:
FIRST TWO WEEKS W/ AGENTS OF ABHORRENCE (Australia)
2 – SEATTLE, WA VERA PROJECT W/ SEX/VID
3 – PORTLAND, OR @ SATYRICON W/ RED DONS
4 – OLYMPIA, WA
5 – TACOMA, WA @ VIADUCT
6 – SEATTLE, WA @ FUNHOUSE (21+)
7 – RENO, NV @ W/ GEHENNA (*NO IRON LUNG)
8 – RENO, NV
9 – BERKELEY, CA @ 924 GILMAN W/ GEHENNA, 108, LOOK BACK AND LAUGH (*NO IRON LUNG)
10 – BERKELEY, CA @ 924 GILMAN W/ NEVER HEALED, CALIFORNIA LOVE
11 – LONG BEACH, CA @ W/ GEHENNA, STREET TRASH (*NO IRON LUNG)
12 – LOS ANGELES, CA
13 – PHOENIX, AZ @ THE CHAMBER
14 – FLAGSTAFF, AZ @ STAB MOUNTAIN W/ THIS RUNS ON BLOOD
15 – DALLAS, TX @ RED BLOOD CLUB
16 – HOUSTON, TX @ SOUTHMORE HOUSE W/ INSECT WARFARE, HATRED SURGE
17 – AUSTIN, TX @ EMO'S W/ HATRED SURGE, PULLING TEETH, FRIGHTENER
18 – SAN ANTONIO, TX @ W/ AGENTS OF ABHORRENCE (Last Show with AGENTS)
19 – AUSTIN, TX
21 – ATHENS, GA
23 – GAINESVILLE,FL @ WAYWARD COUNCIL W/ RELIGIOUS AS FUCK
24 – MIAMI ,FL @ House SHow W/ RELIGIOUS AS FUCK, MEHKAGO NT, CONSULAR
25 – ORLANDO,FL @ TBA W/ RELIGIOUS AS FUCK, CULT RITUAL
26 – JACKSONVILLE,FL @ TBA W/ RELIGIOUS AS FUCK, CIVILIZATION
27 – SAVANNAH, GA
28 – RALEIGH, NC @ W/ DOUBLE NEGATIVE
29 – RICHMOND, VA
30 – ALLENTOWN, PA @ JAN'S ROOMS W/ MIND ERASER, PISSED JEANS
DECEMBER:
1 – PHILADELPHIA, PA
2 – NEW YORK, NY
3 – NEW YORK, NY
4 – BOSTON, MA W/ SCAPEGOAT, MEN'S INTEREST, MIND ERASER
5 – PROVIDENCE, RI @ AS220
6 – PITTSBURGH, PA
7 – MILWAUKEE, WI (EARLY)
7 – MILWAUKEE, WI (LATE) @ CACTUS CLUB W/ MALACHI
8 – CHICAGO, IL
9 – MADISON, WI @ W/ SFN
10 – MINNEAPOLIS, MN @ THE ALAMO



BORN/DEAD "THE FINAL COLLAPSE" LP/CD – New 7 song LP of point blank anarcho-punk Gatefold LP + 12 page Booklet. Split colored vinyl for mailorder. . Add $2 For US orders, $4 Canada, $6 overseas



ACURSED "TUNNELN I LJUSETS SLUT" LP/CD
OUT NOVEMBER

OUT IN SUMMER/FALL 07:

INSECT WARFARE - LP/CD
Best Grind in Decades! 1000mph,no BS
BREAKfAST - Six Packs CD
Tokyo Skate thrash! Collects EPs,Demo
AZ THRASH DEMOLITION - EP
Collection of new AZ thrash / HC
THREATENER - EP and CD
Last EP/Coll.CD of blasting fastcore
BANDANOS/DESTRUCTIONS END-CD
Split CD of 80s crossover madness
BLOODY PHOENIX - LP/CD
X-EXCR TERROR-blasting grind mayhem
GET DESTROYED - EP
AZ whirlwind fastcore assault
FxPxO / SEEIN RED - Split LP
Inspiring socio-political HC-thrash
BREAKfAST/STRUGGLE4PRIDE-CD
Split of cult-Tokyo skate-thrash
THE PROCESS - Debut CD
Punishing HC ala RINWORM, X-SHANK
INFECT - Discography CD
All female HC-thrash from Brazil
V/A - Trapped in a Scene LP/CD
US/Canadian Fastcore Mayhem-13 Bands!
ATHRENODY - Crazed CD
Early 90s Bay Area grindcore
BANDANOS- Full Length CD
Brazilian thrash ala ACCUSED/BEOWULF
V/A-Bay Area Thrash Detonation
Limited LP/CD of local fastcore
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - Coll CD
Manic Texas HC from late 90s
HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH - EP
DRI/NO COMMENT style blurr-core

SIX TWO FIVE
DIY=COMMODITIES

DISTRO INFO:

SHIRTS: WWW.BADSKULLS.COM
WHOLESALE: WWW.EBULLITION.COM
MAILORDER: EBULLITION, VERY, REVHQ, INTERPUNK, RSR, GREEN HELL AND OTHERS

Still Available from 625:

HE WHO CORRUPTS CD: Corporo-grind-o-caust
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS LP:Everything on 1-LP
DISCARGA-10" LP:Brazilian LARM style HC
SCHOLASTIC DETH-Coll. CD: READ DAMN IT!
THEY LIVE-LP: Now classic NY fastcore
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS CD: TX Powerviolence
I SHOT CYRUS-LP: Brazilian fast attack
LORDS OF LIGHT-EP: 3-man grind explosion
CHARM-Shikami EP: Tokyo hyper Distort.
IRON LUNG/SHANK-Split CD: Split-violence
Mosh Circle Comp LP:w/RAZORS EDGE,TOMORROW + more
NO TIME LEFT-10":Ballistic NY HC punk
OHUZARU LP: Rad Italian HC ala LADM

NEW SHIRT DESIGNS!

FOR WEEKLY UPDATES CHECK:
WWW.625THRASH.COM

STILL SMOKING:

BxUxSxH - LP/CD
Brazilian JFA style '81 skate punk
LORDS OF LIGHT - Energy LP
Ecclectic 3-man craziness
CHARM / UG MAN - Split LP
Hyper-manic Tokyo thrash punk
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP
Split of flannel-induced thrashcore
HOT LIXX HULIHAN - Limited EP
'06 US Airguitar Champion's debut EP
INSECT WARFARE -Endless Ex.CD
Blasting grind-CD w/EPs,Split,Demo
SLIGHT SLAPPERS - Tomorrow LP
2nd LP:Tokyo power violence legends
KUNGFU RICK - Discography2xCD
Entire collection. Insane grind/HC
CALIFORNIA LOVE - CD
Brutal Bay Area Grind-violence
FINAL DRAFT/AxRxM - Split EP
New Socal fastcore-violence
BREAKFAST "3rd and Army" LP
2nd LP-ballistic Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD
Fast-High Energy thrash, EP,demo,live
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMP SERIES
Digipak CD comps - Euro, Japan, Cali
CRUCIAL SECTION - Catch LP
80s RIPCORD-style thrash from Tokyo
SHANK - Coded LP/CD
Blistering 1000mph power violence
QUILL / I DONT CARE - Split CD
Split Japanese fast thrash
APARTMENT 213 - 1993-97 CD
90s raw Clevo power violence

SEEIN'RED / F.P.O.

SPLIT CD

SEEIN'RED/F.P.O. enhanced CD

Veterans of fast raging political hardcore SEEIN'RED and macedonian straight-edge hc/thrash F.P.O. sharing split release. 16 tracks, 28 minutes videos and 20-page booklet filled with lyrics, essays, thoughts about experiences, politics and DIY hardcore punk - to make this release even more powerful in content.

GO!

WHAT WE BUILD TOGETHER
GO!

„What we build together"
7"EP
NYHC legend is back with new 9 songs EP

HOODS UP

„Arms still open"
MCD
Pounding high energy positive sXe HC from Germany

THE TANGLED LINES

THE TANGLED LINES

„Wash the shit off!"
7"EP
Ass-kicking fast female fronted HC with lots of humour - Germany

LETS GROW

LETS GROW
DISEASE OF MODERN TIMES

„Disease of modern times" LP/CD
Fast great sounding powerful HC from Serbia

BLANK STARE

BLANK STARE

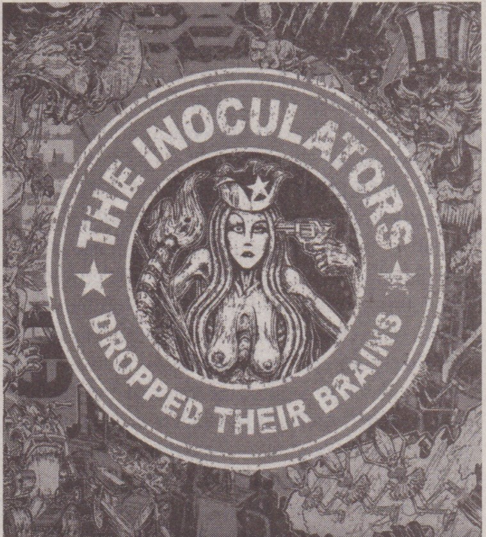
„(The Refuse Records Seven Inch)" 7"EP
Boston straight edge. Fast, pissed off and intelligent!

Also available: NEW WINDS „This fire these words 1996-2006" CD, REGRES MCD, F.P.O. CD, HIT ME BACK LP/CD, THE TANGLED LINES/DICK CHENEY 7"EP, NAMES FOR GRAVES 7"EP, NO VIOLENCE MCD, NEW WINDS „A spirit filled revolution" LP/CD, I SHOT CYRUS CD, BETERCORE CD and more. Out soon: THESE HANDS ARE FISTS CD, S.B.V. new 7"EP, THE CORPSE CD, ANCHOR LP

We distribute much more international hc/punk releases for reasonable prices, just write for mailorder list or visit website.
Labels/Distros get in touch for wholesale rates or trades.

REFUSE RECORDS

REFUSE RECORDS, Po Box 7, 02-792 Warszawa 78, POLAND
refuserecords@gmail.com www.refuserecords.prv.pl

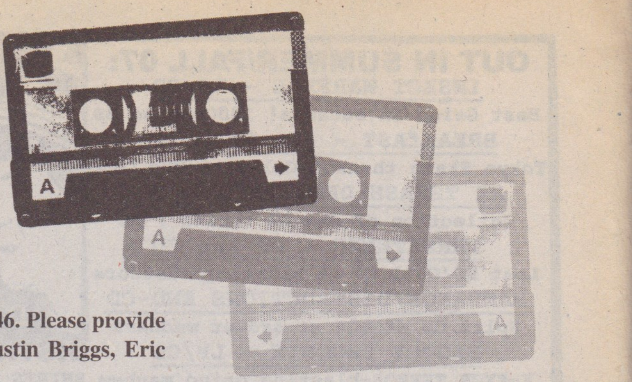


ALBUM OUT NOW
on CD and GREEN vinyl
WWW.INOCULATORS.COM

AMP#42 "they attack a variety of punk styles with gusto, drawing freely on LEFTOVER CRACK, BAD RELIGION, BUZZCOCKS, CLASH...it really works...record should be a hit"(RK)

ALSO AVAILABLE AT:
WWW.INTERPUNK.COM
OR BY MAIL: CD/Green LP $8PPD
Lynch/Inoculators,
P.O. Box 352399, Los Angeles CA 90035

DEMOS



Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Justin Briggs, Eric Butterworth, Nick Mangel, and Cissie Scurlock

ARMS ALOFT – ARMS ALOFT plays gritty, emotional pop-punk in the vein of DILLINGER FOUR. While this isn't very original, the songs are pretty catchy, the recording is good, and this probably deserves to be more than a demo. (Pete) (5-song CD, lyrics included: 4214 Colonial Ct., Eau Claire, WI 54703, www.armsaloftforever.com)

ATTEMPTED CONTROL – I was actually pretty relieved to find out that this was modern hardcore 'cos I am pretty bored with bands naming themselves after songs by bands they are mimicking. Not the case at all with ATTEMPTED CONTROL—they play rocked out and heavy mid-tempo hardcore punk with nary a retro vibe. I hear a variety of influences ranging from mid '80s DC to mid '00s Toronto but everything is done with a modern undercurrent. The lyrics thankfully avoid being cookie-cutter clichés too. Overall the songs are not terribly original or distinct but it's played with some energy and passion, which is always a plus. (Cissie) (5-song CD, lyrics included: Daniel Cafferty, 821 Westcott St, Syracuse, NY 13210, dcafferety@gmail.com)

BASTARDATOR – This is raw, '80s-styled metal, which is not really all that *MRR*-friendly but it seems to be coming from a punk background so it passes my litmus test. The cover has apocalypse-influenced artwork (done by INEPSY's Chany) of a spike-clad, gasmask-wearing punk soldier carrying a necklace of skulls, which is a good indicator of the sounds within. BASTARDATOR is adept at their instruments and the production is spot-on. There is no mistaking that their sound is authentic. If you're yearning for another modern version of CELTIC FROST and that ilk then look no further. (Cissie) (6-song CD, lyrics included: 559 Hurd, Gatineau, QC, J8P 2T3, Canada, tragicscenerecs@hotmail.com)

CRAZY BOMBER – Musically, when at their best, CRAZY BOMBER plays hardcore in the vein of BORN AGAINST but with more metal influence. They combine pretty straight forward, up-tempo hardcore with slow sludge. Vocally, it's a bit over the top with two deep growlers (one gets way out of control) that are turned way up in the mix. (Pete) (7-song cassette, lyrics included: PO Box 342, Peterborough, ON, K9J 6Z3, Canada, crazy_bombing@hotmail.com)

THE CROSSOVERS – This is all over the place but keeps within the confines of punk and hardcore. The guitar definitely has that crossover feel at times but the way the rest of the band plays makes them sound more diverse. The singer is snotty while the drummer is punk, I mean punk. Plus it is a tape! (Eric) (9-song cassette, no lyrics included: $1 ppd, 200 Hilldale Circle, Vidalia, GA 30474)

CURLS – This band may be a little heavy on the rock side of punk rock. It's just a guitarist and drummer (though they fill out pretty well) playing mid and up tempo sludge rock songs that generally stick to the three-chord basics while managing to sound a lot like IRON BUTTERFLY at the same time. Their better stuff has hints of metal influenced heavy parts. (Pete) (6-song CD, no lyrics included: ownewilliamson2000@yahoo.com)

DEAD DOGS – Musically DEAD DOGS plays straightforward, no frills hardcore. They've got power chords and solid up-tempo drumming but the best thing about the band is the main vocalist with his high-pitched screams that give me FILTH flashbacks. I also must say that the sound quality on this is great for being recorded live in a basement. It's an all around solid cassette. (Pete) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, deaddogs@riseup.net)

DIANOGA – This is grindcore from the 612 that worships the 420. When I listen to these vocals intently, I think I have diarrhea 'cos the vocalist sounds like he has said affliction. The lyrics are all super posi, unity type jams aside for the obligatory anti-cop tune. A lot of the songs touch on the issue of hunger—that might have something to do with their reverence of the number 420, just a thought. Well you know if you need more grindcore in your life and if you do DIANOGA has put out a nice little spray-painted demo tape for ya. (Cissie) (16-song tape, lyrics included: 3313 3rd Ave South, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.myspace.com/dianoga)

ESPANTO – This is a fairly lengthy demo that combines power chords, blast beats, and growling vocals, which adds up to typical grindcore. They have some more straightforward punk rock songs that have poppy parts but ESPANTO sounds best when they let it all out and the growler mixes it up with the second vocalist (more of a screamer). (Pete) (16-song CD, lyrics included: Pe. Kassabin, 655, Osasco/SP 06266-150, Brazil, www.foto-log.terra.com.br)

GROANING GROOVE / RINTO – On the A-Side, RINTO plays thrashy, dance inspiring punk. They are on the border of being a hardcore band with screaming vocals that work perfectly with the catchy, treble heavy guitar riffs. On the other side, GROANING GROOVE crosses that boarder into thrashy hardcore with screaming vocals over fast and solid songs. This could be the best cassette I've gotten over the years and I'd have to chalk that up to RINTO. (Pete) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included: groaninggroove@hotmail.co.jp, kodomonoiz@hotmail.co.jp)

GROSS URGE – I'm going to assume that the two members of GROSS URGE are very young and with this assumption in place I'll say that I'm pretty excited about this demo. Musically, it's not amazing. They just have drums, bass, and vocals playing sloppy punk rock but the fact that they are kids playing music that sounds like it is influenced by THE MINUTEMEN or early Mystic Records bands makes this fun to listen to. In an era where GOOD CHARLOTTE passes as punk in the mainstream media it is nice to hear kids grinding out one minute punk songs. Now if these guys are in their mid-thirties then I take it all back. (Pete) (4-song CD, no lyrics included: 11951 Reagan St., Los Alamitos, CA 90720, jodog@verizon.net)

HYBRID AGE – Apparently the guitar player in this band also plays electronic drums, which explains why the drums sound so funny and it may explain why the music is so sloppy. Anyway, HYBRID AGE plays up-tempo, SCREECHING WEASEL influenced (there's a pretty painful cover of "Hey Suburbia"), pop-punk songs with monotone, off-key vocals. (Pete) (8-song CD, lyrics included: $4 ppd, 862 N. 4th St., Sunbury, PA 17801)

MONOCYCLE – What I'm hearing is Gravity Records styled hardcore—MONOCYCLE kind of sounds like ANGEL HAIR with a French singer. I would definitely qualify this as spastic and some of the transitions are pretty whacked out. It's really good for the style but I might only be diggin' on the French vocals. The guitarist is fairly talented, he's all over the place from notes to chords and I bet he's all over the stage when they play live too—rollin' around and such. Apparently this Quebecois unit already disbanded so I guess most of us will never know. (Cissie) (10-song CD, lyrics included, www.mon-oeil.org)

NO THANKS – This is a live "demo" from CBGBs, circa 1983. I usually hate live recordings but this was recorded really well with no annoying between song banter. NO THANKS was a female-fronted, early '80s hardcore punk band from the east coast. If you cannot find their vinyl, I would suggest picking this up because it has a lot of the hits. You can also keep an eye out for the discography 12" that is coming out soon. (Eric) (11-song CD, no lyrics included, donnadamage@cs.com)

OUTTA COMMISSION – This demo runs through 14 songs in about 15 minutes, each one being a short blast of frantic punk rock. The songs are played at twice the normal speed and consist of pretty basic three chord guitar riffs and snotty vocals. OUTTA COMMISSION is reminiscent of FYP in their faster moments or STIKKY in their not-so-silly moments. (Pete) (14-song CD, no lyrics included. $2 ppd: 1512 Union St, Schenectady, NY 12309)

PASSION ARMÉE – This is really cool and refreshing. PASSION ARMÉE is doing the CRISIS type thing with a twist—this is not a blatant rip off. It's not quite as upbeat and dancy as their fellow countrymen FRUSTRATION and it is much better because of it. The music is characterized by distinct and catchy bass lines, a sparse, choppy guitar sound, and interesting vocal patterns. The darkness does not seem contrived—the music and vocals lead me to believe these guys are coming from a decidedly bleak perspective. This is great and I hope these guys send us a record soon. (Cissie) (7-song CD, lyrics included: Julien Besse, 1 Rue Bisardon, 69300 Caluire, France)

PUBLIC SERPENTS – I was caught completely unaware by the fact that ska-punk still exists and despite my distain for the genre, I must admit that PUBLIC SERPENTS do it pretty well. They mix melodic hardcore with OPERATION IVY style punk. Their songs generally start out as typical, fast hardcore tunes with screaming vocals but when you expect your normal breakdown the band falls into some ska-punk part instead. (Pete) (8-song CD, lyrics included: 101 W. 23rd St. #2341, NY, NY 10011, www.tentcityrecords.com)

RAD COMPANY – Yeah, the name is a bit stupid truth be told but RAD COMPANY is pretty ragin'. First of all I gotta say the recording quality is pretty awesome for a demo! Stylistically this is hard to pin down, but overall USHC is the predominant sound. At times these guys exhibit some Finnish style influences and even moments reminiscent of black metal. Not monotonous and definitely a band to watch. (Nick) (?-song CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/radcompany)

SECOND HAND SOULS – The strange country/metal tune that starts this thing off is a bit deceiving and really not the best song on here. For the most part SECOND HAND SOULS plays pretty straightforward punk rock with some rockabilly influences and is akin to POISON IDEA. The music does have a bit of a dark feel at times, much of which is due to the deep, gravelly vocalist. (Pete) (5-song CD, lyrics included, soulssecondhand@yahoo .com)

SHIT MAYOR – House-punk may very well be a thriving sub-genre but I know very little about it. In fact SHIT MAYOR is my introduction to it. The A-Side combines a monotonous dance beat and bass line with synthesizers and a guy screaming. The B-Side takes a similar approach but is musically sparse. (Pete) (2-song cassette, no lyrics included, no contact)

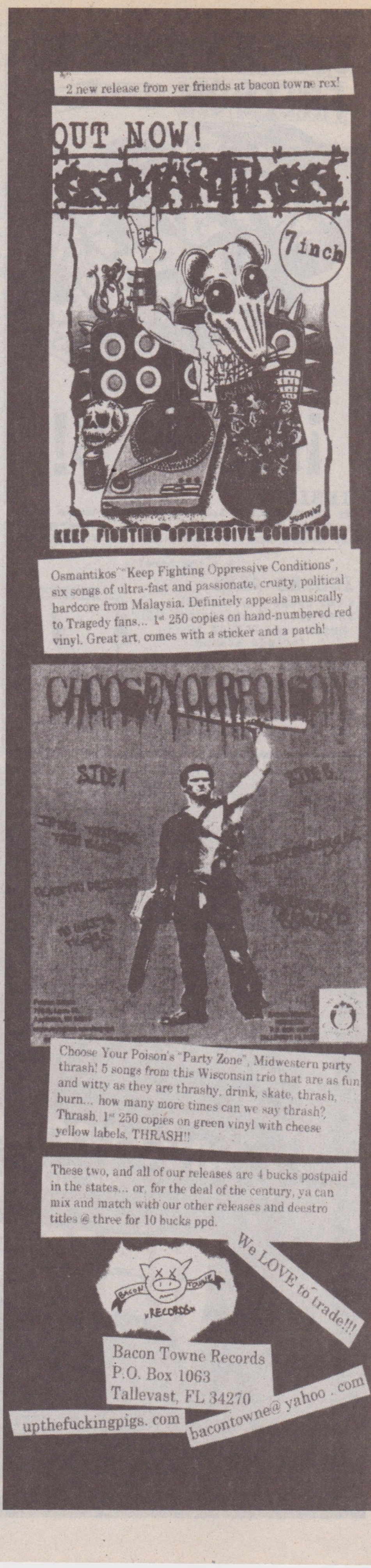
SISTERS – Noisy, late '80s college rock. Total SONIC YOUTH worship. They keep it original and interesting and not just tenth generation bullshit. Early '90s skate videos ate this up. I'll be a fan as long as they don't sell out. I heard they got a record coming out on Parts Unknown. Can I say that? Look out. (Eric) (9-song CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/olysisters)

SOUND YOUR ALARM – Harsh and burly metallic hardcore from Norway here. At points certain points SOUND YOUR ALARM is reminiscent of DISFEAR and at other points it's got a mosh vibe. All of it is mean sounding with a distinct modern feel. If that appeals to you then I would suggest that you investigate further into the world that is SOUND YOUR ALARM. (Cissie) (9-song CD, lyrics included: Pål Bjørlo, Vevelstadåsen 2, 1405 Langhus, Norway, soundyouralarm@hotmail.com)

STAAGS! – Just two songs here. The first one is a mid-tempo tune that sounds like a heavier version of a RAMONES song. Song number two picks things up with a good, quick, and snotty one from the BLACK FLAG school of punk rock. (Pete) (2-song cassette, no lyrics included, no contact)

TYBER STRYKE – All female band? Tyber Stryke is coming at you from two places far away from each other. The music is rough, raw street punk, while the vocals seem like they're from a '90s alternative band. This demo contains half studio tracks and half live tracks. Ya can't really go wrong with a song like "Crackhouse Queen." (Eric) (10-song CD, no lyrics included: Eric Taeubel, 510 Central Drive #1101, Chattanooga, TN 37421)

VITAMIN PARTY – It sounds like these guys may have moved to Berkeley about 20 years too late. They play poppy, lo-fi punk that has a bit of an edge to it. The songs are pretty catchy, mostly mid-tempo tunes. I must say that it's about time that a pop-punk band got the song length right (that's about two minutes if you were not sure). (Pete) (8-song CD, lyrics included: free with a SASE to 1700 10th St, Berkeley, CA 94710, www.vitaminparty.com)



2 new release from yer friends at bacon towne rex!

Osmantikos' "Keep Fighting Oppressive Conditions", six songs of ultra-fast and passionate, crusty, political hardcore from Malaysia. Definitely appeals musically to Tragedy fans... 1st 250 copies on hand-numbered red vinyl. Great art, comes with a sticker and a patch!

Choose Your Poison's "Party Zone", Midwestern party thrash! 5 songs from this Wisconsin trio that are as fun and witty as they are thrashy. drink, skate, thrash, burn... how many more times can we say thrash?, Thrash, 1st 250 copies on green vinyl with cheese yellow labels, THRASH!!

These two, and all of our releases are 4 bucks postpaid in the states... or, for the deal of the century, ya can mix and match with our other releases and deestro titles @ three for 10 bucks ppd.

We LOVE to trade!!!

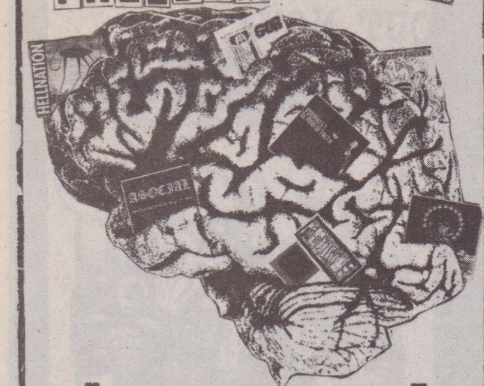
Bacon Towne Records
P.O. Box 1063
Tallevast, FL 34270

upthefuckingpigs. com

bacontowne@ yahoo . com

SEVEN INCHES TO FREEDOM

HC/PUNK fanzine



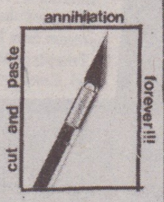
¡ISSUE 5!

.OUT NOW.

INSIDE:
"My First Record" Stories, A Punk's Guide To The Dollar Bin, M BLANKET History/Discography, Best Record Ever!?!: HELLNATION, CIVIC PROGRESS Interview, Columns, Reviews & a ton more!!!

ISSUES ARE:
$1 or trade (in the US)
$2 or trade (outside the US)
Prisioners PLEASE try to include stamps

WRITE:
2163 Hoople St.
Ft. Myers, FLA 33901
www.wtfhttrecords.com
no fucking myspace



ACTS OF SEDITION

WHAT'S HERE

ACTS OF SEDITION 12" (PSR1): Combines our side of the out of print Bafabegiya split, and with our out of print first seven inch onto one convenient piece of plastic. Full color cover and 20 page booklet.
Post paid cost: US $11, CAN/MEX $13, WORLD $16.
Penguin Suit Records: PO BOX 22083 Oakland, CA 94623.
More info: email bass@actsofsedition.com

CROWN VICTORIA EP: Newest Material. Six song seven inch on Bloodtown Records. $4 plus shipping.
Visit www.bloodtownrecords.com
or contact bloodtownrecords@yahoo.com for more info.

WHAT'S COMING

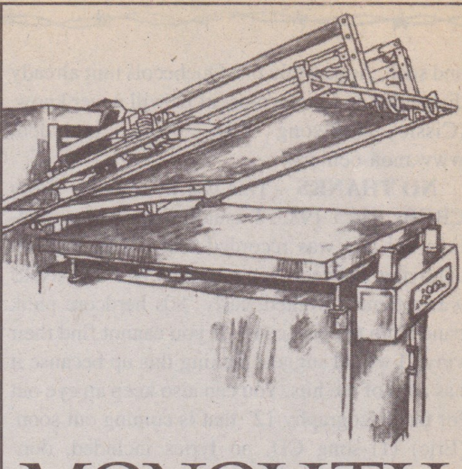
SPLIT SEVEN INCH WITH SADVILLE: Who knows what will come of this unholy combo of us Oakland weirdos and those Tennessee scoundrels? You shall soon see. Visit www.inkblotrecords.com for more info.

FULL LENGTH: Whenever we finish it. We're writing songs as fast as we fucking can!!!

NORTH AMERICAN TOUR: Spring 2008: USA, Mexico, Canada. Get in touch if you REALLY want us to play in your town.

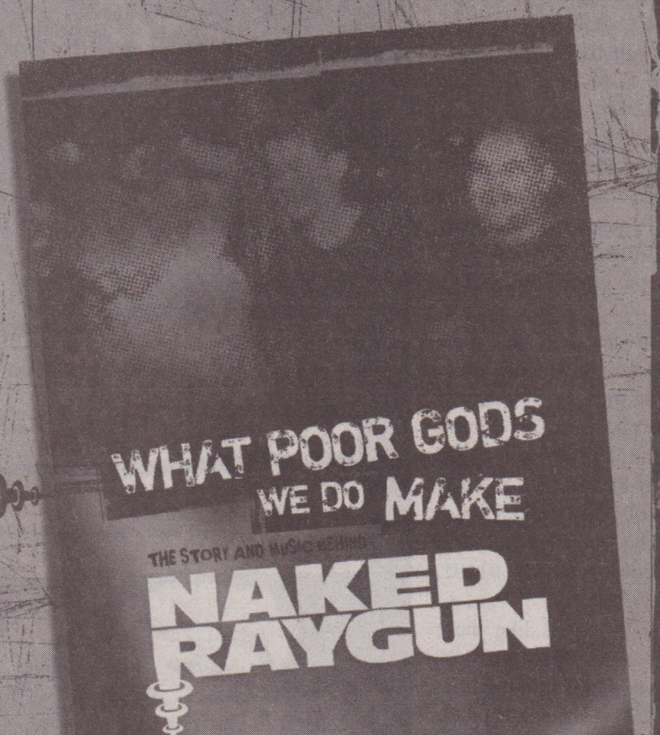
WHAT'S NEW? KICK IT WITH US AT **WWW.ACTSOFSEDITION.COM** and find out!

or the old fashioned way...
PO BOX 22083 OAKLAND, CA 94623



MONOLITH PRESS

Specializing in screenprinted posters (up to 23"x35"), foldover 7", 10" and LP covers.
We've printed stuff for Tankcrimes, Lengua Armada, Life is Abuse, Six Weeks, and Maximum Rocknroll.
www.monolithpress.net



NAKED RAYGUN

EVERYWHERE NOVEMBER 6TH

TWO DISC DVD/CD

ARCHIVED FOOTAGE, INTERVIEWS

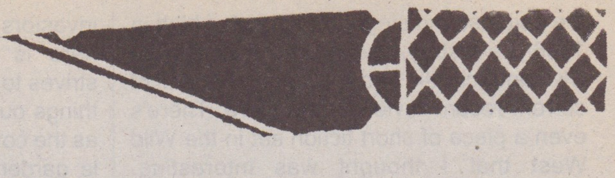
LIVE CD FROM THEIR MOST RECENT SOLD-OUT SHOWS

CHICAGO'S MOST LEGENDARY BAND RETURNS

RIOT FEST RECORDS

WWW.RIOTFEST.ORG • WWW.MYSPACE.COM/NAKEDRAYGUN • WWW.NAKEDRAYGUN.ORG

ZINES

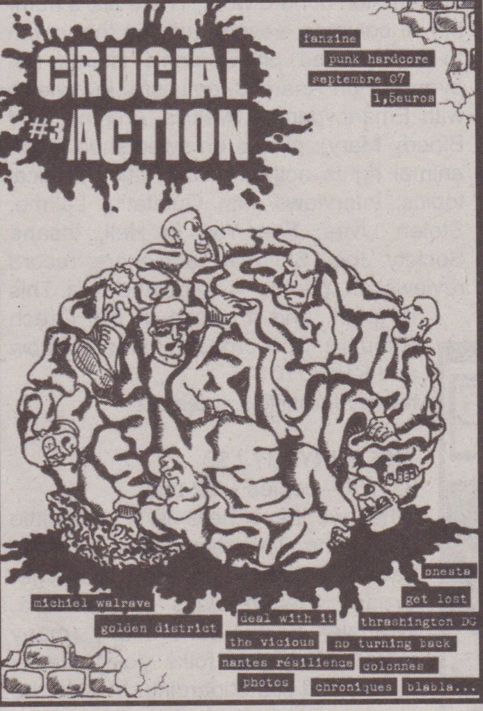


Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(AA) Ariel Awesome
(JB) Julia Booze
(JU) Justin Briggs
(PC) Paul Curran
(DH) Damian Harris
(CS) Chris Hubbard
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(NM) Nick Mangel
(JM) Jeff Mason
(MP) Mason Pince
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(DS) Dionne Stevens

BIG FUCKING DEAL #2 / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 64 pgs
So, just as I said to myself, "hmm, this reads a lot like *Snakepit*," the author came back with an illustration of a friend's critique of *Big Fucking Deal* stating that very observation. I took it as a demonstration of self-awareness. Although I have said in past issues that I don't care much for autobiographical zines that simply meander along through someone's life that I don't care about, *Big Fucking Deal* struck a lighter blow. This is a simply drawn collection of snippets from author's daily life and personal business, but without an overwhelming air of self-importance and false modesty. Yes, he is writing about his selection of part time jobs in Portland and the fact that he is a vegan and doesn't own a car—the regular world for many a humble zinemaker. Marc, to me, seems to be a likeable guy, because he does not pretend that he is not loathsome about himself and the world around him. I do wonder what his girlfriend thinks about him airing out their laundry in this issue… (DS)
Marc Parker / 2000 NE 42nd Ave. #221 / Portland, OR / 97213

CRUCIAL ACTION #3 / ?1.5
5.9 x 8.3 – printed – 108 pgs – French
Crucial Action seems to be fairly comprehensive in its coverage of punk and hardcore. A lot of the content appears to be sXe oriented but non-sXe bands are interviewed and reviewed as well. The words French and straight-edge don't really roll off the tongue very easily but that is neither really here nor there, I guess. I can't comment on the quality herein because my French is nowhere near fluent but the writing is plentiful for those that can read the language and the layout is nice and clean. Folks interviewed include Onesta, Deal With It, Golden District, The Vicious, Thrashington DC, No Turning Back, Nantes Résilience, and Michiel Walgrave. *Crucial Action* also consists of other standard music zine fare like columns and a large record review section. Books, zines, and DVDs are reviewed too. Overall, it seems like a pretty good effort so if you read French and are interested in the fore-mentioned bands, I'd suggest this. (CI)
Mathieu Stoldick / Appt. 206-Rés. Galliéni / 237, rue du 14 Juillet / 33400 Talence / France
mattxenemy@hotmail.com



DIVERSIYA / $4 ppd
11.5 x 8.5 – printed – 40 pgs – Russian
Every time I get a nice looking foreign language zine, I feel somewhat optimistic. Like I will open it up and be able to string together some of the ideas beyond the band names written in English and their supporting pictures. I usually fail or don't try hard enough, then deliver some generic report of what I could scratch. This time was different only in that my delight was even greater knowing that I recently took a semester of Russian at City College. This one should've been in the bag. *Ha!* What I can tell you is that there is a feature on GISM, possibly an editorial piece on Japanese Dis-worship, and a poster inside. *Diversiya* is a compilation of articles from the *Diversion* website and some new material that I couldn't translate. St. Petersburg is up a little bit in its punk numbers and it seems like production is up as well. KGBeee warned. (DS)
Dmitrij Ivanov c/o Diversiya / PO Box 30, St. Petersburg-9 / 195009 / Russia
diversion.test-machine.com

DOLL #244 / $?
7 x 10.5 – printed – 140 pgs – Japanese
Doll might just be my favorite Super Head Magazine. Always an interesting and/or amusing flip-through, they seems to feature a wide range of punk and punk-related music. In the historical coverage, this issue's got pieces on Brazilian punk from the last 30 years, the Australian scene in the mid-'80s, and early Northern Ireland punk (cool!—can't read it though). Seemingly every other page has an interview with a current band from some subgenre of music or another, plus tons of reviews, pictures, and ads galore. Keep on keeping' on. (CS)
No. 303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9, Kita Kohenji / Suginami-ku, Tokyo / Japan
hensyu@doll-mag.co.jp

DROPOUT #3 / Free
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
This skate zine opens with the author recalling an April 1990 *Thrasher* article about a pool in the Salton Sea and him and his high school friend's mission to skate it. The rest of the writing focuses mostly on music, but there's a ton of skating photos (and the overall layout is cool, too). You get an interview with the old Syracuse, NY band the Penetrators (and I do mean *old*—

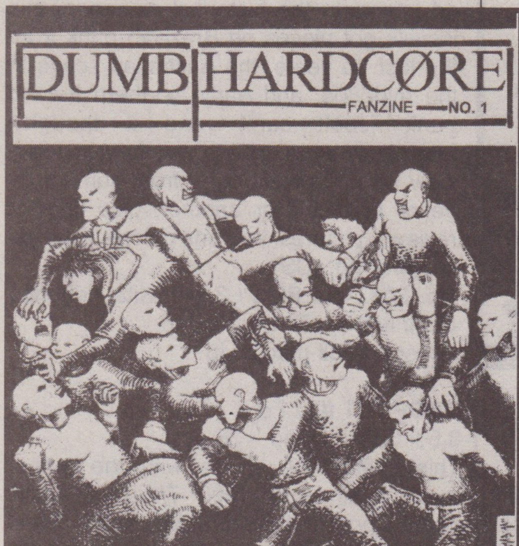
the guitarist and singer met in junior high in 1968!), a history lesson on the Boys' (the UK band) classic debut album, a handful of current record reviews, and more. There's even a piece of short fiction set in the Wild West that I thought was interesting. Overall, *Dropout* looks nice and reads easy, so check it out. (CS)
dropoutskatezine@yahoo.com

DUMB HARDCORE #1 / $?

8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
A pretty unabashedly retro USHC zine and it makes no apologies for trying to be like a '80s east coast sXe/HC affair a la *Schism* or *Hardware*. But done by an Aussie, interestingly. Only interviews and reviews basically—Violent Minds, Career Suicide, Insurgents, My War Records, and an old Youth Of Today one. Pictures too. Kinda boring to me, but I don't doubt there are plenty of people that would pop a boner all over this. (NM)
fightthem@hotmail.com

EARTH FIRST! Winter 2007 / $4.50

11 x 17 – printed – 32 pgs
This is my first contact with the *Earth First!* newspaper. To be honest, initially I was unenthused about having to review this. I was afraid it would be really smarmy, subjective, and paranoid because of my perception of certain activists. It is my own prejudices that should be checked though, because the writing herein is cogent. Even if you aren't against civilization, you may want to know about the many ways the government and its pro-development investors are fucking up everything, and here is your source. While this paper strives to cover the bad news, it also evens things out with evidence of progress, such as the cover article that talks about a guerilla garden put up where a truck stop was supposed to be built in Brattelboro. This also contains news about direct action efforts to halt development schemes as well as updates on the political prisoners of the Green Scare. Really, if you can just look past the pseudonyms like Slug and Persimmon…(JB)
Daily Planet Publishing — Earth First! / PO Box 3023 / Tuscon, AZ 85702



FIRESTORM #15 / 2 Euros

8 x 11.5 – printed – 76 pgs – Czech
Very cool-looking zine from the Czech Republic. *Firestorm* was originally known as *Move Your Ass*, but the group behind the zine decided, along with an overall change in the nature of the publication, that a name change was in order as well. Anyway, though I can't read anything besides the odd word of English here and there, I can tell that *Firestorm* is the result of a shit-ton of hard work. There are a number of columns; several articles that seem to be focused on women's issues (an overview on Anarcho-feminism, interviews with Emancypunx, Lovekills, Anfema, and Bloody Mary); pieces on sweatshop labor, animal rights activism, and other political topics; interviews with Quiritatio, Lakme, Stolen Lives, See You In Hell, Insane Society, Joey Shithead, and more; record reviews, art, photos—you get the idea. This is great, and if you're in the Czech Republic, you probably already know and love it. (CS)
moveyourass@seznam.cz

THE FURY #17 / $2

8.5 x 7 – copied – 52 pgs
What we have here is a nice little photo zine. The composition runs the gamut including bands (Converge, Crudos, Seven Days of Samsara, Wrangler Brutes, and many, many more), photos of folks doing wacky things, and skateboarding. Most of the photos reproduced fairly well considering this is copied, but other photos that you can tell are probably cool suffered a bit. (JU)
Mark Novotny / 5413 6th Ave / Countryside, IL 60525

GREASESPOT #4 / $4

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 52 pgs
It must suck growing up in the suburbs of Houston, unless you're like my friend J who was a young criminal shoplifting from Versace and breaking into liquor stores. But these kids are making the most of it. They're riding bikes, inner-tubing down rivers, and even getting the fuck out of Texas for a while. The first story, however, was kind of a downer. It was about a stoner kid working as a pizza deliveryman for Dominos and getting mugged on the clock. I don't know about that pizza industry. I delivered fried chicken in Brooklyn, but man, pizza is a whole other bird. (DH)
Lauren Trout / 4115 Still Glade Ln. / Kingwood, TX 77345
www.arcadedistro.com

HERPES #2 / $2

8.5 x 11 – copied – 60 pgs
I'm a sucker for zines like this. I'll read any basic DIY hardcore/punk fanzine even if it's crappy. *Herpes* uses the typical music fanzine format—interviews, show reviews, record reviews, and other tomfoolery. This is the second issue of the year and it's heaving with content. Contained within are recent interviews with Double Negative, Dry Rot, and Iron Age, plus a reprint of a Face Value interview that originally appeared in *Crunchface*. Rob's interviews don't dig particularly deep but they are very laid-back and spontaneous, which makes them fun to read. There's a neat section with news clippings related to hardcore and punk. I even enjoyed the article about the author's fascination with Mary Tyler Moore—I thought it was sweet. The show and record reviews are abundant and display Rob's diverse taste in music. It's also apparent that he will drive anywhere in the Midwest if he thinks he might see a good show. He lives in Columbus but the shows reviewed are all over the map and as far as Iowa. I could have done without the article extolling the late '80s New Jersey hardcore band Vision. *Vision?!?* They stink. Oh well, taste is relative. On that note, I think *Herpes* is well done—four stage dives out of five. (CI)
1131 North High Street / Apt. 301 / Columbus, OH 43201
get.herpes.now@gmail.com

HIGH HEELS SLUT #10 / $5

6 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs
Ooooh Man did I need this zine! Who knew a bunch of punks over in Belgium share the same taste in ultra poppy '77 punk as me! This clean-and-trim zine interviews bands I have never heard of, but after dutifully looking them up, it was totally worth it! Two of the bands included are Hex Dispensers and High Tension Wires (they share members with The Marked Men). High Tension Wires remind me of a more contemporary version of The Undertones, kind of like a

better version of The Clorox Girls. High Tension Wires and Hex Dispensers share a record label with my power pop favorites The Riff Randells, so I was extra excited to read about them. Another band interviewed is The Carbonas (unfortunately, no glue is included) who are real melodic but still have that tin-can garage feel, and the singer sounds like Stiv Bators—totally addictive! There are also a bunch of record reviews, interviews with Brutal Knights and The Retainers, and some "how I got into punk" stories. Highly recommended! (MJ)
c/o Retard Wim / Oude Tramweg 50 / 8560 Moorsele / Belgium

HUB CITY: OUT OF THE BASEMENT #4 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
It is really cool reading *Hub City: Out of the Basement* after being totally blown away by the Screaming Females set in the Thrillhouse basement. A couple people from that band do this zine, and it is really interesting to read about what their scene is like in New Jersey. The zine itself is really good. I think the point of *Hub City: Out of the Basement* is to tell people what is going on in New Jersey and from reading it, I feel like if I go there I know what to expect. Included is an interview with a band called Hunchback and a brief show review of a band that played some sort of reunion that goes by the name of Lifetime. Buy this!
PO Box 1561 / New Brunswick, NJ 08903 (MP)
jarret_d_@hotmail.com

IF THEY ONLY KNEW #2 & #3 /$?
8.5 x 5.5 & 11 x 4.25 – copied – 16 pgs & 12 pgs
It's not easy putting out a zine in a small town/suburb like Concord, CA, and for that I'll give some credit to these two short issues. The articles include proud boasts of why Concord is a good place to live, local activities such as Critical Mass and anti-Walmart efforts, and an interesting interview of graffiti writers in Walnut Creek. *If They Only Knew* is in the DIY/cut-and-paste style and unfortunately some of the content is compromised by less than clean type and layout. Like I said though, it's got to be hard when you're in a place like Concord to make something like this. (CR)
Smitty / 839 Tully Way / Concord, CA 94518

INNER SWINE vol. 3.3 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 62 pgs
Slow and steady wins the race. I guess I have to admit to actually being impressed that this fucking stupid zine is still around, and that the writer is getting a book published. Someone must like it after all, so congratulations. Just because I think it is worthless doesn't mean it is, I suppose. Acerbic on the subject of humans, generally into being pantsless and having to interact with humans as little as possible, indulgent, unconcerned with objects and events outside the self, and generally not totally awesome in the anti-sexist fight. So there you have it. (JB)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030

THE INSURGENT #19.1 / $?
11 x 17 – printed – 28 pages
Wow, if *The Insurgent* is a student newspaper in any official capacity all I can say is holy shit! Apparently this is for students of University of Oregon at Eugene—the famous progressive/radical enclave. This rag is a kindred spirit to *Slingshot* and other tabloid sized political newspapers. This issue touches on tons of issues including political prisoners, animal rights (especially free-range myths), torture, the environment, and actions in the Eugene area. Wow. (NM)
UO Student Insurgent / Suite 1, 1228 University of Oregon / Erb Memorial Union / University of Oregon / Eugene OR 97403

IZU GIROA #10, 11, 106 / ?2 or trade
Various – copied – varied – Basque
Holy shit!! I was thrilled to see this in my review bin. Three issues of a punk zine from Basque country, and they are written entirely in that region's language. Naturally I can't read a word of *Izu Giroa*, and looking at it I understand why linguists say Basque is entirely unrelated to any other language. The name means "Climate of Fear." *Izu Giroa* started in 2001 and has released eleven issues. #16 has interviews with The Nerds, Mg-15, Cinder, Shattered Realm, Icepick, and many more along with a big Finnish scene report. #11 has Ratos De Porao, Fly Shit, Afonia, et al. Both issues also contain tons of reviews and thankfully for me, pictures. #106 (cos it was released in '06) is a special issue all about Crass—their ideas, records, and an unreleased interview. #10 and 11 are 8.5 x 11 and #106 is half-sized. All I can say is fucking *cool*! (NM)
PO Box 10216 / 48007 Bilbao / Basque Country / Spain

KING-CAT #68 / $3 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
This is the most emo thing I've ever read. Subject matter covers cats, squirrels, ladybugs, and feeding birds. I'm a little disappointed that there are no puppies in here, though. But you know what, the zine left me feeling pretty good. Neat minimalist comics

FIRESTORM
číslo 15 / červenec 2007
od kolektivu Moveyourass

represent most of the stories but a few are written in prose, including two obituaries. John notices the little things around town, like poppies growing behind dumpsters and foxes in alleyways. He seems to be the quiet homebody type and this zine reflects that. (DH)
John Porcellino / PO Box 18888 / Denver, CO 80218

KISSOFF #12 / $3 or trade
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 46 pgs
Even at probably only 150 words per page, I found *Kissoff* quite hard to get through. It's not that it's poorly written. It's your basic, personal-journal-adapted-for-an-audience type of zine, minus tales of romance and "feelings" and based more on observations, conversations, and late night rendezvous (the theme of the issue seems to be about what goes on once the town goes to bed: hence the title "Nocturne" on the back cover). I'm not really very fond of reading this type of writing and that's not the zine's fault. I just never seem to get anything out of it or even remember what I just read ten minutes after the fact unless it's a story that I can actually relate to. I'm sure a lot of readers will be able to relate to a lot of what is covered here. This zine is good for the style and I apologize but this would have been better suited for another reviewer. (JU)
Chris / 902-246 Lisgar Street / Ottawa, ON / K2P OC8 / Canada

LOVE IN THE TIME OF SCABIES #5 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 42 pgs
It's Midwestern mayhem! Issue #5 contains a comic, an interview with comic maven

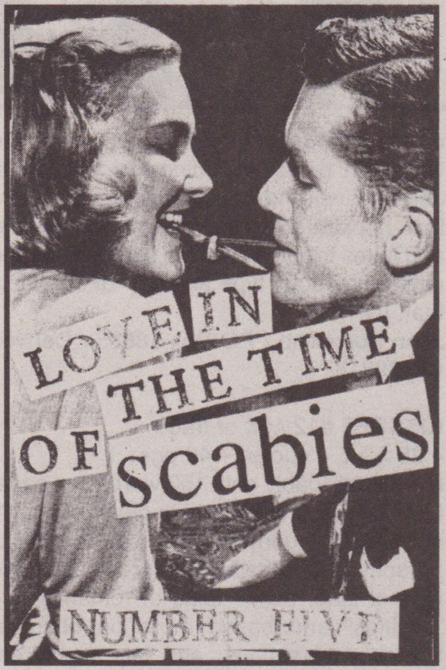
Chynna Clugston, probably most famous for *Blue Monday* and some DC or Marvel stuff too I think, and loads of band photos—Milwaukee scene matter I gather. There are stories and photos to accompany them, looks entertaining…but I couldn't make out what came after it due to the pages being copied and recopied a bunch, or maybe the typewriter ribbon needed a drink. (DS)

2929 N. Buffum / Milwaukee, WI 53212

MEMOIRS OF A QUEER HAPA / $?

4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs

The author focuses more on ethnicity than on sexuality in this overview of how she has perceived her ascribed status(es) throughout her life. ("Hapa," to my understanding, is a Hawaiian term for a person of mixed ethnicity, particularly Asian and European.) It reads a bit like it was written for school, but it's not too distracting (or detracting). There are a few pages after the main body of the essay that follow up on points she missed initially. She uses terms like "essentialist," and, my least favorite, "postmodern," but, thankfully, sparingly. The layout is quite plain. I wouldn't say this rocked my world, but it is a decent read. If this sounds like something you'd be down with, send her a buck or something. (JM)



Jackie Wang / 5800 Bay Shore Rd., Box 300 / Sarasota, FL 34243
bitte_ein_kuss@yahoo.com

NEW INDIVIDUALIST vol. 10, # 11 / $3.50

8.5 x 11 – printed – 60 pgs

Some of you are old enough to remember the vile wretch, Margaret Thatcher, who was the figurehead of some European country in the '80s. My favorite of her lies was her claim that, "there is no such thing as society; there are only individuals." She was full of fucking shit, obviously. The pigs that put out this glossy magazine are similarly fucked in the head. The cover story uses anecdotal (Reagan's favorite kind) and statistical evidence to argue that not enough people go to jail. It is typical that these "small government" types love the police, prisons, and the fucking army. This magazine also distinguishes itself with many pages of wasted space (and I don't mean the actual articles)—it could have been 24 pages pretty easily. It reminds me of the many free, stupid zines we used to get, except this one is all glossy and more Republican style. (They call it "Libertarian.") Oh yeah, they sit perched on the jock of Ayn Rand, another sign of mental instability. (JM)

MRR is not here to further these ideas.

OX #74 / ?5

8.5 x 12 – printed – 146 pgs – German

Reviewing *OX* is like trying to review a newspaper. Not much changes: the quality is consistent, the format stays the same, and it comes out like clockwork. There is not much to say about it. All I can do is give a rundown of the interviews, but every issue has over fifty. No joke. I find the magazine a little too glossy for my taste. Interviews in this issue include Dropkick Murphys, DOA, The Weakerthans, Einstürzende Neubauten, and The Dwarves, among many, many others. (DH)

OX-Fanzine / PO Box 10 22 25 / 42766 Haan / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PERPETRATION NATION #1 / $2

7 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs

Kind of standard punk rock zine, blended with personal writings, and that's not necessarily a bad thing. This is the first issue so hopefully *Perpetration Nation* will take on more character as time goes on. This issue has writings on feminism, the Dayton Scene, comics, also interviews with Think Fast, Marijuana Johnson, and some other stuff. (NM)

4108 Possum Run Rd / Dayton, OH 45410

PLASTIC BOMB #60 / $?

11.5 x 8.25 – printed – 80 pgs – German

Unfortunately, my German vocabulary is limited to phrases that sound like English swear words, which my friend Laura passed onto me as a result of her family reunion. As a result, I found this all-German punk zine pretty incomprehensible. From what I picked up, it is a well laid-out and organized zine. It contains interviews with The Subhumans, Inferno, No Respect, Turbostaat, and loads more. There is also a piece in English titled "Herstory of Punk"—made me wish I knew German because I love reading about stuff like that. It comes with a free CD and an extensive mail order catalog almost the size of the zine itself. (MJ)

Plastic Bomb / Postfach 100205 / D-47002 Duisburg / Germany

RADIATION SICKNESS #3 / $2 or trade

8.5 x 11 – copied – 18 pgs

When all is said and done I found this zine to be a pretty good read. Focusing more on the metal side of the fence, this issue of *Radiation Sickness* features an interview with long-running Brazilian hardcore band Armageddon, a well put together piece on Hellhammer, an interview with the Bristol, UK zine *Destroy*, and a reprinted comic from a 1979 issue of *Slow Death* that deals with the healthcare industry, entitled "Corporate Cancer." My very minor complaint deals with being able to read with ease. The pages are copied right to the edge and very often the words on the edges were marred "spine." I was forced to remove the staples to see them. I could have very easily figured out what it said without doing so, but it kind of annoyed me a bit—this did nothing to stop me from giving this zine a thumbs up. (JU)

Jim Finlayson / PO Box 231004 / Boston, MA 02123
masterburnder83@yahoo.com

ROCK HARDI #36 / ?7

8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 66 pgs

Well, since this somewhat slick looking mag is written in French, I can't read a word. What I can tell you is that there are interviews with The Cramps (this appears to be a discussion of different psycho-tronic / cult / horror movies), Fleshtones, Strychnine, Sirteez, Sonic Angels, Pravda, Mean Things, Ashtones, Lindingre, and more. This also features record and video reviews. I wish I could tell you more but I'm an ignorant American. (JU)

3 rue Beausoleil / 63100 Clermont-Ferrand / France
www.rockhardi.com

SEVEN INCHES TO FREEDOM #5 / $1 or trade

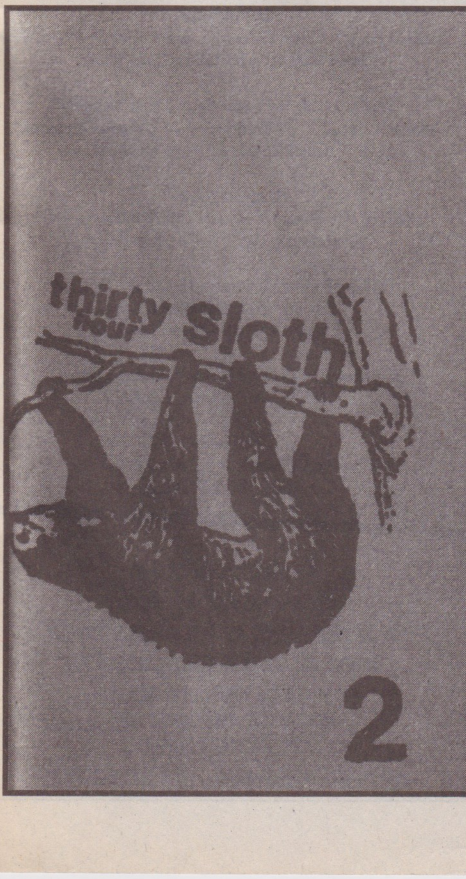
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs

I liked *Seven Inches To Freedom* a lot. The writing is good throughout the whole thing, the layout is nice, and there are a few really cool pages dedicated to a band called M Blanket. There is a little more record nerd talk in it that I would like but I really enjoyed the "stupid band name" section, although I think Dick Leperacy, Go Time, and Triple Bogie are amazing band names. I am really looking forward to the next issue of

Seven Inches To Freedom because it is going to be dedicated to Florida Punk. "Living Like A Pig!" (MP)
Joe Lachut / 2163 Hoople St / Ft. Myers, FL 33901

SLINGSHOT #95 / $1
17 x 11.5 – printed – 16 pgs
In the twelve years or so that I've been reading *Slingshot*, I don't think there has been any significant changes to the zine. It's still on newsprint with the same hand-written titles and activist oriented content that has been its defining aesthetic. There's something to be said for consistency, especially when it comes from a publication that clearly puts a premium on substance over style. This issue has a disturbing account of police infiltration and domestic spying by the FBI in radical environmental group's reviews of various events such as the Copwatch convention in Oakland and the G8 summit in Rostock. *Slingshot* has always been a valuable resource for activists especially in the Bay Area; it's nice to see it continue. (CR)
Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck Avenue / Berkeley, CA 94705

SLUG & LETTUCE #90 / $1 US, $2 Can/Mex, $3 world
11 x 17 – printed – 24 pgs
Cheers! This is the 20th anniversary issue of this fine publication. The editor, our own Christine Boarts Larson, has celebrated by printing a history of the zine on one page (as ever, the type is miniscule). The rest of the issue is devoted to photographs and ads. Of course, in deciding to run so many photos, the size and clarity were decreased. That said, this is highly recommended, as always. Many hearts to *S&L*! (JM)
PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632



SKYSCRAPER #26 / $5
10.5 x 7.5 – printed – 124 pgs
Skyscraper is very similar to *Doll* from Japan except written in English. It focuses more on the mainstream and has lots of promotional shots of bands (which I hate, especially ones of Thurston Moore) and has tons of record reviews. Bands interviewed in this zine are Bad Brains, Two Gallants, and Pissed Jeans. Some cool stuff but not worth the price if you ask me. (MP)
Skyscraper Magazine / PO Box 4432 / Boulder, CO 80306
skyscraperzine@hotmail.com

THIRTY HOUR SLOTH #2 / $?
3.75 x 6.5 – copied – 68 pgs
Sarah likes to travel, hitchhike, hang out in squats, dumpster dive, ride trains, and other assorted and related activities. She's written *Thirty Hour Sloth* to showcase her adventures and tell of the predicaments she gets herself into by choosing to live such a blithe-spirited lifestyle. The more interesting pages of the zine are dedicated to biographies of political mavericks and local legends that hail from the towns she is traversing through. Something like *Thirty Hour Sloth* is probably far more appealing for Sarah's friends or for the people she meets. Sarah seems to have the right intentions, but I was not all that thrilled by her anecdotes. Actually I think I might be far more fascinated to read the travel stories of the football hooligans that she encounters in France. They might be assholes but I'm sure their story hasn't already been told in hundreds of other zines. However, if you're one of those people that can't get enough of other people's travel adventures then you will probably like this. (CI)
Sarah Wayward / PO Box 31224 / Halifax, Nova Scotia / B3K 5YL/ Canada

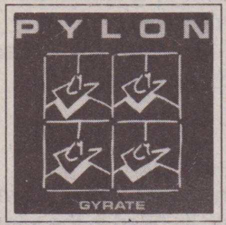
THRILLHOUSE #8 / free + postage
8.5 x 12 – copied – 10 pgs
This is a short cut 'n' paste zine done by a couple of guys in Australia. They interview Cutsick and Sentinel—two bands from Melbourne. There is an interview with The Headless Horsemen, which is reprinted from another zine, *Distort*. The editor of *Distort* is also the sole guest columnist. Then there are the obligatory record and zine reviews. Unfortunately, they did not print the contacts of the bands or the zines, so there is no way to check them out unless you happen upon them in a zine store or info shop in Melbourne. (DH)
Thrillhouse Zine / 14 Moray St / East Bentleigh / VIC 3165 / Australia

TRYING #5 / $1
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 68 pgs
There is a picture in the middle of *Trying* with an ostrich sticking its head in the sand. I think it sums up the way this zine reads, as if the author wants you to see him but would prefer not to know you are seeing him. The writing is so intensely confessional it seems to serve the purpose of relieving him of some varieties of guilt that aren't especially obscene or unusual, but can wear you down if you aren't able to get some absolution. I think the self-awareness I'm wading through in these pages doesn't weigh in with how much self-deprecation there also is. What scares the crap out of me is how often he mentions how old he feels, as if being 24 is like facing death. What is up with punk culture, that you're fucking old if you aren't 19?! That shit is busted! I guess the moral of the story is that if you are older but not wiser, your shit is fucked. Still, self-pity only goes so far. (JB)
dominic@bust.com

YOU DON' T GET THERE FROM HERE #5 / $2
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32pgs
This mini-comic pretty much outlines a laundry list of things I never want to read about: the author's trip to the acupuncturist, her cats, drinking iced cappuccinos at the Getty in LA, or whatever other mundane details are related in these three-box comics. I have no problem with writing about everyday life, in fact I prefer it, but more in the vain of *American Splendor*. In *You Don't Get There From Here* the author's biggest complaint is how she has to let the chemicals in her pool sit for a week before she goes swimming. I got depressed reading about what the author did with her evening—between a choice of a six-pack or some banana crème pie, she chose pie. She drove to the store and when she got there, they were out of pie so she went home and watched TiVo instead as a "consolation." Here's my question—what the *fuck* happened to the beer, man? Since when does the store run out of that? (MJ)
Carrie McNinch / PO Box 49403 / Los Angeles, CA 90049
cmcninch@gmail.com

REVOLVER USA DISTRIBUTION

www.midheaven.com • since 1992



PYLON

"Gyrate Plus"

Reissue of debut album from late-'70s/early-'80s post-punk band.

mailorder: CD - $13.00

We also carry releases by the following labels:

IN THE RED

BLACK LIPS "Let It Bloom" LP/CD

DIRTBOMBS "If You Don't Already, Have a Look" 2xCD (collection of singles and comp tracks), "Dangerous Magical Noise" LP/CD, "Ultraglide in Black" LP/CD

REIGNING SOUND "Too Much Guitar" LP/CD, "Timebomb High School" LP/CD

CONSUMERS "All My Friends Are Dead" CD ('77 punk, pre-45 GRAVE)

BROKEN REKIDS

ZOUNDS "The Curse of Zounds" 2xLP/CD

THE MOB "Increase the Tribe" 2xLP/CD (classic early-'80s peace punk)

HARD SKIN "Hard Nuts & Hard Cunts" CD/LP

FEEDERZ "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss?" CD, "Teachers in Space" CD

TYRADES s/t LP/CD

THE GITS "Frenching the Bully" LP/CD, "Seafish Louisville" LP/CD, "Enter: The Conquering Chicken" LP/CD

BONER

FANG "Landshark/Where the Wild Things Are" CD (first two releases)

MDC "Millions of Dead Cops/More Dead Cops" CD (1st LP, early EPs)

NEUROT

NEUROSIS "Pain of Mind" 2xCD (includes 1st LP and demos)

CHRIST ON PARADE "Sounds of Nature" CD

PINK FLAG

WIRE "Pink Flag", "Chairs Missing", "154" CDs (classic first 3 albums), "On the Box" DVD (live in 1979), "Live at the Roxy/Live at CBGBs" 2xCD (77/78)

WHAT'S YOUR RUPTURE

FUCKED UP "Year of the Pig" 12"

TYVEK "Summer Burns" 2x7"

YOUNG GOD

SWANS "Filth/Body to Body, Job to Job" "Children of God/World of Skin" 2xCDs

SEPIA-TONE

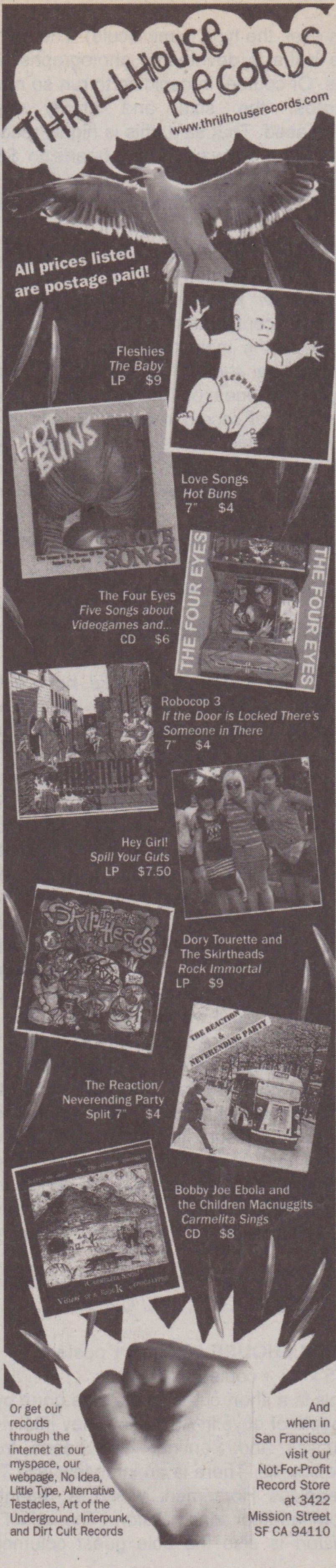
DMZ s/t CD (original 1978 classic)

REVELONS "Anthology" CD (late-'70s/early-'80s NYC band w/ members of BLONDIE, TELEVISION)

Plus many other punk, garage, noise, and indie titles in stock! Check our website.

REVOLVER USA titles available from Midheaven Online Mailorder

415-241-2437 • www.midheaven.com



THRILLHOUSE RECORDS

www.thrillhouserecords.com

All prices listed are postage paid!

Fleshies
The Baby
LP $9

Love Songs
Hot Buns
7" $4

The Four Eyes
Five Songs about Videogames and...
CD $6

Robocop 3
If the Door is Locked There's Someone in There
7" $4

Hey Girl!
Spill Your Guts
LP $7.50

Dory Tourette and The Skirtheads
Rock Immortal
LP $9

The Reaction/Neverending Party
Split 7" $4

Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children Macnuggits
Carmelita Sings
CD $8

Or get our records through the internet at our myspace, our webpage, No Idea, Little Type, Alternative Testacles, Art of the Underground, Interpunk, and Dirt Cult Records

And when in San Francisco visit our Not-For-Profit Record Store at 3422 Mission Street SF CA 94110

924 GILMAN

DECEMBER

Friday 14
Abi Yo Yo's (Last Show) • the Bananas
New Thrill Parade • Autistic Youth (OR)

Saturday 15 $7
North Side Kings (AZ) • Troublemaker
Tried & True • Knucklepuck • Violation

Sunday 16 $7 (5PM SHOW)
Trash Talk • Cruel Hand (ME)
Bitterend (TX) • Feed (TX)

Friday 21 $6 (DOORS OPEN @ 7:30)
Those Unknown • La Plebe
Static Thought • Psycho 78 • Gutwrench

Saturday 22 $6
Altar of Earth (AZ) • Ancestor Tooth (OR)
Vault Dweller (OR) • Rebels & Advocates

Friday 28 $7
Arise • Oskerei • Psychosamatic
Wayward Son • Killgasm

Saturday 29 $7 (DOORS OPEN @ 7:00)
Hatchet • Fog Of War • Devastator
Laceration • Pillager • Oxidation

JANUARY

Friday 04 $6
Trainwreck Riders • Tinkture
Di Di Mao • People Eaters

Saturday 05
Dangers (L.A.) • Graf Orlock (L.A.) • Wait in Vain (WA)
Owen Hart (WA) • Ghost Limb (L.A.)

Friday 11 $6 (Monster Squad Tour Benefit)
Monster Squad • Whiskey Rebels • Cropnox (reunion)
Dcoi • Knucklepuck • Urban Decay (L.A.)

Saturday 12 $7
Killing The Dream • Ruiner (MD) • Ensign (NJ)
Surrounding (MD) • The Separation

Friday 18 (Joel Q. Punk's Birthday - Day 1)
Rock N' Roll Adventure Kids
Pansy Division • more T.B.A.

Saturday 19 (Joel Q. Punk's Birthday - Day 2)
Jeffree Star • more T.B.A.

Friday 25
New Thrill Parade • Tulsa • Wyldildlife
Jump Off A Building

$2 YEARLY MEMBERSHIP
ALL SHOWS ARE ALL-AGES
ALL SHOWS START AT 8PM (UNLESS NOTED)
ARRIVE AN HOUR EARLY TO VOLUNTEER
NO VIOLENCE, DRUGS OR ALCOHOL
NO RACIST, MISOGINIST, OR HOMOPHOBIC BULLSHIT.
BOOKING: 5105248180 · INFO: 5105259926

CLASSIFIEDS

ATTENTION CLASSIFIEDS READERS: WHEN RESPONDING TO THESE ADS REMEMBER THAT THE WORLD OF MRR READERS IS NOT A PUNK ROCK UTOPIA WHERE EVERYONE IS LOOKING OUT FOR EVERYONE ELSE AND WERE ALL CO O BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU TELL PEOPLE AND BE CAREFUL WHO YOU SEND MONEY TO. THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE IN PUNKLAND WHO WILL TRY TO RIP YOU OFF, EXPLOIT YOU OR MANIPULATE YOU. REALLY, ITS TRUE.

PUNK VIDEOS/DVDS – UK / Euro / US system. Trade / sale. Thousands of shows / promos / tv clips. 1975-2004 – punk rock in all its myriad guises! SAE (UK), 2 IRC's (overseas) or decent trades list: Dave, 50a Great King St, Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk.

NUCLEAR FUCK'IN SKULL Florida's pissed off, disenfranchised misfits: Nuclear Skull Cap $10. Nuclear Skull t-shirt $8. Pissing off and inspiring people worldwide. Priceless! NuclearSkull.com. Fuck'in attitude.

BEER CITY RECORDS Putting out CDs, DVDs and LPs over 14 years. Some of our bands are DRI, Verbal Abuse, MDC, Head On Collision and many more. Send $5 for catalog, stickers, and our *Counter Attack* CD comp. Beer City / PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI / 53226-0035.

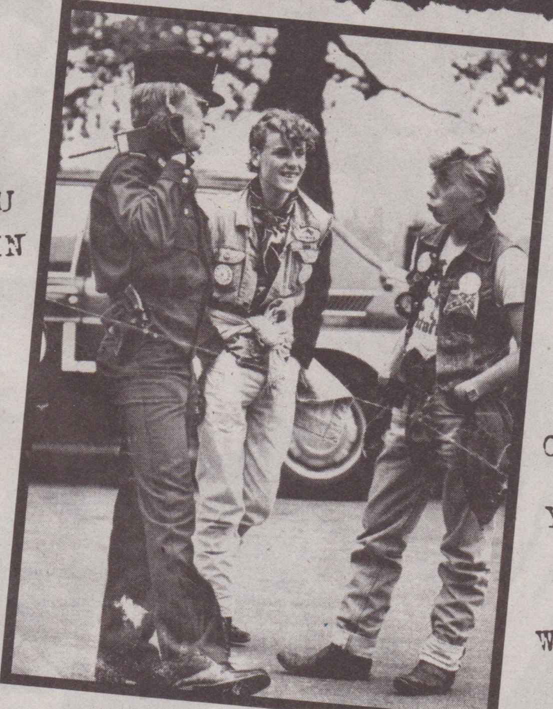
MALE DEATHROCKER Looking for love. Cocteau Twins, Cramps, Iggy, Dada Dred, etc. Here to party. Markus V, 3306 Mesa Drive, Bakersfield, CA 93306. "Oh women, kiss me with your blackness, drown me in your pain."

STEP ON IT – STREET FOLKLORE '05 MINI CD STEP ON IT hail from Hungary and destroys every puny being in their path by their uncompromising metallic hardcore attack. Imagine the intense speed and brutality of Backdraft combined with the heaviness and breakdowns of early Strong Intention, and there you will have the perfect combo of Step On It. In this CD, you will also have some impressing demo recordings as well. The CD also includes covers from Citizens Arrest and Government Issue. One of the great potentials in eastern Europe HC scene. 19 tracks, over 19 minutes of music. Get your CD for only 6 USD or 6 Euro in everywhere. www.steponit.org

ARE YOU OVER BEING A NARC YET?

MRR IS WHAT *YOU* MAKE IT!

SO, IF THERE'S SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SEE IN THESE PAGES, HIT THE STREETS AND MAKE IT HAPPEN!



INTERVIEW YOUR FAVORITE BAND, WRITE ABOUT WHAT"S GOING ON IN YOUR SCENE, SUBMIT GUEST COLUMNS, NEWS, OR ANYTHING YOU THINK THE PUNKS OF THE WORLD NEED TO KNOW ABOUT.

CALL OR WRITE WITH ANY QUESTIONS.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL / PO BOX 460760 / SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146 OR MRR@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94146-0760

PRESORTED STANDARD
US POSTAGE PAID
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
PERMIT No. 728